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SHERRATT AND HUGHES
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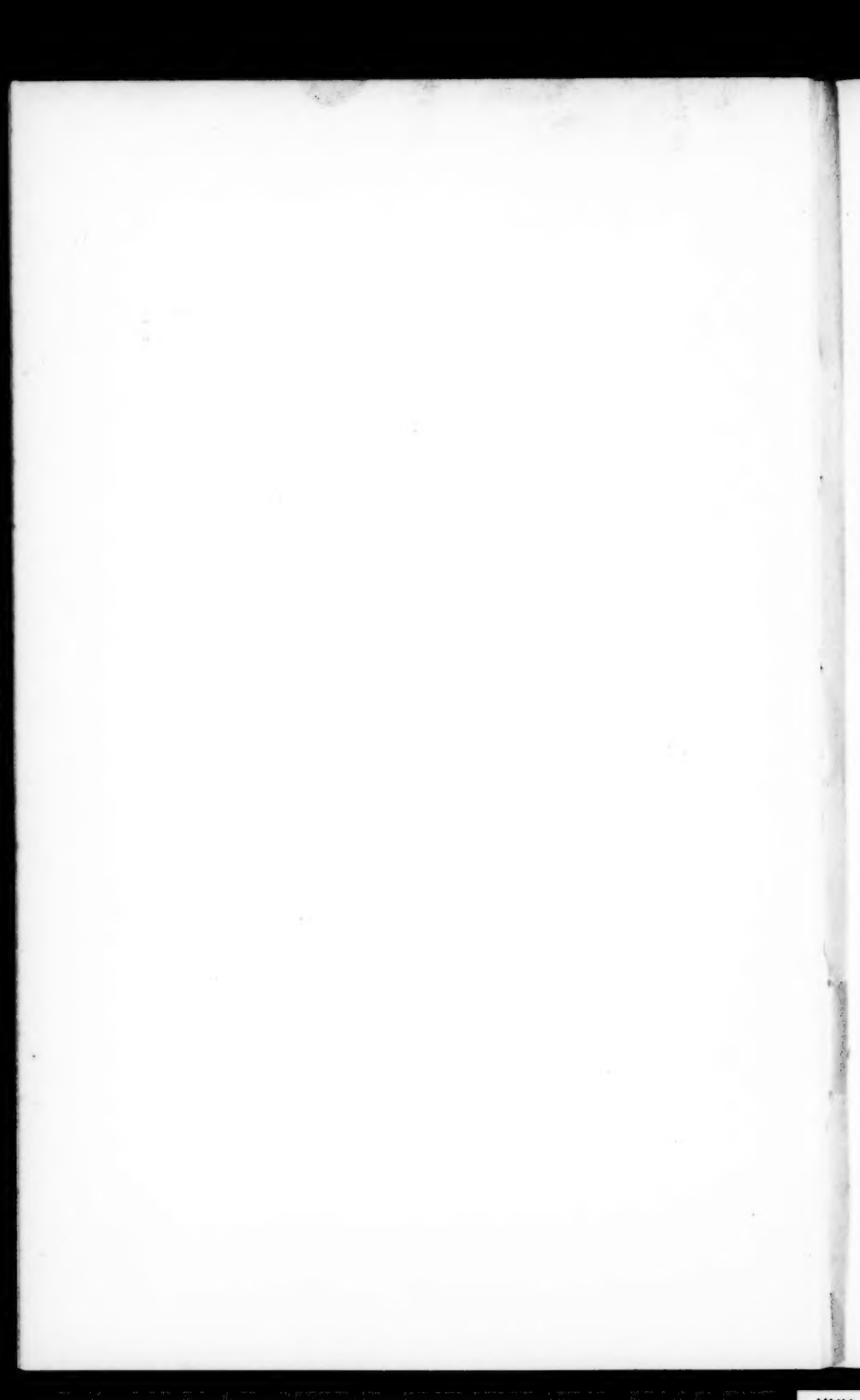
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From a photograph by the Rev. A. W. Fox.

GOSSIP

Eyre Square, Galway.

**WILLIAM DOVER:
A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE WORTHY.**

By **HENRY BODDINGTON, J.P., F.S.G.**

I AM a pedigree-hunter, mostly for my own patronymic. Sometimes I come across interesting outside matter; the subject of this paper is an instance.

On the 1st September, 1913, I visited Long Crendon, Bucks. Sarah Warner, wife of George Mortimer, the sexton—busy with her lace pillow in the cottage porch—by permission of the parson in charge, gave me the key of the safe where the church registers were kept, and told me I should find a man in the churchyard who had the keys of the church door. He was tidying up the graveyard. It was thus I made the acquaintance of William Dover, Baptist, Radical, farm labourer, old-age pensioner; 5ft. 6in., stout-built, 13 stone 12 pounds weight; blue-eyed, pale-faced, clear complexioned, clean and neat in person; hopeful, cheery, kindly, sympathetic in disposition, and if, as applied to so humble a person, it did not suggest cant,—I should dub him a Buckinghamshire Worthy.

“Ye'll find the key on the sill of the porch window.”

There was no fuss nor any indication of the itching palm by following me, or claiming a privilege; but, thinking I might owe him a trifle, I proffered Dover a sixpence, which he gratefully, almost apologetically, accepted. I entered the building and commenced my examination of the registers in the vestry.

An hour passed—a heavy shower came on, and I heard a banging of the church door, so, fearing lest I might, unwittingly, be locked up in the solemn building, I went out, and there, in the south porch, sheltering, was William Dover.

"Oi be goin' 'ome shortly—but, no! Oi weant lock ye in. Oi works two hourn a day tidying up the graveyard. Wot does Oi get fur doin' it? Why, exactly wot you a' so kindly gi'en me just now,"—showing me the sixpence. "Not much, is it?"

"Well, it's regular anyhow," said I.

"Reg'lar up to Michaelmas Day, and then the job stops until Lady Day comes round again. Sixpence a day. Aye, and the churchwarden suggested to me as 'ow Oi should go a collectin' of the money; but Oi knows what it is goin' round with the 'at; more especially when it's fur yersel'. Oi felt I couldn't face that! So Oi ses, 'Yo see, sir, this ere grass is growin' oncommon fast just now, 't won't do to leave it—adn't Oi best stick to me scythe at present?' So the 'at business blowed over. I could tell 'ee a lot, but I should tire 'ee."

"Well," said I, "tell me."

"Yes, I gets five shillin', my old-aage pension, and this 'ere three shillin' fur tidying the graveyard, and that is mostly what we 'as to live on, me and my wife. We 'as our own cottage and garden o' five poles, which I bought for £60 fourteen 'ears ago when we wern better off. Then Oi 'as me 'lotment fur which Oi pays rent. But come four wiks and my wife's seventieth birthday here, she, too, 'ull have 'er old-aage pension, and then we shall do nicely. Thank the Lord and Lloyd Garge!

"Oi wer' druv out to work at seven 'ear old, Oi wer'. It wer' two mile to walk fro' Ickford to the farm at Brissenden and two mile back, and wot I got wer' a shillin' a wik. Scaring birds and such like jobs, seven days a wik mostly,—that wer' less nor tuppence a day—weant it?"

"I'thay toimes the farmers 'ad it all ther own way, thay filled ther own coffers—boxes like as ye sees i' this 'ere church—but thay fairly starved ther labourers. Oi doan't envy the farmer 'is prosperity when 'ee shares it wi't' labourer. A good 'arvest should be mostly good fur boath farmer and labourer; a bad un is agen 'em boath.

En course agriculture is the mainstay of the country, ef the labourer don't wurk the land ther' ain't no reches—in fac', there en't nuthin'.

"You 'ears a lot about farms not payin'. I knows wot I got off my 'lotment of twenty-seven poles last 'ear, for which I pays 10/1½ rent—4½d. a pole or 60/- an aacre.

I sold off 5 sacks of potatoes at 5/-	-	-	£1	5	0
And 14½ bushels of inions at 2/-	-	-	1	9	0

Which I reckons as clear profit	-	-	£2	14	0
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Fur Oi 'ad besides to cover my rent and labour, sead pertaaters enough fur next year's crop, vegetables and 'taaters sufficient fur the house thro' the winter, some stuff to fat the pig. In course Oi met 'av a bad 'ear now and again, but yo' see as 'ow farms managed wi' brains and industry can pay.

"My neibor George Newton 'll've 'ad three sacks ov barley, 48/- (1½ quartern at 32/-) off on 30 poles, 'is 'lotment. Now Oi reckons as how the tail and straw will pay 'im 'is rent, 11/3, fur threshin' 3/-, cartage 1/-, 's'well's 'is own labour.

"The eleven-aacre field where my 'lotment be, owned and mostly worked by the Squoire, is full of filth and trumpery—couch and such-like stuff—pullin' away at the land all the 'ear round. Your corn crops only exhausts the land so many months, but your weeds and trumpery—tares as the Bible calls 'em—are at it all the toime. Fortunately there ain't many squoires like ourn, Oi must say, for meanness and stupidity. Cuttin' down labour i' 'is caase be like 'cuttin' off 'is nose to spite 'is face, fur it pays nuther 'ee nor yit the labourer—while it jest ruins the land. There's nothin' so honest as land if you only brings braain to the spendin' o' labour on't. Oi guarantee this squoire farmer doesn't raise an average o' three quartern ov corn to the aacre—he ought to 'a about double that—by such cheeseparin' policy. It is true the Squoire used a steam cultivator to break up this 'ere feald last

spring, but 'stead o' usin' labour and the horse plough a'terwards to turn out the weeads fur the sun to kill 'em, 'ee let the filth and trumpery get ahead and 'is expenditure on the steam cultivator was pretty well throw'd awaay en fac' the land is in such filthy condition 'ee can't plant it this back end. So much fur 'is savin' o' labour.

"Wen Oi wur nineteen Oi 'ad th'rheumatic fever, it settled on my 'art.

"Measter 'Umfries, the doctor, 'e ses to my mother in the kitchen below: 'E'll never come downstairs no more, 'cept as a corpse in 'is coffin.' Oi 'eard 'im, fur ther' weant no ceilin'.

"Wot did the doctor say, mother?"

"Not much."

"Oi 'eard what er said."

"Never mind, boy, the doctors beant allus roight."

"Measter 'Umfries wen er comed a second time sed, 'Well, I think er met recover now. But er weant be good fur nothin' any more. Er met live to be forty or er met die termorrer, but er 'll go out like a snuff of a can'le, in a moment.'

"Yet 'ere be Oi, Willam Dover, seventy-one years old, 'earty and still livin', thank the Lord!

"I did lots o' foolish things w'en I wer' a young man. At seventeen I carried eight bushels of wheaat, two sacks, nigh upo' 4½ 'underdweight on my back across the barn floor and back again for a lark agenst a full grow'd man o' twenty-one. W'en I wer' older I cut by 'and wi' a sickle, in a day o' twelve 'ourn, a aacre and a pole o' corn fur Measter Timothy Dodwell, and drew 12s. 1½d. Work? I could work then—I worked foolish-like. Young men will.

"At twenty-one I wer' married to Susan Buckle. 'Ow old wer' she? Why, just about my age. I never ast 'er age. 'Er died i' childbed with the fifth child—a boy, stillborn; they never bun 'er up proper, and the nurse gan 'er brandy w'en 'er took to floodin'; she ought isted to 'a

throw'd a bucket o' cold water on 'er, like the doctor did w'en 'ee comed, but then it were too late. They just did fur er' 'er wer' faaire murdered, i'ther stupidity and ignorance. But this knowledge were kep' back from me, and I only com'd to know on it afterwards, a bit at a time. Susan Buckle, 'er wer' such a good wife. I fun' it out and knowed it to my cost when she wer' gone. Ever a stitch in time, wer' 'er motter; she put patch upon patch, upon patch. Farmer Fuller, my maister, 'ee ses: 'Dover, you never seem as though you wanted anythin'. You allus looks smart, and your wife's allus tight and tidy.' 'I doan't show it, Maister Fuller; but I needs 'eeaps o' things as I ain't got, all the same.'

"The farm labourer then 'ad ten shillin' a wik as day man and twelve shillin' as cattleman. I'thay toimes I didn't ever get a 'alf bellyful o' food. I wer' more nor 'alf starved. I wer' glad to earn sixpence now and again a' noights a'ter my farm work wer' done—strikin' for the blacksmith—a heavy job—when 'e wer' a' 'ottin' o' 'is 'orse shoes.

"Did I ever go to the pub a drinkin'? No, the waage never ran to it. I wer' a teetotaler 'willy-nilly' then, I tell 'ee. Farmer Fuller, 'ee tuk off the wikly waage o' twelve shillin' weekly: for rent 1s. 2d., for 'taters 1s., for coal 1s., so ther' were on'y left 8s. 10d. fur food, cloathin', shoes, schoolin' and the rest o' our wants. All the net waage mony I tuk 'ome to my wife. I kep' nuthin' fur myself and ef sometimes I ast my wife for a' ounce o' tobacco she gav' the coppers grudgingly—sayin' as 'ow the wages didn't run to 'smoake.' Breaad wer' 8d. the four pound loaf, and it ran as 'igh as 11½d.

"Joe Arch, brought up at Stilgoes Farm at Adderbury, come along—no great shakes 'isself as a labourer, I wer' told, but wi' a 'ead fur agitation and organisation. A fighter 'ee wer', I can tell 'ee. A'terwards 'ee wer' M.P. and friend o' King Edward, and 'ee must now be an old man of eighty-six. 'Ee started a Farm Labourers' Union.

I joined it. We 'ad to pay 2d. a week, fortnightly. When I ask'd mi wife fur the money, she said, 'I can't afford it.'

"'Never mind, my gal, there's a better toime a comin', I hope,' ses I.

"'I wants it Now,' she ses.

"The good toimes come along shortly a'ter'ards; farm labourers' wages wus rose up two shillin' a wik. But Susan Buckle never saw thay better toimes. Afore they coom'd she wer' in 'er coffin.

"We couldn't 'a lived at all but for Susan; she husbanded the waage and spent the money most frugal, while she worked 'ersel' like a slave. She often sat up till midnight and a'ter at 'er lace pillow, lace makin' were the almost universal home employment of Buckinghamshire women then. Susan used to take the children and her lace in the pramby every wik to Long Crendon, three miles, where she usually sold the wik's work for 4s. 6d. Then she went on about as fur again to Thame to lay out her money in food, for naturally she could get things a bit cheaper in a large market-town like Thame than in our small village of Ickford.

"The on'y flesh meaas we 'ad fur the six on us i' the wik wer' 2 lbs. of what we termed Rang-tang baacon—a reasty article it wer' too—but to me then, even the salt and the reasty crust on it were delicious. Oi've sat lookin' at our wik's peace o' baacon in the early morning, and, ravenous wi' hunger, Oi've scraped off the rind or trimmed a bit off the baacon itself, but Oi felt like a guilty criminal, for warn't Oi a robbin' my own wife and childern? Much harder and more uncomfortable life became a'ter my wife died—'twas then as we felt the pinch, and Oi fully realised 'er worth.

"I had two sisters, Annie Dover, aged thirteen, and Julia, aged twelve. A'ter my wife's death one or other of the girls came by turns to look a'ter my 'ouse and the childern. I bid 'em to go to Jonah Tippins' shop for what food was wanted, and paid the bill on Saturday night.

One wik the bill come to 12s. 3d. The waage wouldn't reach it, let alone rent, coal and 'taters deducted by the farm truck system. When I said anythin' as didn't please Annie or Julia they went next door and told my father or mother, who would say to the girls: 'Doan't 'ee go theer no moor then. Let 'en look a'ter 'is childern 'isself.' And I've bin fur a fortnight wi' no one to look a'ter the youngsters but mysel'. Alas, poor Julia! One day about this toime, as 'er wer' a stoopin' down to tie up 'er shoe-lace, a thoughtless, wicked boy com' along and gan 'er a kick behind. She ran 'ome a cryin'—the spine wer' injured. She wer' an invalid for ten 'ear, and died in consequence at twenty-tooa. The best belov'd child i' our lot. Poor sister Julia!

"When I had narey a sister to look a'ter the childern I 'ad to muther 'em as well as I cud misel'. I got up at half a'ter four o'clock in the mornin'—that was an hour before the usual time, and did my milkin' early, so as by reason o' that I 'ad two hours fur my breakfast, viz., from six to eight. I let the fire at six, put on the kettle and went upstairs where the boys, Jarge, aged six, Tummas, four, and Walter, two, wer' asleep i' bed. Sarer Ann, aged eight, wer' tuk and bred up by her grannie Kittie Buckle, wife o' Cornelius Buckle. I could better a spared one of the younger boys, but I were glad even to be relieved of her who met a bin useful to me. I fust tuk 'olt o' Jarge—shuk 'im round about and thought 'e wer' aweake, but as soon as I loosed on 'im, 'e tumbled down on the floor like a block o' wood, and even then 'e weren't aweake. So I gan 'im another shaake and told 'im to dress 'issel'. Then I pulled Tummas, aged four, out o' bed and dressed 'im. Then I dressed Walter, aged two, and tuk 'em all down and guv 'em their breakfasts—tea with a little sugar, for we never thought about milk then, at any rate we 'ad none, and bread wi' a scrape o' lard on't. Then I tied up some bread and lard for dinner and tuk Walter to a neighbour who was kind enough to

look a'ter 'im fur luv—givin' 'er 'is dinner portion of bread and lard. Me and Jarge and Tummas went away together; they spent their days in the field, 'ad their dinner wi' me and came and played about the cowhouse in the a'ternoon while I milked, and was then ready to tak' 'em 'ome and so to bed again. And thus I goes through the same proceeds next day, till finally my father ses as one o' the girls must come and look a'ter me. Then when I said a sharp word again to one on 'em—and I 'ad to—off goes one o' my sisters 'ome again a complainin', and there she stops.

"Thus 'twas 'ow I come to be married i' 'aaste, but I chose a widdy o' sense, one near my own aage like Susan Buckle. She be a good 'un too. Mary Swains, born 2nd September, 1843, widow of Thomas Grant, shepherd; he died at thirty-two o' consumption. She had two girls by Thomas, but one, an infant o' twenty months had died already. Mary fancied this child may have died through vaccination, but it met have been its father's complaint—consumption. Mary never had no childern by me. So in family we wer' man and wife, my three boys and 'er one girl—in all, six mouths to feed.

"Wot family 'ad my father? Seven as grow'd up—but I've 'eerd muther (Kittie Buckle) say as 'ow she 'ad 'ad seventeen. Very bad we wer' off in thay toimes, w'en I wer' a boy. My father earned but 12s. a wik as cattle man, and ther' wer' nine bellies to fill. T'war shortish commons, you may guess! The other ten might well die—may be 'twas well fur boath thay and we as they did. Yet, strange 'tis as 'ow under these difficulties and privations there grew a brave and fine race ov men.

"A'ter my second marriage I 'ad a serious 'eart attack, so that for weeks afore I gev up work I could 'ardly crawl about, and at last I wer' forced to give up the struggle. The doctor told me the shortest toime I should be ill would be twelve months, but I war knocked out and kept idle by 'eart weakness for fifteen months; so I 'ad ter come

on the parish rates and take out-relief and t'wer' thus I became a pauper.

"Thomas Fuller, the farmer, my measter, called three sevral toimes for his rent, and each time I was out at the cobbler's shop—fur I wer' glad to go anyweares fur a change. The third time he come he follered me and called me out o' the cobbler's shop. 'Willum,' ses 'e, 'this is a serious matter; 'ere's seven wiks' rent a owin'.' 'Well, measter, I only 'as 7s. 9d. in bread and money; may be you'll take off the odd tuppence and make the rent the level shillin, and I'll do my best to pay 'ee.' 'Willum,' he ses, 'you just 'as to pay your rent, or out o' the 'ouse you goes.' 'E wer' a deacon o' Ickford Baptist Chapel—a religious man, 'e wer'! I felt I must keep a 'ouse over my 'ead, and therefore us stinted ourseln to pay the rent, but I never overtuk the back rent o' seven weeks, fur Thomas Fuller died before I had so recovered myself as to be able to repay him.

"It was thought I might be benefitted if I went to the Oxford Infirmary, and a Church of England curate (mind you, I wer' a Baptist) lately comed to Ickford, very kindly paid 30s. and procured me a recommend—a turn, as one might call it. But I was too weak to walk even the mile to Tiddington Station; so Mary Swain, my wife, goes to Farmer Fuller, farmer, deacon, and my master, and asks him if he would kindly let me ride i' 'is milk cart there. 'E said 'e didn't know about that, there was already expense enough running over wi' seven weeks' back rent—eight shillin' and tuppence—owin'. However 'ee let one o' 'is boys take me in the milk-cart.

"At the Oxford Infirmary I gained no good whatever. How can a man wi' 'eart affection expect to be benefitted in a hospital surrounded and harassed by sights of sickness, suffering, surgical operations and death.

"A'ter I returned 'ome and as I slowly recovered the clergyman at Ickford advised me to procure a donkey and cart and take to hawkin' rags and bones. He gave me a

suveraign to start me, and told me to go to Thomas Fuller, my late master, but Thomas Fuller sed as "he'd think about it; I'd better go and see what I could do with other people fust."

'Shortly after this Thomas Fuller was tuk with a stroake out in a feald at his farm and only survived this event about a 'ear. Maybe it wer' a prickin' o' conscience in his helpless staate moved him to make this remark to me one day: 'Willum,' 'e ses to me, 'you be the best labourer as ever trod my turf—fur I reckon as 'ow you done a day and a 'alf's work every blessed day as you worked fur me.'

"That's God's truth, master.'

"So I reckons myself as 'ow by 'is own word 'e owed me eleven years' wages of fifty-two wiks at six shillin' a wik, underpaid. 'Ow much do you make that, Muster Buddenton?"

"£171 12s."

"That I reckons, one hundred and seventy-one pounds twelve shillings—by the very words out ov 'is own mouth—wer' jest w'at 'e owed me fur waages underpaid.

"Thomas Fuller, landlord, farmer, deacon, religious man, came to nuthin'. He had three children. One son in petticoats wus drowned in a pond close by the farm-house. Another son died of consumption at twenty-five years of aage. Fuller 'isself became a helpless paralytic. Whilst the third son, Alfred, who married Ada Newitt, inherited his father's fortune, come into the farm, tuk to drink, and 'ad the D.T.'s bad. Alfred used to get so mixed up as to money matters in his fuddled staate that 'e has been known to sell a cow and instead of receiving the money for her—has in mistake written out and paid a cheque for her—thus losing both the cow and her value in money as well—a twice-told loss. In fact he drunk 'isself out of his fortune into bankruptcy, and verily floated 'is body in liquor to the grave. Fur mesel' I got a little connexion a coal 'awkin' and once fairly recovered soon did pretty well.

"Manys the deed I did in a modest way—excuse me ef I tells 'ee—to 'elp others wus off nor miself. I couldn't abide to lay my 'ed down on my pillow if I knew a man i' want till I 'ad shared my loaf wi' 'im. I called one day on a poor woman and asked if 'er wanted to buy a sack o' coal. She said yes, but 'er husband wer' out of work, and she 'ad only sexpence in the whole world. I put the sack o' coal in the stairhole and I just tuk that sexpence, all as she had in the world—cleared 'er out like. I ses nuthin', but I goes to George Elton, the butcher reformer, as shoots 'is cattle afore a stikkin' on 'em, and tells 'im to cut a nice piece of mutton for two shillin' as I tuk out of my pocket, and send it to the poor woman. She ran 3s. 9d. into my debt a'terwards, and ony paid 'alf on it—then she tuk away 'er custom, as debtors mostly does. That was the return I got, but I forgan 'er, poor woman—'er troubles wer' more nor mine just then.

"W'en nigh upon sixty 'ear old I wer' tuk bad agen, all on a sudden—summat wer' wrong in the neck of the bladder and the prostate gland. I wer' laaid on mi back i' bed, for I bled worse ner a stuck pig, and the doctor 'ee ses as I mustn't lift nothin' no moor. So I 'ad to giv' up mi coal trade. Fortunatly a lady come along and bought my cottage and coalyard fur a post-office, and gan me £250 fur the property. With this I paid off my debts and encumbrances, bought this 'ere nice cottage wi' five poles o' land the house and gardens stans on fur £60, and the balance 'as bin 'eeked out carefully, to make up wi' the little as I earned, what we needed for our support. But wi' a gradually lessening capacity fur wurk and a nearly exhausted purse the workhus' wer' always a starin' us in the faace w'en Lloyd George comes along and gan us 'ope and courage and an old aage pension. God bless 'un!

"I 'ad the chance once on a toime long ago to buy from a Aylesbury bank them two old cottages opposite the Post Office for £30. One o' thay cottages met a suited

me well as a cheaap house, but Mary Swain, my wife, wouldn't let me speculate and run into debt. Women are rightly cautious and are generally wise—sometimes otherwise. The cottages 'a jest changed owners at £150, Owen Dodwell being the plucky man to gie that large price. Maybe for our 'ealth's sake us be better where we be, on 'igh land and open, where we feels all the winds ov 'eaven as blows and as a nice garden—tho' we may 'a missed a bit o' profit.

"What about mi politics? I ant nuthin' on a politician. I can't 'zackly make out atween the two parties what be the roights o' things—one swears it's so and so—the other ses it 'ant. Wot's Pertection? Why, it's an arrangement between two people—you as to 'a so much for yoursel' and I to 'a so much for mysel'—and the public pays the poiper. One Tory ses, 'We shan't 'a no good till we 'as pertection.' Then I ses, 'Ye shan't 'a't!'

"I never 'ad seen nor 'eard of my only daughter for four and twenty 'ear. Sairey Ann, she as was tuk and bred up by her grannie Kittie Buckle. Spring this 'ear comes a letter from Bournemouth written by Sairey Ann, tellin' us she was married and 'ad nine childer, seven livin', and askin' us to come and pay 'er a visit. Frederick King, 'er 'usband is a journeyman painter and decorator, a steady, industrious man in good employment, earning 10½d. an hour and working mostly ten hours a day. Wot did the fare cost? Worn't it ruinous? Well, it wer' 5s. 7d. fur each on us, me and my missus, to go to Lunnnon to see my son, and 11s. each on to Bournemouth and back—altogether that wer' 33s. 2d. theer and back. 'Ow could I afford the cost? W'y, it wur in this way. Out o' the graveyard job I as allus bought a pig and fatted 'im, fer I goes to Owen Dodwell, baker and flour dealer, and I ses to 'ee, 'I've bought a bunch o' pig, will 'ee trust me a sack or two o' meal till the pig be fatted. May be this 'ear we'll 'a to do wi'out the pig.

"No, I didn't pay my daughter nuthin' for lodgin'—

she sed we wus welcome and she wanted nuthin' on us. But I ses, 'If the 'taters in the 'lotment turns out well, Sairey Ann, I mun send thee a sack—if the crop fails I mun try and save up five shillin's to send 'ee. I a' sent 'er a sack o' 'taters, 7s., and besides paid 2s. 4d. railway carriage and 3d. cartage."

This was the vivid and brief life story of William Dover, hot from the anvil, his very words as they fell from his mouth as near and as well and fast as I could note them down. There we were for more than an hour in the church porch standing ; then I got two chairs and for as long again we sat.

"Well," I said, "I have been much interested in all you have told, and I thank you."

"Eh," said William, "but you mun come along and see my cottage. I an't so poor but I can gie ye a crust o' bread and a glass o' Mary's home-made rhubarb wine."

We went together to his cottage, very clean, tidy; indeed, I found it well furnished, too, the hoardings of better times. He gave me bread and butter, told me to help myself to it while he poured me out a glass of Mary Swain's rather thin and turbid rhubarb wine. Here was an experience rare and genuine—hospitality precious as the poor woman's ointment, generous as the widow's mite; the hospitality of an old-age pensioner! May I not then rightly dub William Dover a Buckinghamshire "Worthy"?

16th November, 1913.

Here I am this Sabbath morn at Long Crendon again, once more on the threshold of William Dover's humble homestead. I am come to verify and correct, if necessary, the facts of his history.

"You are just seeking copy," you say; "be honest, you are looking for comedy!"

Well not quite—character, quaintness, perhaps. Ah! but

tragedy meets me at the door. William welcomes me, but 'tis in a whisper, "She've bin tuk—Mary've bin sick nigh unto death—this five wiks past. Wot is it? Erysipilis, neurasthenia and nose bleedin'."

Here below is the step-daughter and daughter-in-law sitting in solemn silence by the fire—upstairs the cottage hospital nurse tending the pain-ridden sufferer. What can I do or say? I just squeeze William's hand and remind him, "Whilst there's life there's hope."

"Ef Oi lose 'er, wot be Oi to du?"

Aye what indeed, William.

Three days later, Nature having resumed her healthier and more normal tone, one has strong hope that Mary may yet be spared—a comfort to her loving husband, William Dover. Aye and let's hope there may yet be a pig in the sty "to be fatted."

HOKUSAI: ARTIST AND MAN.

By JOHN HILDITCH, M.R.A.S.

HOKUSAI, the famous Japanese artist, was of the popular school of Japan known as the Ukiyo-ye. This school, which heralded the realistic movement in Japan and sprang into being at the touch of the artist Matahei, was the fruit of a thousand years of growth, and yet was recognised as the school of Japan's common people. Up to this time two academies, or schools of painting, had held sway, and, indeed, undisputed supremacy. They were the classic schools of the Kano and the Tosa.

I do not know if it can be said that there is ever a beginning to a national art. It grows and grows, but from what we scarcely know. If we put our finger on this or that impulse, or on this or that motive, and say, "it started here" or "there," we know quite well that by reaching a little further back we shall find traces of a dim dawning which must have preceded the impulse or the motive; and we find also that we can never track the indigenous power of a nation's art to its actual parent source. But if, in generally accepted terms, we speak of the beginning of art in Japan, we shall say that it began towards the close of the sixth century (A.D.) when the country was under the government of the Empress Suiko, one of a group of clever women rulers who added lustre to the throne of Japan and proved themselves superior to some at any rate of the male monarchs of the day.

The Empress Suiko, bound by the wishes of her dead husband and aided by the Prince Shotoku, sought by all means in her power to further the advancement of the Buddhist religion, and as the Buddhist tree took root, and temples and altars were erected under its shadow, the art of painting, which had seemed to be still lying in a field of

germination, unfolded its wings and developed. For now had come the need of the pictorial arts, and with the hour came the men! Artists were given professional appointments, and they, as well as their descendants, were excused from paying house tax. This fact alone exerted a good deal of influence upon the development of painting and masterpieces were brought forth. The art, however, was spent on Buddhistic subjects alone, and it was not until the close, or thereabout, of the tenth century that artists turned their attention to the producing of pictures which had no direct association with religion.

Then the panels of folding screens and sliding walls came to be decorated with pictures of landscape, and soon afterward the biographies of priests and the power of deities and mystical stories of many kinds came to be illustrated on the long rolls of painting known as *Maki-mono*. Then did the art of portrait painting spread, and pictures of cattle, sketched from nature, began to appear, while the ceremonials of the Court, religious assemblies and sacred festivals, began to be depicted and give glimpses of the life of the aristocracy.

At the beginning of the ninth century the Emperor Heizi had founded an Imperial Academy and chiefly from this source the Tosa school took its rise three hundred years later. It took its name, however, direct from the fact that Prince Tsunetaka, who was an artist of that school and the centre of an artistic circle, was also Vice-Governor of the Province of Tosa—a province which lies to the south of Shikoku and has long been named in history on account of the bravery and heroism of its sons. The Province of Tosa is interesting from another point also, viz., that it is the only province in Japan which yearly yields two crops of rice.

But the school of Tosa! What pictures are called up to the fancy by that name! Someone has said that "it is the manifestation of ardent faith through the purity of an ethereal style"; but even so the Tosa school chose to

represent countless phases of feudal warfare while it still stood as the representative of Court life. It was governed in turn by princes and priests, by nobles, or powers direct from the Mikado.

It was contended that the art of China or of Korea had crept too fully into the school, and in the fourteenth century the adherents strove to eliminate every foreign influence, with the result that there upsprang a rival school owing its origin entirely to China and becoming known as the Kano school.

Thus the Tosa, with its intricate design and microscopic detail, its richness of gold and elegance of touch, was matched against the Kano with its bold brushwork and clear incisive strokes, its adherence to the use of black and white and its adherence also to those rules and principles which almost destroyed naturalism and refused to produce figure subjects other than saints and sages, or heroes of legends and myths, or gods who could ride on masses of cloud or rise from the sea with nimbus-encircled heads and wearing ethereal robes.

These then, in a word, were the two schools of art which held sway in Japan when an artist possessing as his birth-right an inheritance which placed him within the Tosa group ceased to conform to their long-held tenets, and with a few strokes of his brush gave sign that he had broken away from formalism and thrown off the shackles which had already been shaken and loosened by the work of other artists. When, therefore, one artist had cleared the bounds it was comparatively easy for other artists to follow, and thus it came about that the school which had existed apparently as a means of glorifying nobles and their ancestors produced the very men whose gifts, turned into other channels, laid the foundations of that school which was to stand for the glorification of the populace and the pleasure of the common people—the school which was to represent subjects which up to now had not been deemed worthy the notice of artists. For how could classic and

aristocratic artists unbend and wield their brushes to depict a common market-place, or an everyday crowd, or the games of little children, or the poses of dancing girls, or a peasant woman with her child! The Samurai they could depict when in state attendance upon their lords, but the Samurai making merry under the cherry blossoms, or in the tea-house with their favourite Geisha, were for ever left alone by the lordly artists of the old schools.

The principles, however, which were laid down by Iwasa Matahei—for he was the artist who broke away from the Tosa ring—were in no wise largely adopted until about the middle of the seventeenth century appeared the artist Hishigawa Moronobu, who, adopting entirely the *motifs* of Matahei, adopted also the use of the block for printing, a process which up to this time had only been used for the reproduction of Buddhistic texts and sainted figures. Religious authorities were now, however, pressing forward the use of illustrated books in varying sizes, and this idea capturing the dreams of Moronobu caused him to adopt the same plan for the furthering of his own scheme for setting forth the life of the people.

With the advent of Moronobu and the overwhelming enthusiasm he put into his work the Ukiyo-ye was established and a bridge of undoubted strength erected over the gulf which lay between the Tosa and Kano schools. For among the men of the Ukiyo-ye there were exponents of both these schools and the traditions of both mingled in the blood of the artists who, disdained by the men of the classical schools, were yet destined to lead their own school to a place of national importance.

It was in Kyoto, with its legendary temples and imperial palaces; Kyoto, with its sanctity, its æstheticism, its gilded palaces and flower-strewn orchards! In Kyoto, the heart of old Japan where priests and princes held art in chains, that the artists of the popular school set up their banners and threw open the gateway to the land of freedom in art and all pertaining to it.

The Ukiyo-ye established, we must pass on. The fascinating story of its struggles which quickly brought the school to a proud eminence of fame is a story for another occasion. In order, however, to set our artist Hokusai in the right light for a glance at his work we must stay to notice that when the Ukiyo-ye had reached its glorious height its noonday quickly passed, its star waned and at the base of the mountain of its fame men stooped to gather up the fragments of fallen ideals, or to collect the few flowers whose roots would henceforth put nothing forth but leaves unless the raindrops of a new vigour refreshed them or some flashing sword of lightning should scatter the mists which enveloped the mountain side.

And while this semi-darkness reigned and men stooped to gather "memories," Hokusai came—came along the ancient broadways of the race, yet came as if he had started flight from somewhere beyond the horizon to make order out of chaos and to snatch the waning school from its wreckage of passing glory. Hokusai played many parts in the world of art. He was an artist free and unfettered, a spirit thoroughly original. His love for nature was intense and in rapid sketching from nature he was supreme. He could draw with anything he chose—an egg, a wine-measure, the edge of kitchen utensils, the thumb-nail or finger-end, and he could also use his left hand as freely as his right. He could draw so minutely that the naked eye could scarcely see the design and yet so boldly that the outline of the drawing could not be understood until looked down upon from some height far above it.

As a young man it is told how Hokusai was one day suddenly summoned to make a display of his "acrobatic" art before a nobleman who was halting on his way through the city of Yedo where Hokusai lived. And when the artist had given expression to the spirit within him and had drawn flowers and birds and landscape for the lordly eye he placed on the floor a huge sheet of white paper

which he smeared with indigo blue thereby depicting a river. Then he turned aside to open a bird-cage he had brought with him, and in so doing liberated a cock whose feet he had rubbed with vermilion, and as the bird walked over the river it left marks which looked like maple leaves. Then Hokusai, bowing low, turned to his noble countryman and presented him with a view of the Tsuta River—a river beloved of artists and poets of all ages—as upon its bosom floated the flaming maple leaves as if swept by the autumn winds. But it was neither by these swift imaginative tricks nor as an expert in Titanic drawing or in microscopic detail that Hokusai became the rescuer from decay of the realistic school. In his genius all the best qualities of the great artists of the past seemed to gather, and he, with a mind of giant strength that was yet delicately impressionable, sought to bring every fibre of his being into line with his love for art, the world, and nature.

To say that Hokusai belonged to the Popular school is to infer to many minds that he was simply an artist who drew whatever designs he chose on single sheets to be carried out by the process of wood block printing and turned out as colour prints. And Hokusai was indeed a colour print artist, but more also. From the thousands of colour print designs he produced it is somewhat difficult to say which print or which series of prints has brought to Hokusai the widest meed of praise, and yet in one's own mind nothing can rank higher than his series of "Thirty-six views of Fuji-yama," which is really a series of *forty-six views*, the artist adding an additional ten to the first given number.

Hokusai, as we have said, was a nature lover, ardent, sincere and truthful; but there was even a portion of nature which he loved with a specially deep and tender love, and that was the sacred Fuji-yama. He has been portrayed sketching this mountain with four

brushes at once—held with hands and toes. He has sketched the mountain with every conceivable light upon it, as well as "the light that never was on sea or land." He has sketched it in fogs and tempests and thunderstorms, and he has sketched it in sunshine and shadow, in summer and in winter, in fine weather and foul. In one view he shows the adored mountain framed in the circle of a huge tub while a man inside the tub is busily caulking the seams. In another a tea-house woman is pointing out Fuji to a group of visitors as the white cone rises miles away over fields of glistening snow. In another sheet he depicts tea-fields, men and women busy here and there, and Fuji in the distance white and flecked with blue. Again, he shows Fuji on a beautiful day with a south wind fanning the slopes and the summit and crevices filled with snow; or he shows it from a stand in the Totomi mountains where sawyers are at work splitting a huge log of timber, and the mountain this time sinks insignificantly away as seen through the trestle on which the huge beam rests. Once he places the mountain beyond a misty bed of water reeds, and shows, moored in the foreground, a great junk; then we are taken to a deserted spot in the Province of Sagami where Fuji raises his snow-crowned crest above pine fields, and cranes stand in the pools among the marshes or fly toward the summit of the peerless mountain, the lower slopes of which are cut into broad tracts by mist. Again, the artist places humanity in the picture, and shows the fording of a wide river, coolies carrying travellers on their shoulders, or bearing them in stately *norimon* above the waves while Fuji stands in the background against a clear sky. Again, on a high jutting crag with only a child for company, Hokusai places a lonely fisherman quietly hauling in the lines of his net from the sweeping sea at Kajika-sawa beneath the shadow of Fuji almost enveloped in mist. Then, on the banks of Sumida River, Hokusai places three horsemen galloping against the wind in the glow of a setting sun which is

irradiating the mountain as it towers above the village of Sekiya in the distance.

But the most famous sheet of this series and that which is considered, by the Americans at any rate, as one of the world's great pictures, is the one entitled "*Kanazawa oki nami ura*," more familiarly known as "*The Great Wave*." The wave is seen at Kanazawa, and as it rises up in its billowy mass it almost swallows a couple of boats in which the figures of men are seen as if measuring their frailty against its strength. A curling mass of white foam contrasts with the darkness of the water where it has not been lashed and churned, and from the wave at its height droop dragon-like claws of spray which in themselves must strike terror into the hearts of the boatmen who are impelled to hover so perilously near. Beyond the wave, in the swoop which the waters take before dashing upward, rises Fuji, silent, immovable, grand,—and here, in the foreground, a billow rises as if to take its shape—as if to cry across that dancing weight of waters and claim kinship with the great god Fuji as alone and solitary he stands where nature's eternal force has placed him.

The "*Great Wave*" is undoubtedly the finest view of this fine series of views, and as Fuji-yama, with all its majesty and unutterable beauty, was loved into companionship by Hokusai. So also were other scenes; and another fine, though smaller, series is entitled "*Shokoku Takimeguri*," "*Travelling around the Waterfall Country*," or, more familiarly, "*The Series of Waterfalls*." This series, designed some ten years before the views of Fuji, contains but eight sheets, but they nevertheless give sign that their creator must be indeed one of the greatest landscape artists of the world. Of the eight waterfalls each one is taken from a different province and each one has humanity somewhere introduced. Bathers may be sporting in the pool which is formed by the waterfall; or the fall may be a cascade of broken streams while men at the base stand with eyes turned upward to it. Or a coolie may be resting

and wiping the perspiration from his head, while the fall from a lake with lotus leaves dances over a stone wall into a broad refreshing stream; or men may be preparing a picnic on rocks below which the water dashes, or a coolie may be calmly washing his horse at the base of the fall with nature silent around him.

Another set of views which has brought fame to the artist is the "*Shokoku Meiko Kiran*"—"Views of the Bridges of various Provinces," and here again in the eleven sheets which comprise this series Hokusai fills his pictures with virile spirit and makes one breathe the life of the air, of the water, and of the ungraspable life of the spheres.

But Hokusai drew everything in the world about him that was worth the trouble, and there was nothing in the world out of which he could not make a composition, while to draw a picture of a god or goddess was a matter of no more importance to him than the drawing of a peony or a leaf of bamboo. To the mind of Hokusai there was no sacred art and secular art, for the ideal to which he held was that the expression of the spirit is the highest effort in art, and spirituality he held to be the essence or life of a thing. Consequently Hokusai, with his readiness to portray everything which came into his range of vision and to fling his soul into his brush as he pointed brush to paper, was for ever producing pictures of the places around him and dotting them with varied types of his brother men.

After his series of bridges—the picturesque views of famous bridges in several provinces which formed an interesting series of eleven—Hokusai produced the "*Views of Osaka*," a series of twenty prints, the first one having for its title, "*Sunrise at Sakura-no-miya*," and the last one, "*Moonlight on Watanabe Bridge*," with such other titles as "*River Fog at Funairi Bridge*," "*The Summer Moon at Korai Bridge*," "*Cherry Blossom at Matsunoshita*," "*The Song of the Crickets*," "*The Cry of the Cuckoo*," "*Arrival of a Ferryboat*," and "*Fireworks*."

In the views of Yedo also we have another series of twenty-one views, with such titles as "The Last Day's Fair at Asakusa Temple," "Picnic in the Season of Cherry Blossom," "Snow Scene at Mimeguri," "Plum Blossom Garden," etc.

Another well-known series of Hokusai's is that which depicts the fifty-three stages of the Tokaido, and gives glimpses of passing life at the fifty-three re-lay stations along the great road running between the eastern and western capital, and in some of these views Hokusai has brought into play the use of those subtle gifts which throw into the actions and movements of animals a drollery and quaintness which but seldom belong to their tribe. Indeed Hokusai always manages to make the creatures of his brush do just the thing he wants them to do. We hear it frequently remarked that the Japanese do not consider Hokusai one of their greatest artists, or place him on so high a pedestal as he is placed by Westerners, but that is, I think, chiefly through these little tricks of his which bring about a result not quite in keeping with the serious love of the Japanese for the high purpose in art. For instance, we know quite well that if a bird perched upon a bough has its attention drawn by something to the side of it or almost behind it, the bird must turn its head to look at the object in question because it cannot turn its eye as an animal can. But if Hokusai wants a bird's eye to turn he turns it and leaves the head fixed, caring for no result save that he can depict the thing as he himself sees it. In the same way in his views of "The Tokaido" he has treated the coolie's horses, showing soulful wistful eyes peeping out of a nosebag; or a calm and dignified countenance turned toward a prostrate figure upon the ground which but for the owner of the dignified countenance would not have been thus laid low!

Many artists of the Ukiyo school have given versions of the Tokaido scenes, but Hokusai's are readily distinguishable from them all and add considerably to his fame.

For Hokusai was an artist to the marrow of his bones. He not only delineated scenes of daily life just as they passed under the eyes of the people—with occasional touches expressing a sort of divinity dwelling within bird and beast unseen to other eyes than his own—but he also drew pictures such as his eyes had never seen, pictures of ghosts and devils, discomfiting enough, and pictures of imaginary scenes, bold and daring in design and composition, chief among which is the famous series of ten entitled "Shika Sha Shin-Kyo"—"The Imagery of the Poets." The "poets" are Chinese characters of olden times, and Hokusai in this series has hit upon some incident in the career of each and given every scene an elaborate setting and grandeur of design and wealth of colour which make the pictures almost priceless to the devoted admirers of the artist's work.

One number of the series depicts a nobleman fleeing from his enemies and coming in the night to a barrier in the mountains finds it closed from sunset until cockcrow. This was disastrous, but a resourceful and faithful retainer climbing a tree near the locked gate crowed there like a cock until other chanticleers joined him. Then the guards, duped by imitators, turned out and unlocked the gate allowing the little company to pass. This scene is, perhaps, one of the finest in the set, but it is because of the face of the man in the trees that I mention it, for could Hokusai miss an opportunity like that? He could not possibly, and the face of the crowing retainer reveals one of the very best bits of Hokusai's humour.

Another and popular plate from this series is entitled "Collecting Tokusa," showing an old peasant man, a gatherer of the rush called Tokusa (which was used in ancient times for making paper) returning home from the long labours of the day while the mists gather over the rippling water which runs beneath the bridge over which he is passing. A couple of ducks are dozing on the blue surface of a lake near by, a full moon is shedding

its soft effulgence around, and trees with the tints of autumn make a golden blend of colour, and there passing through all the solemn stillness of this evening scene with the sturdy tread of the hill dweller goes the bent form of the old man, a pole balanced on his shoulders and a sheaf of neatly-tied rushes at either end of the pole, and the hook with which he has cut down the rushes slung within his belt. The hands, big with toil, are engaged in manipulating the rod at one end and steadying the rushes at the other, but the face of the man is turned upwards—suggestive of a soul alive to all the rapt beauty of the scene through which his slow steps carry him.

Hokusai revelled in the portrayal of scenes like this, where he could place beauty as the union of spirit and matter, and it is because of this that in some of the series of his works I have named we find so many of the views pertaining to picnics, or to scenes connected with the festival of the cherry blossom.

The cherry tree in Japan is cultivated for its blossom alone. It lives and blooms and scatters its petals as if with a smile—symbol of glorious life and complete indifference to death—and Hokusai, with every part of him vibrating to the grandeur of life, became a ready exponent of the spirit of Japan as expressed by a native poet in the words

Should any one ask me what the spirit of Japan is like, I would point to the blossoms of the cherry tree bathing in the beams of the morning sun.

But, as instanced in many other of his scenes, Hokusai was equally at home with Nature in her sterner moods—clouds black with sleeping thunder—torrents roaring—winds playing havoc with hats and cloaks and bending forest trees—torrential rains and silent snows—came as easily under the brush of Hokusai as scenes from Nature in her milder forms.

The "Three Friends of the Poet—Sun, Moon and Flowers"—make another small but famous series of Hokusai's colour prints; and another series entitled "Ten Poets of China and Japan," is thought by some of the artist's admirers to be his finest series of all. These portraits, treated, of course, with Hokusai's peculiar philosophy of human nature, are, however, extremely rare, perhaps the most rare of all his prints.

Another series of "poet" pictures is entitled "Hiakunin Isshu Ubagawa Yetoki," or "The Hundred Poems explained by the Nurse." Scarcely above thirty of these prints, however, have ever come to light, and each has inscribed upon it a short poem, with the name of the poet, but the picture may or may not be the kind you would expect as an interpretation of the inscribed verse! The series contains, however, some fine compositions, and life is portrayed under many aspects. One picture of the series is laid on the sea-coast at Ise, where women are in the water diving for awabè shells, and others, seated on a jutting rock, are watching a boat putting out on its way to unknown distant isles. Another shows a group of peasant women on a mountain side, and some of the number stopping to listen to the lonely resounding cry of stags perched on a rock above them. Other views from the series show heroes in exile, or noblemen sighing for their ladies, while dancers of sacred dances, ladies of rank, poets, sawyers, fishermen, coolies, all figure in the beautiful landscapes and lend by their presence significant touches to Hokusai's explanatory views of the "Hundred Poems."

By the frequent mention of Hokusai's "landscape with figures" I would not, however, seek to infer that he always makes his figures appear as admirers of the scene in which he places them. He does not; and in one at least of this series he shows a group of peasants outside a house all with eyes fixed on trivial things, regardless of all beauty. In one of his book illustrations, also, he is showing an

unexpected reflection of sacred Fuji on the paper panel upper portion of a shoji, and while admiring spectators are gathering outside the house to look at it, and admire it, there is a man within so engrossed in the task of sweeping up that he never sees it.

Neither does Hokusai portray all his characters as being lost in that deep admiration of nature which seeks to express itself in poetry, or in solemn soliloquy or in quiet reverence. He knows that rapturous joy can be expressed in many ways, and in one of his book views of Fuji he has shown a Buddhist priest lying on his back in hilarious fashion and kicking off a football which rises and skims the top of the sacred mountain, while a brother priest stands laughing at the sight.

Hokusai knows also how to portray humanity in difficult situations, and one of his well-known illustrations shows a group of eleven blind shampooers making their way across a stream unaided but by each other. You pity their helplessness as you look at them jumbling up together with the hands of three or four forming a chain as if to keep the rest in line. But you cannot miss the humour of the situation, nor did Hokusai ever intend you to miss it, for though he took his art so seriously, living for that alone, he introduced a joyousness which was positively infectious into his representations of humanity which frequently serve as an antidote to melancholy.

As Hokusai's ideas of the world were limited by the shores of his own land so was his work as an artist limited by the boundary of the wood block process of printing. He produced but few paintings in proportion to his enormous output in designs for colour prints which are said to number 30,000 finished drawings.

Of his paintings, however, I have in my possession, in album form, the set of "Tokaido Go-ju San Tsuji," or fifty-three hand-painted illustrations on silk of the re-lay stations on the Tokaido.

But Hokusai was not only a painter, and a designer for

the single sheet prints, which immediately they left the hand of the publisher, were sold for a few coppers each, but also, we have to consider him as a book illustrator, and as such he won a wide popularity and produced some masterpieces of design. Not content with the thirty-six colour print views of Fuji-yama, Hokusai resorts to the filling of three volumes with a set of one hundred views of his adored mountain seen again from orchards of cherry trees, or from river banks, or over the roof of stately palace or thatched hut, or from sweeping moorland, or rocky cape, or pine-fringed road. And seen again under all kinds of atmospheric conditions and with all kinds of Nature's accompaniments. Once he shows us the mountain through a spider's web, and next through a bank of shrubbery which serves as a background for three devotees of the rod and line. Then we see a party of pilgrims—you can count forty or fifty all wearing the pilgrim's hat—toiling up the steep rough path of the mountain side eager to reach its height; and then we are shown the descent—five hats only can be counted—and the wearers, having left the beaten track, come with long strides or leaps or drops down the rough cinder strewn slopes with all possible haste.

Then we are shown the mountain veiled by a fisherman's net, or from the yard of an umbrella maker, or through a summer downpour of rain, or from under the watery arch of a sluice fall, or from a bamboo grove or cottage window. Indeed space would fail me to tell of all the scenes, some homely, some humorous, some grand, which the master has associated with the "august" mountain which he regarded as the glory of his country and the praise of which has gone into many lands on the silent brush of its lover, Hokusai.

Of books illustrated by Hokusai there are a large number, some five hundred in all, among them being an edition in black and white of one hundred views of Fuji. Mention should also be made of the "Hokusai Mangwa," or Hokusai's series of rapid sketches, which he published in

fifteen volumes, and in which is surely portrayed everything under the sun. There are wrestlers, archers, acrobats, negroes, fishermen, ghosts, sea-serpents, saints, fish, dragons; caricatures of men thin, fat, ugly, fair; men walking, praying, sleeping, swearing; ladies bathing; elephants at their toilets; tigers descending waterfalls; and all sorts and conditions of men, animals and birds, with hundreds of industrial designs which have given a permanent value to the book, and some compositions which Hokusai never surpassed in any other of his works.

In book illustration Hokusai also worked in conjunction with the best artists of his day, including the famous novelist Bakin. He also, as a young man, illustrated poetical works of his own, for Hokusai, as well as artist, was poet, and for many years President of the Poetical Society of the district in which he lived.

And this leads to the question, What of Hokusai as a man? We have seen him, all too briefly to do him justice, as an artist, what was he as a man?

There is a part of the city to the north of Yedo which looks outward to the country and to the Suimda River, which is known as Katsushika. Here blossoming plum trees, and cherry trees, and wistaria, and asters, and chrysanthemums grow in rich profusion, and here in the year 1760, in the home of a maker of metal mirrors, and of a mother in whose veins flowed the blood of a celebrated Samurai clan, Hokusai was born. His name at first was Tokitaro, but being an infant of much promise his name was in good time changed to Tetsuzo—meaning ability. At ten years of age the child was put into a bookseller's shop to do something towards earning his own living, but in a very short time was dismissed as "of no use whatever."

At thirteen years of age he was apprenticed to an engraver, and remained four years, taking lessons in drawing from various artists in whatever spare time he had.

At eighteen years of age, as an ardent youth with

manhood early breaking upon him, he was reaching forth to the idea of becoming a colour print artist, and with this in view he entered the studio of Shunsho, a popular artist of the Ukiyo-ye, under whom he remained for seven years, taking, however, whenever opportunity offered, secret lessons in art from masters of the Kano school. Disastrous results of this proceeding assailed the young artist one day when, ordered to paint a shop sign, he followed the lead of other gods than Shunsho. A fellow student, seeing the work, drew his master's attention to it, and, as a result, Hokusai was dismissed since he would not undertake to use his gifts fettered and bound by conventions.

Now in his twenty-fifth year Hokusai, to earn a living, turned to writing and illustrating comic stories and poems, but the effort was useless. He tried painting—useless also. Then, sick of his wearisome efforts, he turned hawker, and there in the streets of Yedo, with the picturesque garb of his countrymen wrapped about him, he stood—a hawker of almanacs and red pepper and anything else upon which he could turn an honest penny while all the time were calling to him the voices of the artist. He heard them in the roar of the storm when he longed to sketch the folk who were battling with fluttering cloaks and chasing flying hats. He heard them in the rain when beauties' robes flitted past him and the bright yellow of paper umbrellas dominated the streets. He heard them across the silence of winter snows and in the play of sunlight dancing on the hills—the voices were incessant, and at night when Yedo slept Hokusai practised his art.

At last the day broke. Hokusai received a commission to paint a banner, and the rich reward which came to him in return turned the tide of affairs and helped him in his decision to dedicate his life to art. The work of the young artist—especially as so much much of it lay in the production of *Surimono*—quickly attracted attention and drew

devotees to his brush. He was not yet, however, known by the name Hokusai. Japan is the place for name changing. A child is known by one name until he is three years old, then by another until he is fifteen, and by another until he is married. And he goes on changing his names if there comes any rise in his salary, or if he attains a sudden popularity, or if any stroke of good fortune of any kind comes to him; and at death he receives also another name. But artists were inveterate name-changers; they did it at will, whenever they felt inspired for the task, and of all men in the popular school none was so much given to name changing as Hokusai. I will not trouble you with a detailed list of these names, and of the times at which he chose them, but briefly mention that throughout his art career his signature was given in more than thirty different forms. His first name, however, taken out of deference to his master, Shunsho, was Shunrō, and after leaving Shunsho's studio this was changed to Sori and Hishikawa Sori. In 1796 he signed Hokusai Sori, and in that year also he first signed simply Hokusai. From that time onward the name was scarcely absent from his signature in some form until almost the end of his career, and although it was used with the addition of other names, it was by the name Hokusai (meaning, northern studio) that the artist became known to fame.

Once when walking along a path by a river, disturbed in his dreamy thoughts by a sudden peal of thunder, Hokusai, in his shock of surprise, jumped straight into the river, and afterward for a while he added to his signature the name Raishiu, meaning thunder. Soon after this he adds to his signature Gwakiojin, "mad about drawing," and this was added to his last signature of all.

Like everything else in Japan, name changing was done in ceremonious fashion. You know there is a Japanese tea ceremony which if you adopt for your afternoon tea takes half an hour and ten minutes to produce one brew.

In the days of Hokusai name changing was only properly carried out by the aid of surimono—small colour prints which may be said to be the last thing in colour printing in that they express the highest luxury and utmost refinement not only in designing and printing but also in colouring. When, therefore, an artist was about to change his name he would send to all his patrons a dainty surimono along with his list of past and present names, and this did Hokusai when he became Hokusai.

It is said that genius is bad to live with, but I do not know that Hokusai was particularly bad to live with. He was married twice. He hated the turmoil we know as "spring cleaning," and rather than submit to any such process he changed his abode, and consequently during his career lived in ninety-three different houses.

He was proud to a degree. There always hung in his room a card with the legend, "No compliments, no presents." It was not that he had riches of which to be proud, for he was poor all his life and the poor were always his companions, but pride of spirit had come down to him through his soldier ancestry. Penniless once and wanting to go to see a favourite actor in a new performance, Hokusai sold his mosquito net to raise the necessary expenses, and that in the summer time when mosquitoes abound!

Meanness, and littleness, and shabbiness Hokusai despised and loathed, and it is told how from a Dutch ship captain and a doctor he once received a commission to paint four makimono. Being, as usual, hard pressed for money, Hokusai did the work at once, and the captain, delighted, readily paid the price arranged; but the doctor hesitated and demurred, and Hokusai, refusing to lower either his dignity or his price, took the work back home, there to be remonstrated with by his wife. And when she had told an endless tale of woe and Hokusai was permitted to speak he said he knew all about their misery, but he preferred misery to humiliation. Besides, he

added, in dealing with foreigners it is necessary to keep to terms else it will be said that the Japanese say one thing and mean another!

It was not that Hokusai knew nothing of the sorrows of life that he threw into his pictures so much joyousness of life, but rather because he knew so much. Poverty dogged his steps all his life, and of a family of five or six children only one—a daughter—brought him any of the true joys of parentage or consolation in his later days. Through the follies and recklessness of a son-in-law he was hurled into debt, and for a time even had to live in hiding. Once his house was burnt to the ground and piles of his drawings lost, but a few hours afterwards he was sitting upon the ground mixing colours in a broken bottle and starting work afresh. His patience and energy were untiring. He could brook no delay. Even in days of apparent prosperity, when publishers sent him payment for his designs, he could not stay his brush to take time and undo the packages. They were thrown into a basket, and when tradesmen came for money the artist would throw them a package; if it was not enough they asked for more, if too much they said nothing.

Almost an ascetic by habit, Hokusai drank neither sake or tea and lived on the plainest food. Poor, and living in almost pauper surroundings, Hokusai's sympathies with the poor were boundless, and once, in time of famine, though almost reduced to beggary himself, he opened his house to whoever cared to come in and make a dot on a sheet of paper from which dot Hokusai started to make a drawing in whatever position the dot might be. The drawings were then sold for the relief of the starving and among collectors are known now as "rice for price" pictures.

Some of Hokusai's letters to his publishers are amusing. "I warn the engraver," he says in one, "not to add an eyeball underneath when I don't draw one. As to the

noses I draw you two here. Those they generally engrave are the noses of Toyokuni which I do not like at all."

Art was life to Hokusai, and he left no phase of it unstudied. Coming into contact with Shiba Kokan, an artist who had studied Western methods, Hokusai also studied Western methods and even tried his hand at painting in oils!

In about the year 1830 Hokusai was stricken with paralysis, but restless and eager to be at work he cured himself by the aid of lemons boiled in rice-spirit.

Whatever came to Hokusai he seems never to have lost his humorous, cheery spirit. In 1849, when stricken with illness, he wrote to a friend:—

King Yemma being very old is retiring from business, so he has built a pretty country house, and asks me to go and paint a *kakemono* for him. I am thus obliged to leave, and when I leave shall carry my drawings with me. I am going to take a room at the corner of Hell Street and shall be happy to see you whenever you pass that way.

HOKUSAI.

This illness was to prove fatal. Hokusai was now in his ninetieth year. He had signed his latest prints "The old man mad about drawing." In his preface to "A Hundred Views of Fuji," a few years before, he had written:—

From the age of six I had a mania for drawing. By the time I was 50 I had published an infinity of designs; but all I have produced before the age of 70 is not worth taking into account.

At 73 I have learned a little. When I am 80 I shall have made still more progress. At 90 I shall penetrate the mystery of things. At 100 I shall have reached a marvellous stage and when I am 110 everything I do be it but a dot, or a line, will be alive.

I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word.

But now the artist's hopes are frustrated. Facing death he knows that he has done his last work and his best; but his restless spirit cries:—

Oh, if Heaven had given me only ten years more—nay, five years more, I would yet have become a great artist.

Then in the same cheerful spirit in which he had lived Hokusai died, singing his swan-song:—

My soul, turned will o' th' wisp can now
Come and go at ease over the summer fields.

His resting-place is in a monastery garden of Yedo, among the pine and cherry trees, and there, on a humble tombstone, men read the words:—

Tomb of Gwakio Rojin Manji,
the old man mad about drawing,
Hokusai, a famous artist,
honest and true.

THREE FABLES.

By W. D. COBLEY.

I.

THE traveller started out in the early morning, swinging his stick, and watching the dewdrops glisten in the sun. And the world was a pleasant place.

In the forenoon the Devil overtook him, and they spent a jovial hour together. And the Devil departed.

And again, in the afternoon, the Devil overtook him on the dusty highway. And they turned aside for a time.

And in the evening, while passing through a dark and gloomy wood, the traveller met the Devil face to face, and he seized the Devil and hanged him high as Haman to a tree.

In the morning the country folk came and cut down the traveller and buried him.

II.

An Eastern potentate, angered by the sayings of a certain wise man, cast him into prison, where he languished many months.

At length the wise man caused a message to be sent to the King, saying, that as a consideration for his freedom, he would present to the King a wonderful collection of animals—lion and tiger, serpent and eagle, ox and ass, ape and goat.

To this the King agreed, and on the appointed day attended with his court to receive the gift.

All gathered before the huge curtain concealing the amphitheatre. Slowly the curtain was withdrawn, when all that was to be seen was—a man.

For some moments the fate of the wise man hung in the balance, but the King was after all a King, and smiling at jest, he released the philosopher.

III.

Rhadamanthus slowly stroked his beard and gazed at the couple in front of him, old, and cowed and bent. The open book before him showed heavy and black marks on either page. The record was one of reckless follies, sins sweet in the sinning, careless generousities, foolish friendships, an inextricable jumble of splendid sins and some few splendid deeds—a friend helped when all others had fled, or word kept when to keep it meant disaster.

But the debit balance was heavy and lower and lower the old couple bent as the impassive voice read on, and when the judge turned down his thumb and motioned with his head they moved slowly off down the appointed way.

I gazed after them, and some distance down saw the woman lay her hand on the man's shoulder. He turned and looked down at her. Then something of the lost spring of his youth seemed to return to his step, his form straightened, and he strode more boldly down to the fate that awaited him.

I glanced at Rhadamanthus. Did a faint twinkle appear for one moment in his eye and a smile of comprehension stir his lip?

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The new comer was tall and thin, no way abashed at the presence in which he found himself.

I noticed the book had few and faint marks on either page. This was no record of splendid recklessness, but of a steering of safe middle courses; an eye to the main chance, no gallant defeats, but a shrewd desertion of the field ere the battle began, a watching of others' battles from afar; no stepping into the arena to hand a fallen warrior his weapon lest the fight should involve the helper.

As this one, too, passed on *his* appointed way I looked
at Rhadamanthus. Was it pity or contempt that showed
for an instant on his face?

Then a despairing cry burst from the lips of the depart-
ing saint, as in one swift instant he realised he was passing
into that limbo where such things as he receive their
reward—annihilation.

* * *

LINES ON BEETHOVEN.

By WILLIAM BAGSHAW.

MASTER of many harmonies that roll
Their sphere-like music, piercing to the soul;
An equal spirit long before thy day
Spoke of this muddy vesture of decay,
Which could not hear the music of the spheres;
But we more blessèd in these later years
Have heard thy god-like symphonies untwine
In golden threads of melody divine
The universal concords that enfold
This little planet turning in Time's mould.
If thou hast met our Shakespeare in that clime,
Where great musicians and the lords of rhyme
Breathe air serene, Ah! then with what delight
Will matchless melody and words unite.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

By THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

THE name of William Cobbett, although the bearer of that name died more than three-quarters of a century ago, is almost as familiar to-day as if he had only recently passed away; yet how few there are who know what the man accomplished in his lifetime. The titles of his various and multifarious writings, also, are quite as familiar as his name; and yet how few, comparatively speaking, there are living to-day who have read them, although much that he wrote is relevant to present-day affairs. Some things that occupied his pen are burning questions of the hour. For example, to take two out of many: The waste of the national resources on unjustifiable warlike projects, and the inadequate wages and wretched housing conditions of the agricultural labourer. The singularity of these facts is sufficiently striking to justify a brief résumé of the career of this extraordinary Englishman.

It is hardly possible to write or speak of William Cobbett without touching on politics. But there is this to be remembered: that Cobbett was no respecter of politicians, and if he belaboured the Whigs of his day, he equally belaboured the Tories, and, later, even some of his Radical and Republican friends. As a natural consequence he was admired, feared and hated by all of them by turns. Thus a balance (so to speak) is struck which enables any writer on the Man and his Work (if he be so minded) to avoid partizanship. Further, whatever his professed political views for the moment might be, there is always running through them the clear and strong and unwavering purpose of his life: the earnest desire to be of benefit to his fellow-men, and especially to ameliorate the lot of the poor. But, politics apart, there is a rich fund of material other than political in all his writings to rivet

attention; the perusal of which awakens admiration for his genius, and his self-denying labours.

His paternal grandfather, George Cobbett, was a day labourer, and his father, also George, was a farmer, and landlord of the "Jolly Farmer" at Farnham, in Surrey. The latter had received no very brilliant education, "though he was learned for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy he drove the plough for twopence a day, and these earnings were appropriated to the expenses of an evening school. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach he had learnt." But, pursuing his studies on his own account, he mastered several branches of mathematics, understood land surveying and the drawing of plans, and when any disputed territory was in question in the neighbourhood, he was called in to exercise his talent in that direction and settle the dispute. Thus he obtained "the reputation of possessing experience and understanding." Meanwhile he had taken unto himself a wife, Ann Vincent, and as "he was honest, industrious and frugal, it was not wonderful that he should be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him, beloved and respected." The worthy couple had four sons, of whom William was the third, all being brought up to farm work.

Here, then, at Farnham, William Cobbett was born in 1763, and here he spent, with but slight exception, the first twenty years of his life. In his book entitled "The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine" (published at Philadelphia in 1796), alluding to his humble parentage, he says:—

To be descended from an illustrious family certainly reflects honour on any man, in spite of the *sans-culotte* principles of the present day. This is, however, an honour that I have no pretension to. All that I can boast of in my birth, is, that I was born in England; the country from whence came the men who explored and settled North America; the country of Penn and of the father and mother of George Washington.

Again :—

I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip seed, and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged a-field with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulder, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and, at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed, and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast that he had four boys, the oldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride and happy days!

The only school that the boy William Cobbett attended was one kept by an old dame, but she did not succeed in teaching him even the letters of the alphabet. The honest farmer, their father, took upon himself in the winter evenings the teaching of his boys reading, writing and arithmetic; he even attempted to teach them grammar, but as he did not himself understand its principles, the attempt in this direction failed. With the exception of these rudiments, Cobbett may be said to have been self-educated. This is the conventional way of speaking of anyone who has not had the usual school education. But there are teachers other than those who grace the school-master's desk. There is, for example, natural aptitude, environment, habits of close observation of men and things, receptive influences that stamp themselves on the mind attuned to receive them, feelings sensitive to right and wrong. Cobbett had all these in unusual degree, and they were his schoolmasters.

When about his fourteenth year and employed in clipping boxwood edgings and weeding flower beds in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, a gardener there, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave him such a glowing descrip-

tion of them that young Cobbett, who "had always been fond of beautiful gardens," resolved at once to go and seek work there. Accordingly, one morning without saying a word to anyone, he set off with no clothes except those on his back, and with only sixpence halfpenny in his pocket. A long summer day brought him to Richmond in the afternoon, with threepence remaining of his scanty store of cash, twopence having been spent on bread and cheese and a penny on small beer, the odd halfpenny he had somehow lost:—

Trudging through Richmond, he writes, in my blue smock frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "Tale of a Tub," price 3d. The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the three-pence, but then, I could have no supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before; it was something so new to my mind, that though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect.

This book he carried with him wherever he went, and it was eventually lost in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, the loss, as he declares, giving him more pain than he had ever subsequently felt in losing thousands of pounds. Thus was Cobbett introduced to the world of literature, and that his own literary style was to some extent influenced by the satirical humour of Swift is certain.

His stay at Kew was short, when he returned home. Later, going on a visit to a relation at Portsmouth, he, for the first time beheld the sea, and with a sudden impulse he wished to be a sailor. He even boarded the "Pegasus" man-of-war and offered his services, which, however, were

declined, and was equally unsuccessful in his application to the port admiral to have his name enrolled. So, once more, he returned to the plough. But not for long. He shortly determined to make his way to London. So, with but a scanty purse he set out on the journey, in the course of which he met, on the stage coach, with a gentleman, a hop merchant, who had often dealt with his father. This chance passenger took charge of him, and failing to induce him to return home, introduced him to an attorney who took him into his service. Here we now find him "perched upon a great high stool, in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decipher the crabbed draughts" of his employer. He worked like a galley-slave for nine months, "from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long." His comment on this life in after years runs:—"Gracious heaven, if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath the Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dew; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room, but save me from the desk of an attorney!"

Taking a walk on a Sunday morning in St. James's Park, "he cast his eyes upon an advertisement inviting all loyal young men, who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into His Majesty's Marine Service, and have the peculiar happiness and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham division." He was not deceived with this "morsel of military bombast," but his longings for a life at sea revived, and life in the attorney's office was sufficiently distasteful to make him wish for a change. Down, therefore, he went to Chatham and enlisted into the Marines as he thought; but, oddly enough, next morning he found himself before the captain of a marching regiment, the 54th. "When," says he, "I told the captain (who was an Irishman, and who has since been an excellent friend to

me) that I thought myself engaged in the Marines: 'By Jases, my lad,' said he, 'and you have had a narrow escape.'" The regiment was serving in Nova Scotia, and, after his probationary term, thither, in 1785, he was sent with a detachment to join the 54th. Shortly the regiment was ordered to New Brunswick. Here he acted as clerk to the regiment, was made a corporal, and after two years' service was promoted to the post of sergeant-major. This advancement he ascribed to his habit of never wasting his time. His own inimitable words must here be quoted:—

To this, more than to any other thing, I owed my very extraordinary promotion in the Army. I was *always ready*; if I had to mount guard at *ten*, I was ready at *nine*; never did any man, or anything wait one moment for me. Being at an age *under twenty years*,* raised from corporal to sergeant-major *at once*, over the heads of thirty sergeants, I naturally should have been an object of envy and hatred; but this habit of early rising and of rigid adherence to the precepts which I have given you really subdued these passions, because every one felt that what I did he had never done, and never could do. Before my promotion a clerk was wanted to make out the morning report of the regiment. I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was all done, and I myself was on the parade, walking, in fine weather, for an hour perhaps. My custom was this: to get up in summer at daylight, and in winter at four o'clock; shave, dress, even to the putting of my sword-belt over my shoulder, and having my sword lying on the table before me, ready to hang by my side. Then I ate a bit of cheese, or pork and bread. Then I prepared my report, which was filled up as fast as the Companies brought me in the materials. After this I had an hour or two to read, before the time came for any duty out of doors, unless when the regiment, or part of it, went out to exercise in the morning. When this was the case, and the matter was left to me, I always had it on the ground in such time as that the bayonets glistened in the rising sun, a sight

* Cobbett always understates his age by three years. He was then about twenty-three, and from his stalwart build of body he probably looked older than even that.

which gave me delight, of which I often think, but which I should in vain endeavour to describe. If the Officers were to go out, eight or ten o'clock was the hour, sweating the men in the heat of the day, breaking in upon the time for cooking their dinner, putting all things out of order and all men out of humour. When I was commander, the men had a long day of leisure before them; they could ramble into the town or into the woods; go to get raspberries, to catch birds, to catch fish, or to pursue any other recreation, and such of them as chose, and were qualified, to work at their trade. So that here, arising solely from the early habits of one very young man, were pleasant and happy days given to hundreds.

He gives a sorry account of some of the "Epaulet Gentry," as he termed the officers, their swaggering and drunken habits in those days, their ignorance even of the common rudiments of education; "for the divers flagrant breaches of the law committed by them, and for their manifold, their endless wrongs against the soldiery and against the public,"—but more of this anon.

On the return of the regiment to England in 1791 Cobbett applied for and obtained his discharge. On February 5th, 1792, he was married at Woolwich to Ann, daughter of Thomas and Ann Reid. The romantic story of how he found his future wife can only be fittingly told by himself. He writes:—

When I first saw my wife she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of twenty-one (twenty-four). She was the daughter of a Sergeant of Artillery, and I was Sergeant-Major of a regiment of Foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in the company of others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I have always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life.

It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow lay several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's

writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we got out of her hearing. . . . At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a *hundred miles* up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the Artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The Artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that, when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to *work hard*. I had saved a *hundred and fifty guineas*, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money* before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home. As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time. . . . At the end of *four years*, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a *servant of all work* (and hard work it was) at *five pounds a year*, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the *whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!*

A remarkable story graphically told. The fruit of the marriage, which was a happy one, was seven children: four sons and three daughters, who all, as well as his wife, survived him.

Although Cobbett made money by his unceasing labours with the pen—the pen of a ready writer—and notwithstanding that his writings had an immense vogue with the public of his day, he was constantly involved in legal and other expenses that often left him in straitened circumstances.

Soon after his retirement from the army he brought a serious charge against certain of the officers of the regiment. He failed, however, to substantiate the charge before a court-martial summoned to try the officers. Not that he was unable to do so, he declared, but because his evidence would have implicated an undischarged regimental companion, with dire consequences to the latter. On the court being held, and Cobbett called on to produce his evidence he was *non est*. He had fled to France, and after a sojourn there of eighteen months he crossed to America, arriving at Philadelphia in October, 1793, where shortly he was joined by his wife from England, where she had remained during his exile in France.

Whilst in America he became involved in controversies both political and personal. He published the "Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine,"—a pseudonym he adopted—wrote many Porcupine pamphlets, and founded *Porcupine's Gazette and Daily Advertiser*. Eventually in an action in the law courts he was mulcted in five thousand dollars damages for libelling a well-known physician whom he had stigmatised as a quack, an empiric and a pretender to physic. This unpleasant experience, along with others, quickened the desire which for some time he had entertained of returning to England. Accordingly, he sailed for home in the "Lady Arabella," landing at Falmouth on the 4th July, 1800, after an absence of eight years from his native country.

On his return he settled in London, and in the following September started *The Porcupine*, a daily newspaper. For various reasons it was not a success, and he disposed of his interest in the publication in 1801. It continued to appear

until 1802, when it became merged in *The True Briton*. In 1801 he entered into partnership with John Morgan, an English-American, as publishers and booksellers, their first important publication being a complete collection of Cobbett's writings in America, in twelve volumes, under the title of "Porcupine's Works." This partnership was dissolved in 1803, when Morgan returned to America and the business was transferred to J. Harding. *The Political Register*, a weekly periodical, was his next venture, the first number of which was issued on 16th January, 1802. This continued to be published with varying changes of political opinion, but also with much general success financially down to 1835, the year of his death. His *Parliamentary Debates*, at first issued with the *Register*, but afterwards as a separate publication, was eventually taken over by Thomas Curzon Hansard, his printer, the work being continued under Hansard's name to this day.

In the ensuing two years Cobbett waged incessant political warfare as an ultra Tory, exposing the jobs and speculations then rife in official quarters, supporting the war party, and in 1802 denouncing the Treaty of Amiens, rejoicing when, in the following year, the war was renewed, repelling the attacks of his opponents, encouraged by his friends in high position who were willing enough to enlist his services as a trenchant writer, though always dubious as to what his independent spirit might next adventure—and not without reason, for from 1804 a gradual change began to mark his political views. He became, in short, a Radical Reformer.

The success of his varied literary works, especially of the *Political Register* at this time, was so great, that from the proceeds of his busy pen he was enabled to purchase a small estate at Botley, near Southampton, on which was a large house. Here he took up his abode with his family and entertained his friends in yeoman style. This was perhaps the happiest time of his extraordinarily varied life. In the "Advice to Young Men" he gives a vivid descrip-

tion—rising into poetry at times—of this charming spot and his domestic habits, with the kind of education he chose to give his children—all very delightful reading.

Pity this idyllic life of the agitator should not have continued to the end of his days—he would have been other than Cobbett if it had. He soon began to interest himself in election contests in the neighbourhood, and, as he never did things by halves, was soon involved in bitter controversies in which his language was by no means sparing. This, and his powerful writing in the *Register*, brought down upon him the hatred of members of the Government party, and a vigilant watch was kept to seize upon any unguarded utterances of his, on which it might be possible to found an action for libel, or, more serious than that, a charge of treason. Various occasions of this kind occurred and were considered by those concerned, but dismissed as not being of such a nature as to insure a conviction that would effectually silence the demagogue. At length the much desired opportunity arose.

The circumstances were these. The Government paper of the day (the *Courier*) thus alludes to them:—

The mutiny among the Local Militia, which broke out at Ely, was fortunately suppressed by the arrival of four Squadrons of the German Legion-Cavalry from Bury. Five of the ringleaders were tried by a Court Martial and sentenced to 500 lashes each. A stoppage for their knapsacks was the ground of complaint that excited the mutinous spirit.

Cobbett's *Weekly Register* of July 1st, 1809, contained some very strong (but not too strong) strictures upon the severity and the degrading circumstances of the punishment. The article was headed: "Local Militia and German Legion." The following is an extract:—

See the motto, English reader! See the motto, and then do pray recollect all that has been said about the way in which Buonaparte raises his soldiers. Well done, Lord Castlereagh! That is just what it was thought your plan would produce. Well said, Mr. Huskisson. It really was not

without reason that you dwelt with so much earnestness upon the great utility of the *foreign* troops whom Mr. Wardle seemed to think of no utility at all. Poor gentleman! He little imagined how a great genius might find useful employment for such troops. He little imagined that they might be made the means of compelling Englishmen to submit to that sort of *discipline*, which is so conclusive to the producing in them a disposition to defend the country at the risk of their lives. *Five hundred lashes each!* Aye, that is right. Flog them, flog them, flog them! They deserve it and a great deal more. They deserve a flogging at every meal time. Lash them daily, lash them duly. What! shall the rascals dare to mutiny, and that, too, when the German Legion is so near at hand! Lash them, lash them, lash them! They deserve it, O yes, they merit a double-tailed cat. Base dogs! What, mutiny for the sake of the price of a knapsack, Lash them! flog them base rascals. Mutiny for the price of a goat skin! And then, upon the appearance of the *German soldiers*, they take a flogging as quietly as so many trunks of trees! I don't know what sort of a place Ely is! but I really would like to know how the inhabitants looked one another in the face while the scene was exhibiting in their town. . . . Our gallant defenders not only require physical restraint in certain cases, but even a little blood drawn from their backs, and that, too, with the aid and assistance of German troops. And so on.

The Government determined to prosecute the author for libel. They allowed a whole year to elapse before they did so. The trial took place on June 15th, 1810, and the Attorney-General opened the prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice, summed up and pronounced the comments to be "a most infamous and seditious libel." A verdict of guilty was returned, and on July 9th, 1810, the iniquitous sentence of two years' imprisonment in Newgate, a fine of £1,000 to the King, and at the end of the two years to give bail himself in three thousand pounds, with two sureties in one thousand each, for his keeping the peace for seven years, was passed upon him.

The blow on poor Cobbett was terrible, and it is pathetic

to read his description of how it was realised by his poor wife and children. It was intended that he should be left to associate with other prisoners "guilty of the most odious and detestable crimes," but, happily, from their society he was ransomed by his purse and placed in more comfortable quarters, where he was enabled to pursue his literary interests and receive once a week a hamper of flowers and letters from the children. The episode, however viewed, is a sad one, and speaks badly for the national spirit that tolerated the inhuman severity with which the lash was formerly administered in the army for the most trumpery misdemeanours. We owe much to Cobbett and other reformers for the salutary change that has taken place in this respect.

But though on the verge of financial ruin, the spirit of Cobbett was unbroken. On his release from prison he continued his labours in the *Register*; devoting himself to reform of the currency and finance, the removal of the stamp duty on newspapers, to Parliamentary reform, opposing the Corn Bill of 1815, which prohibited the importation of corn when the price was lower than eighty shillings per quarter, and to the mitigation of the prevailing distress of farm labourers and the artisans generally. Although careful to avoid libel he was still looked upon as dangerous to the State. Riots had broken out in London and the provinces, and the Government proceeded to pass a Bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Cobbett saw his danger of arrest and imprisonment and determined to set out once more to America, which he accordingly did, landing at New York in May, 1817.

In the States he acquired a small farm and led a comparatively quiet life, not busying himself greatly in American politics, but rather keeping an eye on affairs in the old country. He, however, published a series of papers on agricultural and other subjects which he entitled "A Year's Residence in the United States," and wrote his well-known "Grammar of the English Language," an

original work in many respects, though not without errors, and which had immediately a remarkable run of success.

The term of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act having expired, he returned to England, landing at Liverpool in November, 1819, bringing with him the bones of Thomas Paine, which he had dug up from the field in which they lay—having been refused interment in the usual burial ground. From being an opponent, Cobbett had become an ardent admirer of Paine; not so much for his religious as for his political opinions, especially for his advocacy of "The Rights of Man." His expectation was that the sacred relics would be received with enthusiasm, that they would be laid to rest in a suitable burying place, and a monument erected over them bearing an inscription commemorating the labours and virtues of the deceased. One cannot but smile at this display of hero worship. Cobbett with his casket of bones was received but coldly in England, even by those who shared his views, and his enemies took advantage of the circumstance to load him with ridicule. After his death, on his effects being sold, the auctioneer refused to offer the bones for sale, and what ultimately became of the precious relics remains a mystery. The whole escapade was a ludicrous fiasco, and the strange error of judgment for once revealed Cobbett's weak side.

From this time forward until his death Cobbett lived in a state of political ferment, varied by actions at law and financial difficulties, but relieved by the literary work on which his fame as an author will always rest. He warmly espoused the cause of Queen Caroline, and composed the famous "Letter from the Queen to the King," which she duly despatched to Windsor. The letter was returned unopened, but within a week's time it appeared first in the *Times* and was copied by every newspaper in the kingdom. His "Twelve Sermons" followed; then "Cottage Economy," then a "History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland," a work which cuts across the orthodox view of that event. Later came the "Advice to Young Men, and

(incidentally) to Young Women in the Middle and Higher Ranks of Life." Finally, the "Rural Rides during the years 1821 to 1832." Few books are better worth reading than the "Advice" and the "Rural Rides." It is not necessary, in order to enjoy them, to agree with all that their author declares. His very intolerance (and there is much of that) teaches one to be tolerant. The latter work is a melange of matters agricultural and horticultural, descriptions of scenery, politics and personalities, full of vivid colouring, written with a ready and by no means scrupulous pen.

Here is an interesting account of his daily habits during his "Rural Rides."

I hardly ever eat more than twice a day; when at home, never; and I never, if I can well avoid it, eat any meat later than about one or two o'clock in the day. I drink a little tea, or milk and water, at the usual tea-time (about 7 o'clock); I go to bed at light, if I can; I write or read, from about four in the morning to about eight, and then, hungry as a hunter, I go to breakfast, eating *as small a parcel of* cold meat and bread, as I can prevail upon my teeth to be satisfied with. I do just the same at dinner-time. I very rarely taste *garden stuff* of any sort. If any man can show me, that he has done, or can do more work, bodily and mentally united; I say nothing about good health, for of this, the public can know nothing; but I refer to the work; the public know, they see, what I can do, and what I actually have done, and what I do; and when anyone has shown the public, that he has done, or can do more, then I will advise my readers attend to him, on the subject of diet, and not to me. As to drink, the less the better; and mine is milk and water, or *not sour* small beer, if I can get the latter, for the former I always can. I like the milk and water best; but I do not like much water; and, if I drink much milk, it loads and stupifies, and makes me fat.

Again he says:—

I have put an end to my Ride of August, September, and October, 1826, during which time I have travelled five hundred and sixty-eight miles, and have slept in thirty different beds, having written three monthly pamphlets called "The Poor Man's Friend." I have been in three cities, in about twenty

market towns, in perhaps five hundred villages. . . . During the whole of this ride I have very rarely been about after daylight; I have drunk neither wine nor spirits. I have eaten no vegetables, and only a very moderate quantity of meat; and it may be useful to my readers to know, that the riding of twenty miles, was not so fatiguing to me at the end of my tour, as the riding of ten miles was at the beginning of it. Some ill-natured fools call this egotism. Why is it egotism? Getting upon a good strong horse and riding about the country has no merit in it; there is no conjuration in it; it requires neither talents nor virtues of any sort; but health is a very valuable thing; and when a man has had the experiences which I have had, in this instance, it is his duty to state to the world, and to his own countrymen and neighbours in particular, the happy effects of early rising, sobriety, abstinence, and a resolution to be active. It is his duty to do this, and it becomes imperatively his duty, when he has seen, in the course of his life, so many men; so many men of excellent hearts and of good talents, rendered prematurely old, cut off ten or twenty years before their time, by a want of that early rising, sobriety, abstinence and activity, from which he himself has derived so much benefit and such inexpressible pleasure. During this ride I have been several times wet to the skin. At sometimes of my life, after having indulged for a long while in coddling myself up in the house, these soakings would have frightened me half out of my senses; but I care very little about them. I avoid getting wet if I can, but it is very seldom that rain, come when it would, has prevented me from performing the day's journey that I had laid out beforehand. And this is a very good rule: stick to your intention, whether it be attended with inconveniences or not; to look upon yourself as bound to do it.

He now tried to enter Parliament, first for Preston, then for Coventry, but failed. Later he was invited to stand for Manchester, and issued his address to the electors; but, fearing defeat there, he also became a candidate at Oldham, and in December, 1832, he and his colleague, John Fielden of Todmorden, were duly elected for that borough, whereupon he at once withdrew from the contest at Manchester.

His health, however, now began to fail, and in conse-

quence his work in Parliament calls for no special note. He was hardly in his element as a legislator; and, besides, the green fields with the free air of the country blowing round him were his natural habitat—not the green benches and the confined atmosphere of the “House.” He died at Normandy Farm, in the parish of Ash, Surrey, in 1835, aged seventy-two years.

Of the prominent features of Cobbett's character as a man, something must now be said. His life from early manhood till his last year was as full of vicissitude as mortal ever experienced. This was largely due to the strong political views which he espoused at one time and another, and to the uncompromising language, both spoken and written (especially the latter) in which he expressed them. The *suaviter in modo* was a quality unknown to Cobbett. His was the *fortiter in re* pure and simple. The leverage which the former might have given him, in his efforts to remove abuses, being absent, he applied his broad shoulders to the lifting of the dead weight. Thus his tasks were rendered more herculean than they need have been. His very strength was thus often his weakness. His was the nature of the pioneer—the political backwoodsman—and the splinters that flew from his axe edge sometimes wounded his friends, or those who might have been his friends, as well as his adversaries. There was peril in advocating reforms, however salutary, in his day, and especially for anyone with his biting tongue and pen. But no fear of consequences fettered him. His enemies hung like wolves round him ready to take advantage of any slip of the tongue or pen, if perchance they might construe it as a seditious or treasonable utterance. Fines, imprisonment, financial ruin, might stare him in the face, he stood undaunted and undismayed. There is something heroic in such an attitude.

There was a strange mixture of commonsense and indiscretion in his composition. The latter arose, to a great extent, from faults of temper. Those were hard days for

social and political reformers. Cobbett saw the remedy for the wants and abuses of his time, and, restless under the opposition he encountered, he was impatient and precipitate in his advocacy. His adversaries took full advantage of this to hinder his work and throw discredit upon him, and their action again lashed him into the fury of invective and often uncontrolled abuse—abuse, indeed, which he did not care to soften, but, on the contrary, made it as acrimonious as language would admit. No foul name was bad enough wherewith to brand his opponents, or sometimes even those who simply differed with him in opinion. His abuse had no measure. His maledictions against his oppressors, or those he looked upon as such, are terrible. For example, in his “Advice to Young Men,” written twenty years after the event, in cold blood, (if such a thing were possible for Cobbett) after recalling the account which reached him in Newgate of the deep emotion of his children on his incarceration, he writes:—

This account, when it reached me, affected me more, filled me with deeper resentment, than any other circumstance. And oh, how I despise the wretches who talk of my *vindictiveness*; of my *exultation* at the confusion of those who inflicted those sufferings! How I despise the base creatures, the crawling slaves, the callous and cowardly hypocrites, who affect to be “shocked” (tender souls) at my expressions of joy, at the death of Gibbs, Ellenborough, Percival, Liverpool, Canning, and the rest of the tribe, that I have already seen out; and at the fatal working of that system, for endeavouring to check which, I was thus punished! What! I am to forgive, am I, injuries like this, and that, too, without any atonement? Oh no! I have not so read the Holy Scriptures; I have not from them learned that I am not to rejoice at the fall of unjust foes; and it makes a part of my happiness, to be able to tell *millions of men* that I do thus rejoice, and that I have the means of calling on so many just and merciful men to rejoice with me.

This is far removed from the spirit of the New Testament; but the imprecatory Psalms were more suited to Cobbett’s ebullient temperament than the Sermon on the Mount.

He saw only one side of a question, and not only differed from, but castigated, all who presented the other side. On this head, and his vile habit of nicknaming opponents, I sometimes think that one of the raciest essays that could be written, if well-handled, would be "A Young Man's Advice to William Cobbett." If he had been more guarded in his language and freer from prejudices—possessing a broader outlook—he might have been, with his great gifts, instead of a mere politician and agitator, a great statesman. But after all, that is only saying that had he not been Cobbett he would have been somebody else. We can only take a man as we find him. Cobbett, without being a statesman, did much good in his generation, by his courageous exposure of abuses, in stirring up the stagnant political pools—cutting an inlet and outlet for their flow. If there was much that was disturbed in the process, it was because the mud was there. A great deal of it has since flowed away with the water. Notwithstanding his blazing indiscretions, a man such as was Cobbett was needed in those days—with courage enough to lay bare the evils of the body politic; for, indeed, there were many festering sores that needed cauterising, and Cobbett, beyond all others, applied the lunar caustic with a vengeance. Making allowance for his exaggerations, Cobbett had ample grounds for his burning indignation at the state of the country in his day, and the incompetency, or worse, of many of those in high places. It is an honour to have suffered in many of the causes which he espoused.

Of fox-hunting and coursing he was devotedly fond. There was a curious inconsistency in his conduct in regard to field sports. For example, he was bitterly opposed to the game laws—or professed to be so, as witness his "Letter to Landlords" on this subject published in the *Register*, April 6th, 1822, and also in his letter to the Duke of Wellington, at that time first Minister of the Crown. And yet, as the editor of the "Rural Rides," the Rev. Pitt Cobbett, points out, Cobbett himself, when living at Botley,

was a strict preserver of game. He kept sometimes from thirty to forty dogs, consisting of greyhounds, pointers, setters and spaniels. Moreover, he had a large number of live hares brought from Berkshire to turn down on his farm; and in the year 1816 he prosecuted a poacher at Winchester. Perhaps this may be said to have taken place in his unregenerate days.

Cobbett was one of the most egotistical of men. But this which would be considered a weakness in other men was excusable—nay, indeed, justified in his case. His books are full of egotistical display, and largely on that account are delightful reading, because he wrote from personal experience and observation. It was not what “he said” or “she said” or “they said,” but “what I myself saw and felt and experienced.” The raw material of what he said and did came from within his own ken. Like the spider, he spun his political and literary webs from his own inwards. They were neither book nor college learnt. His convictions, whether political or other, were part of the man himself.

The main characteristics of his writings are substance, strength and clarity. He never wrote for the mere sake of writing, but to enforce his own convictions on the mind of his readers. They grip with a grasp from which there is no escaping, and his meaning is clearness itself. There is in them sometimes, and frequently, something of an imaginative touch bordering on the poetical. Being of the cult of the early-risers, he learnt secrets which the late-comers never know. He was a student of Nature in her various moods, and beast and bird and flower awoke sympathetic chords in his strong and stubborn heart. There is pathos, too, and tenderness in his accent, especially when dealing with the wrongs of the labouring poor:—

Though gnarl'd the storm-toss'd boughs that braved
The thunder's gather'd scowl,
Not always through his darkness raved
The storm-winds of the soul.

Oh, no! in hours of golden calm
Morn met his forehead bold;
And breezy evening sung her psalm
Beneath his dew-dropp'd gold.
The wren its crest of fibred fire,
With his rich bronze compared,
While many a youngling's songful sire
His acorn'd twiglets shared.
The lark, above, sweet tribute paid
Where clouds with light were riven;
And true-love sought his blue-bell'd shade,
To bless the hour of heaven.
E'en when his stormy voice was loud,
And guilt quak'd at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the proud
The poor a shelter found.*

As regards his religious views, he says himself: "I am no doctor of divinity, and like a religion, any religion, that tends to make men innocent and benevolent and happy, by taking the best possible means of furnishing them with plenty to eat and drink and wear. I am a Protestant of the Church of England, and, as such, blush to see that more than half the parsonage houses are wholly gone, or are become mere hovels." Which, indeed, was the fact in Cobbett's time. When he speaks of "plenty to eat and drink," we take it that he means "enough to eat and drink"; for in respect of these he, as we have seen, was one of the most abstemious of mortals.

Of course, comparisons are odious, but many a great man whose effigy stands monument high, and whose memory is held in esteem, has a less honourable record, taking it all round, than that of William Cobbett.

* From an "Elegy on William Cobbett," by Ebenezer Elliott.

MENTAL AND MORAL PABULUM FOR JUVENILES.

1820 to 1870.

By LAURENCE CLAY.

“OUR fathers have told us ” much, and if we have been wise, even nationally, and listened, it has not been without profit to us. Our present consideration is, however, what was told to our fathers in the time of their juvenility and the heyday of their youth. That, too, may be considered not without profit likewise. Everybody knows that of the infancy of all vertebrates that of the human species is the most helpless and dependent. And you can do little more for a babe than get it fed from time to time, and if you depart from the natural manner trouble ensues. I need this illustration from the nursery because it enables me to say with the illumination of it that a similar disturbance of a parallel mental and moral equilibrium occurs unless the mental and moral pabulum, which they must needs take perforce, is suitable and naturally assimilable at a tender age. A truism, true, but a survey of what our fathers had told to them in the days of their youth, reveals a very heavy list and not equilibrium.

Almost my earliest memory, and one now nearly fifty years old, is my temporary holiday-pupilage in a cottage dame-school in the country-side, and of a thimble-tattoo upon my slowly swelling brain-pan rattled by the spectacted genie who dwelt there.

Those were not School Board days and the mental curriculum provided for the young generally, both in the houses and in the schools of the land was very different then than now. Dame schools, British schools, academies (which did much good work in their day), national and

the public schools, such as Eton and Harrow, were the chief national resources (outside the home) for the mental and spiritual feeding of the youth of the land. Some of these institutions can scarcely be said to exist at all to-day.

The study of the psychology of the child has rightly held the field for some time, to the infinite advantage of the children, for a greater zest in life and joy in it has been made possible to them. But he were a bold man and a venturesome who would state that we had brought from the past all that it had to give of value for the young, or that present-day results were by comparison and for the most part incomparably superior to those of, say, eighty to forty years ago. It is worth while making some attempt at the taking stock of the past of, say, half a century before the day of Board Schools (1820—1870). We could not, of course, attempt anything like a complete review of the mental and moral pabulum provided for the youth of those decades. The surviving material is very vast and the subject is a very large one, and I propose to limit my attention to the materials at hand as sufficiently representative for the present purpose. I had been fortunate enough to secure the loan of a number of books provided during these years for the young in a single family, and these, supplemented by others more definitely scholastic may be accepted, I think, as fairly typical of the period and of average value in such a connection.

Perhaps it is the moral rather than the intellectual side of this Georgian-Victorian mode and atmosphere (while of more definite ethical aim) which is the more open to serious criticism, particularly in the newer and better light of to-day. Educationally, life was then taken under more easy pressure (may I say lower voltage?) than now. There was, one feels sure, less brain-fag amongst the growing youth and far less neurasthenia. The examination fiend had not acquired his present overmastering power. Now, I think, we suffer somewhat from the more haste that often issues in less speed.

Early years spent under intellectual pressure (I do not here speak of duration) and also by no means low pressure of spirit—the spirit of the age whose hand is very heavy upon the child—may be more widely resulting in stultified brains and retarded intellectual growth than we readily recognise, or are even able to trace, without a longer knowledge of the individual and a deeper insight into the psychology of the child and youth.

Some questions which the seething of this review will throw to the top will perhaps be found worthy of further consideration. Effort will be made to steer as clear as is reasonably possible of religious topics; they shall not be so treated *per se*, but they are incidentally and by circumstance inextricably interwoven in my subject, that this induces, as will be seen, an aspect of them which becomes my subject.

I have academically mentioned the dominance of religion in these matters. The fact is that practically all the juvenile books I have examined (thirty to forty in number) without exception I think (even those including arithmetic in their content), have also included more or less definite religious teaching. It is the one thing common to them all, and I must needs make a frequent reference to this fact. The book, such as the modern system includes, which (in a restricted sense perhaps) is wholly secular when dealing with a secular subject, seems to have been quite in a lost minority in the years under consideration. This state of things in relation to the youth of those years, must necessarily have had a very definite cause, and equally definite issues. The cause may, in the main, have been itself an issue, namely, of the evangelical revival, the religious renaissance, which was the outcome of the efforts of Wesley, Whitfield and others of that day.

One other general characteristic may be fitly mentioned here. Quite a large proportion of the books are conversational in form. This is closely allied with the Socratic

method of teaching, though it is not quite the same thing. It has its advantages and disadvantages. Of the former, as it seems to me, the chief is that it appears natural to a child; it lacks the rigour and the menace to the ebullience of a child's spirit, found in formal and too visible method, the pressure of order which irks a child's free spirit. Its chief disadvantage, as it has appeared to me, is rendered visible and audible, in the pat reply, the apt and featly filling in by the supposedly ignorant junior, of the teacher's every aposiopesis. Every pause is artificially utilised in order to ensure the conversational method by the pupil's very leading questions, or his acute remarks, that enable the teacher to instantly go one better. Children have an eye for the artificial, and I think this sort of method must have often struck them as humorous and not a trifle untrue to youthful experience. Still I think that this method, on the whole, is one to be approved, and so far as we have abandoned instead of improving the method, we may have retrogressed. It can be severely didactic, or lightened to suit the tenderness of early youth.

I roughly classify the books under consideration as follows:—

- (a) Books intended to convey more or less definite religious teaching. These are well worth examining sympathetically.
- (b) The same in relation to moral teaching merely.
- (c) Books intended to teach history.
- (d) Books intended to teach science or philosophy.
- (e) Story books.

As to some of these very briefly, but first as to the books intended to convey definite religious teaching.

I want to put in the forefront of this section the following consideration:—I think our forbears made a great mistake in ignoring the fact that a young child, as such is, and I think rightly, unmoral, *i.e.*, supra-moral; and that

to begin to crowd into its childish outlook at an early age and on every occasion (as these books disclose) all the doctrinal aspects and the terrors of Calvinistic-Evangelical religion was unnatural and harmful.

They left nature out of account, and when in later years the stomach rejected other spiritual dietetics, as must often have happened, there was little wonder. As illustrating this criticism I will give you a brief account of a little work entitled (and its name is like a face that reveals its character):—

THE INFANT'S PROGRESS
from the
Valley of Destruction
to
Everlasting Glory.

My copy is denoted as the fourth edition, and dated 1825, and is by Mrs. Sherwood (author of, etc.). This production consists of a volume of 238 pp., and is an allegory in the form of a dream, (the mystery of dreams always attracts the young). It is a work very obviously inspired by Bunyan's immortal prototype. The word "infant" is probably used very much in its modern legal sense. The professed object is to bring to a child's understanding the nature of sin, in the state of which they are themselves presumed to have been born. It is enough to take the gladness out of any sensitive child's life. Sin is personified under the name Inbred-sin, as ill-favoured and ill-conditioned an imp-urchin as one could imagine. He is a member of a family of tender years that dwells in the Valley of Destruction, which valley at intervals, opens and belches forth fire and smoke, for hell itself lies close beneath. The family consists, besides the parents, of a boy "Humble-Mind" and his two sisters, viz., "Playful" and "Peace." The progress of the parents into Everlasting Glory very soon leaves the children to the guidance of Evangelist and very much at the mercy of the guileful

deceits of their foster-brother, Inbred-Sin. Every few sentences are punctuated or certificated by a text arbitrarily torn with more than pastoral ruthlessness from its scriptural context, and so made to do exiguous duty. We need not follow the course of their pilgrimage. You, however, may imagine the temptations and falls to which Playful (since she is Playful) is prone. That name was a cunning touch of Mrs. Sherwood's. And you can imagine the virtue which the possession of a humble mind, a peaceful spirit, possessed in very appropriate temptation.

The nimbleness of Inbred-Sin's mind is counterfeited in his body since he leaps upon the shoulders of the young (for the most part those of poor Humble-Mind), and in other ways physical, he attests his origin and demoniacal vitality. His specious cunning is allied to a toughness of the body which is the toughness of an indiarubber imp such as children play with; his undying persistence resting only occasionally, for lack of opportunity. All this is designedly calculated to impress, as it most probably terrifies, an imaginative child. One does not always realise what words, when understood literally by a child, though meant but symbolically, convey to them and how they often oppress them. I remember a good lady giving an address to children, took as a subject a third eye, behind the brow—the inward eye to which Wordsworth refers. One imaginative and intelligent lad saw all too clearly the third eye in teacher's forehead and went home in trepidation and in terror of it; it really troubled him.

Further, in this book problems which involve, to mature Christians, subtle analysis and interpretation, are herein set down, not formally, but precipitated and materialised; and it is this version that the child first sees, for they are often vividly imaginative. To have life's difficulties pictured by rocks of adamant, bogs, quagmires, imps and fiends, thorn-pricked hands and bleeding feet and to be driven through them even in an allegory, is surely running it to seed unless it is done with the utmost reticence

consistent with the object and with youth alike and with that infusion of amelioration which, in such a connection, only genius could bestow.

Apart from the doctrine and dogma of the book so inveterately interwoven with the scheme and sometimes specifically argued, and apart from the author's indebtedness to Bunyan, the work is yet lively and well conceived. Inbred-Sin is quite the most able conception in it; indeed, it is an addition, in that form, to the "Pilgrim's Progress," really outdoing its parallel the bundle on Christian's shoulders. Inbred-Sin is so incorrigibly enticing, deceitful and cunning and persistently wicked that it would seem poor Humble-Mind was quite outplayed as a character.

Some rather quaint conceits appear in the book, as, for instance, the picturing of Faith (which is evidence of things *not* seen), as of all things, a *telescope*, whereby one may be enabled to *see*. Hospitality is set out as an old beldam. Experience (rightfully) as a shepherd, the Sabbath as a Mountain.

I think this book, "The Infant's Progress," is a typical one of the time: part of the aftermath of national religious revival. Strongly expressed and strongly tintured with Genevan Evangelicalism, they, as a class, were very sincere; but for children, too full of the terrors of heaven and hell, between which, as between millstones, the poor terrified children were ground. I said terrors of heaven, and they too were existent. A child often thinks heaven unenticing. "His observations at church" (I quote a modern writer on the child) "disclose to him faces solemn and often sad; surely heaven must be worse than school." With heaven on the brain, Tom said to his mother one day: "Mother, I hope when I go to heaven, they will let me have a Saturday half-holiday that I may go and have a game in hell."

This class of book, involving such beliefs, subsequently met some rebuff. They are, indirectly, and not wholly unsympathetically, attacked as a revolt against nature, in

such works as "Robert Falconer," by the late George Macdonald. That such a revolt from a piety so unnatural for a child was overdue may be illustrated further. A little brochure in verse of 1851 sets out in simple quatrains the "Daily Life of the Christian Child." On rising and after thanks and a prayer for deliverance from harm, the child is told that

The water that she useth
Must remind her of the day
When baptismal waters cleansed her,
And washed her sins away.

Similarly through all the day every act must carry with it, however ordinary it may be, some pietistic symbolism. The whole brochure is a begetter of little Christian prigs and is the outcome of an entirely false view of the natural relation of the child to the mystery around it in the unseen and the ghostly as well as to the ethical and moral sphere. That there was a general definite intention and effort to very decidedly affect the juvenile mind and thought is abundantly clear. It was not the effort of one but of many.

Mrs. Barbauld published, in 1834, a collection of hymns in prose, and frankly states in the title-page, that they are "calculated to impress the infant mind with early devotion," and in the preface states that they give "a summary of the doctrines of religion." In the text the voice of the children is like the voice of adults, and the voice of the adults is like the talking of children.

It is worth while very summarily noticing other similar volumes. Ann and John Taylor, whose reputation is not yet dead, published "Hymns for Infant Minds." My edition is the thirty-seventh, dated 1846. Its topics are full of death, judgment, the dread God, Eternity, all inspissated Evangelicalism of the Genevan sort. If nature is referred to (as it is much more frequently than in some) it is mostly as to its tragical side and to serve some definite pietistic

expression. The world is a temptation and pitfall, no security of joy; the security seems to be of pain and sorrow. It is all thin ice, a threatening and depressing outlook; religion but a dread necessity. The world

Fruitful, beautiful, and gay,
But lost in sin and woe,

the stress, a need for cautions and bewareness, trepidation indrilled, or else a priggish spirit and simulated piety, simulated because unnatural and a bondage.

This is Sunday,—Sabbath day,
That is why we must not play;
Nor run about, nor make a noise,
Like the naughty girls and boys.
This is Sunday,—Sabbath day,
Now we hear, and sing and pray,
Now we rest, or now we read;
This is very nice indeed.

Indeed!

The following two quatrains are from some verses on "The Day of Judgment" (still "for infant minds") :—

The wicked child who often heard
His pious parent speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word
Shall not be able then to flee.

No; he shall see them burst the tomb
And rise and leave him trembling there,
To hear his everlasting doom
With shame and terror and despair.

Archibishop Whately said of this very poem (save the mark) that they "were very intelligible and touching to a mere child."

Cognate with the rest, and also by a woman, is a little work, "Scripture Stories for very Young Children." This, as you might imagine, also in common with others, reveals very little sense of humour, and often nears the puerile. "God said, 'Let it be light,' and it was light directly.

God said, 'Let the sun shine,' and the sun shone." This sort of thing would hardly appeal to a child except as operative with the instantaneousness of fireworks.

Here and there some publications disclose greater sanity and greater appreciation of the limitations and powers of childhood and a more natural trend because more reserved teaching. The two volumes of Mrs. Trimmer, "*Lessons from the Old and New Testaments*," while cognate with much contemporary work for children and are distinctly mid-nineteenth century in character, are yet merely indoctrinated, so to speak, and not so definitely didactic and pietistic. No doubt others were produced, but they must have been in a deplorable minority. One, however, is included amongst my collection, of very considerable excellence in its logical power of expression combined with simplicity. I refer to Edward Lord Stanley's "*Conversations on the Parables*," 1828; my edition 1849. Excellent as the book is, I think it is better in the teacher's or parent's hand than in the child's. It is excellent exposition, but some of the objections already made to these books apply here also although less forcibly.

The pupil is complementary with all the old force of apt question; never blunders, or is foolish, or humorous (I do not mean fun), nothing to produce an air of reality; all sententious instruction (of high quality), but children not brought up to be prigs, have a wholesome repugnance to doctrine, pilld-ethics, and pious philosophy, particularly if in set form.

Mrs. Alexander's little brochure of "*Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament*," specially designed to prolong a child's love of "*Old Testament Stories*," are like gilded pills, compound of morals and Biblical study, and, though musical or rather lyrical, and above the average hymn of the day, can scarcely be attractive to healthy-minded, vigorous youth.

Turning now to notice briefly some items whose object is less religious than a merely moral one, still the ever

obtrusive object is the improvement of the minds and morals of the young. There seems to have been a systematic effort to boil down sacred and profane history, so as to render it suitable for a child's comprehension. Even tough subjects, such as Plutarch, were not considered unsuitable for a child of four. One is amazed at these drafts drawn on the intelligence of infants. Writers like Jane and Ann Taylor, Mrs. Sherwin, Mrs. Trimmer, and many others, appear again and again (in endless editions) with long lists of their productions for the benefit of youth, lists appended to their progeny of books and booklets. For the most part the volumes are remarkably well illustrated. It might be said of them generally that their illustrations are of considerable excellence and reveal how serious has been the subsequent decline in the art of engraving. This excellence, in its instantaneous appeal to the child, was all to the good. The higher and more excellent the art addressed to the eye in the illustration of children's books the better for the children. The letterpress must be lowered to the plane of their intelligence, the visual art need not, though, of course, they will not consciously estimate it from an æsthetic standpoint, but by its means they often leap into a just conception. But the text, prose and verse never escape the moralising didactic purposing of their authors.

In "Rhymes for the Nursery," by Ann and Jane Taylor, as in some similar books, there is evident a certain smug satisfaction as with the good things of this life possessed. The nice parents, the good mamma, the comforts of home, the pleasure of play, of dogs, etc., contrasted with the poor beggar-man, the lame, the blind, the "sooty negro," the boy chimney-sweep and the hard lot of the poor. The content of the class with things as they are for them, is a reflection of the times and the class—no true socialism, for the most part no suggestion of the need for remedial measures. The more ambitious effort of the two sisters Taylor entitled "Original Poems" (of which my copy is but a reprint)

disclose more poetical ability than the average, because there is a deeper converse with nature inspiring them, but always is the moral element pushed in, this not by example but precept *ad nauseam*. Here is a fair sample from the lines entitled "Summer." The singer declares his preference for lying down in some shady retreat:—

There, all day idle, my limbs I'll extend,
Fanned soft to delicious repose;

but the busy lights and sounds of nature produce, under the skilful guidance of Aunt Ann and Aunt Jane, an improved frame of mind, and he declares:—

Then, since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labour I'll rise,
While the idle love best in the shade to recline
And waste precious time as it flies.
To waste precious time we can never recall,
Is waste of the wickedest kind,
One short day of life has more value than all
The gold that in India they find.

And to this aspect there is added more than a suspicion of that smugness which turns one's own comforts to a sense of satisfaction when contrasted with the miserable lot of others; thus where, to my mind, the call should have been to pity and compassion, it is too frequently to self-satisfied content and thanks to that Father above, "Who gives you so many more blessings than they," which is badly expressed in any case. I doubt too the healthy-mindedness of impressing upon the young the uncertainty of life by inducing them to visit, when half the world is in bed, the graveyard to read "the grey mouldering stone that tells of the mouldering dead":—

And let me remember it well,
That we must as certainly die,
Must bid the sweet daylight farewell,
Green earth and the beautiful sky.

You are not so healthy and gay,
So young and so active and bright,
That death cannot snatch you away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.

Here lie both the young and the old
Confined in the coffin so small,
The earth covers over them cold,
The grave-worm devours them all.

And the young are conjured with almost the suggestion of
an envious jealousy:—

Those limbs, which so actively play,
That face, beaming pleasure and mirth,
Like him must fall into decay
And moulder away in the earth.

It is altogether too morbid and of a piece with enforced piety, piety that is enforced with the constant drip, drip of precept rather than by the silent and far more forceful pressure of example. One misses the note of joy and cheer in all this constant adjuration, it is religion designed to make the pleasure of the child less—to vanishing point. Sometimes the realistic touch is terrible for such aunties as Ann and Jane Taylor. Surely it was manufactured with groans when one or both of them depicted the little fisherman who fished his father's pond for sticklebacks and met with very awful punishment (and it was not Sunday). That day

Many a little fish he caught
And pleased was he to look
To see them writhe in agony
And struggle on the hook.

At last when having caught enough
And also tired himself
He hastened home intending there
To put them on the shelf.

But as he jumped to reach a dish
To put his fishes in,
A large meat-hook, that hung close by,
Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Harry kick'd and call'd aloud,
And screamed and cried and roared
While from his wound the crimson blood
In dreadful torrents poured.

The fisher is rescued, but remains a dreadful example. He, and no doubt some of the auditors of this condign example, determined never to fish again. The childish faults are so naïvely constructed as to be patent to any intelligent child as concoctions there is little real verisimilitude. Children must often have known what was coming and the nauseous moral sometimes anticipated with a shiver. The bad boys always suffer dire distress; the good escape, even if but barely. The truant swimmer is torn upon the mill wheel and indubitably drowned; the boy played with fire and of course the same night the fond home is destroyed by that element. And, too, of very dubious value, or rather much to be deprecated, is that reiteration of the idea of God as constantly watching:

In every place by night and day
He watches all you do and say.

What idea of God as a father can children have when that kind of conception is constantly emphasised?

If there be humour in this kind of verse it is elementary and unconscious and unintentionally borrowed, as it were, of the circumstance. There is no poking of fun or genial satire or sly craft so much more effective. The class of child's book here considered when contrasted with such books of equal moral purpose as Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature," or of humour such as "Alice in Wonderland" seems whole planes lower. The modern note of moral teaching is not so much the didactic precept and

formal expression which the books criticised inculcated so assiduously, but the more reserved, inferential, imaginative quality that does not obtrude aggressively, but, like a jewel, must be sought for and is compounded of beauty, truth and emotion subtilely and skilfully seeking to affect the spirit of life and encourage "the admiration, hope and love" by which even children live. It is a grievous mistake to be so constantly hammering childish faults; it were better to disclose to them their effects in and upon others and leave them to draw the deductions, which they are very quick to do.

The history section is a very interesting one, and on the whole the quality is good, the interest varied and catholic, though it is curious how the same incidents appear and reappear in more or less the same form in various books. It is mostly related in story form and as if in response to the childlike request "tell us a tale" and in that regard psychologically sound. No story can ever be told to completion, it is but an outline with little breadth and less graded depth howsoever cleverly told; hence there is in a simple relation much room for the growing and stimulated imagination of the child. Such is not open to the objection that pertains to the supernatural that the latter's excess of the wondrous, negatives a child's receptivity, and should be sparingly used.

In "Stories selected from the History of England," by J. W. Croker, fifteenth edition 1854, we have a work which is said to have suggested to Scott the plan of "Tales of a Grandfather"; for we are all children, if of older growth. This and Mrs. Markham's histories were very popular, sales running into many thousands. In Croker's work the time-honoured but queer locution "once upon a time" is the opening of more than one story, it indicates the story-telling atmosphere which makes the young lend their ears. Protestant or political or other bias is not absent, and to seniors is amusing; but this need not detain us; we are not free from it in these days.

Mrs. Trimmer's "Concise History of England" notes its leading defect in its title; it is outrageously concise. Otherwise its plan has one or two points that seem noteworthy, as, for instance, the wise sparseness of dates, that mnemonic *bête noire* of children; it is replaced by a brief schedule of events preceding the chapter and so grouped as to be more intelligently (and therefore more permanently) memorised by a child.

In "Short Stories from European History," by a lady (? Jane Taylor) the interlocuters are like puppets made to play into each other's hands. The implications are so obvious and improving, mostly moral and pious in character, that one wonders if the acquired outlook of the children does not become shattered, when, sooner or later, their lives bring them into the clash and burly of circumstance and opportunity. If such teaching postulates what is intrinsically unreal and misleading because life "whole" is unlike it, then in any such case much must needs be unlearnt when matched with affronting experience. Otherwise the relation is fairly vivid and not too realistic, and in many other respects told naturally, and, what is of primary importance, interestingly.

Both home and foreign history is before me in considerable variety, but we cannot consider the several volumes in detail. If it be conceded that young children should be taught history in very early days, then there is much good work in these books for them, for the eye and for the mind. But it is worth while considering whether it were not better to leave the subject for later years (especially foreign history) when it could be taught more philosophically and less mnemonically. This precipitating of the salt of its interest in early years has the effect upon some minds of nullifying interest in later years. A natural curiosity can be gratified too soon; it will then perhaps be satisfied with too little and be incapable of any real absorption. More out-of-door instruction, instruction

based upon vision instead of the mentally visual, would possibly ensure a better foundation for the imaginative, the poetic and even the philosophic development of later years. Wordsworth said of children, "Death, what can they know of death?" Yet it was constantly being brought home to them, and so was Roman history, and the "Wars of the Jews" adapted to the capacities of children. What can they know of these things, however adapted? Aunt Jane, the adaptor, could say that (in 1822) "this is an age when reading for amusement alone is gone by," and to adapt her Josephus the relation is embedded in a setting of domesticity where wars and puddings and games, etc., jostle each other.

Of the stories and sketches, I will notice first the one entitled "The Woodman," by the same author as "The Infant's Progress," viz., Mrs. Sherwood. This went to more than one edition, and my copy is privately dated 1855, so it is evidently Victorian. It is a very pious story, *ça va sans dire*. We herein get, despite a well-known adage, an old head on young shoulders, and it is a story worked out within a circle. There is a certain intimacy with and truthfulness to the period the tale purports to picture, and the whole-hearted piety of the saints in the story and the equally whole-hearted wickedness of the villains is not, on the whole, bad fare for a child whose bent is so inclined and in whose veins the pulsing stream of life runs placidly. But to some the piety is so obtrusive that it must have tended to prompt repulsion, not as a thing inimical to childhood, but as having implicit the constant reiteration of unsought and even unmerited reproof, against which the keen sense of justice in a child, rebels.

"Chit-Chat," a series of simple tales, by a woman, ninth edition 1841, was evidently popular amongst the young, and not without cause. Its subjects include considerable variety, rural, domestic, moral and pious,—mostly moral. These brief sketches, termed chats, range

round a kind and good aunt. Is this a femininity that a mother (and others) writing for the young, so frequently select as the head and front of their "fence" an aunt; or is it intended to strike the chord of sympathy more quickly and deeply? The young so readily respond to grief's call at the loss of a mother. There is just an echo in the book of days too soon past, when the young addressed their seniors with greater and more formal respect. The sketches have a healthy tone, and the doctrine of "let the poor be gay" is advocated. Was it part of the ferment of the days of the Reform Bill and Corn Law repeal when many hopes were born to premature decay? Ordinarily you would scarcely look in a child's book to find an assertion of the rights of all men—rich and poor alike—to cheerfulness and even gaiety.

There is greater naturalness in this chit-chat, the piety is less aggressive and untimely and more sweetly and naturally clothed. It is a book for girls, more suited to their milder temperaments. She, great aunt that she is, will tell the girls a funny story to merely make them laugh. She is of the right sort to say "let the poor as well as the rich have their season of gaiety." It is the only book, so far as I have examined (of a goodly number) that has had included a professedly funny story; too "wicked" a proceeding for the most apparently. Yet whose gaiety is so spontaneous as a child's? The book, too, is related to actual life, and shows some spirit in its chats about life's concerns, matching them with the touchstone of reason; a practicality in it that is healthy-minded and helpful and written as if based upon the actual life experience of the mistress of the rectory from which it originated. We get such wisdom of the practical sort inculcated as:—

Servants have their feelings as well as we.

Nothing is so bad in our intercourse with our fellow creatures, nothing so bad as caprice.

Now you will see, how right it is to *visit* the cases of distress of which you hear, *some are true*.

The book is characterised by a hearty zest in life on its cheerful as well as its helpful and sympathetic and pious side; brightened by an air of the countryside, open air, dancing on the green, etc. Little uncommon points of natural history appear interesting to the town-bred child at least. Sometimes a headline, or only a brief sentence, is wisely deemed sufficient to point the moral and adorn the tale, more effectively than a laboured moralising. The book is by the author of "Always Happy," and there is a twinkling humour in one closing section that reminds the girls how last Sunday's sermon, then so much be-praised by them, though not yet a week old, is every word forgotten; this from the wife of the rector, and she says, "This is often the fate of good advice."

"Fanny and Her Mamma," also by a woman, and excellently illustrated by J. Gilbert, opens with twenty sensible terse hints in "Nursery discipline for the guidance of other mothers." These hints are all briefly illustrated in the text, by simple brief relations of simple things. This plan, an effort in scientific tuition of a very humble kind, necessitated a set of good puppets. A very good mamma and a papa to look up to; and since the taught must exhibit the effect of the "hint" under illustration, (viz., that full obedience must be exacted in earliest years), a good little girl only could illustrate such needed virtue. A story-book built on these lines contains, like a good many sermons, nothing you can quarrel with in its statements, much which, if challenged (which you hope won't happen), you would give assent to, but the effect must to any high-spirited or quick, intelligent child be bordering on irritation and resentment or derision. One thinks of the marvellous power children often have to endure in silence and as a matter of course, if at the hands of those in whom they have implicit trust. They scarcely recognise the fact that they *are* enduring, still less that their God-given faculty of high spirit is being overborne and worn down. A small girl on a front form at

school, looking very miserable, unconsciously was asked by her teacher, "What is the matter, Doris? Are you not well?" "Yes, teacher; I am only trying to be good." There is often in children something of the enduring patience of the dog towards those about them in the house.

A real interest does attach to a story entitled "Anna Ross," by Grace Kennedy (1848, ninth edition). The piety (we must accept the inevitable) is simple and sane for the most part, even if Calvinistic. It trenches upon religiosity and yet escapes the charge, as it seems to me, because of the base of real goodness upon which the story is reared. Of course one cannot agree that a child should be threatened with hell if it is not a good child, yet is there some obligation to make a child aware of the sorrow that answers sin and may lead it some day to say, "I am mine own hell." It is a story of Waterloo times, and the child's father—a commissioned officer—is slain at Waterloo, and the widow, in delicate health, soon follows him. The child's new home is with an uncle, and it proves to be one of the spirit-crushing conventional kind, once in common in the upper middle classes. The child is made to sit in a straight-backed chair, her feet in stocks and punished if she moved; was she not being literally *moulded* into propriety? Made to repress feelings of natural ebullience, all demonstration of feeling being anathema to her aunt. Taught French and Italian, the piano, oh yes; dancing, certainly; and every usual drawing-room accomplishment, whose drudgery was calculated to impair the spirit of a child. Drilled in how to sit, to eat, how to look graceful and be polite, these before all things, in forgetfulness that for a child to sit in enforced stillness is purgatory to it; to eat fast is venial, that the untaught grace of a child in a home of good influence is by no means absent. So one can understand the complaint "Lessons, lessons, lessons, from morning to night, nothing but lessons, and sit this way, and sit that way, and walk so and so, and how awkward you are and

ungraceful; you will never be like Miss Somebody or Miss T'otherbody. *Oh, how I wish I were grown up!*" Lessons on laughing, about loud laughing and vulgar laughing, the polished smile and the genteel laugh; and for punishment a slice of the Bible to be learnt by heart. Ergo, Bible shares in the general hatred of all restriction, no "loving to be taught" all teaching resented, religion a task and formality and its exercise irksome to the last degree. Veritably a chapter in the authoress' experience.

How long shall you live in this world, Anna? Sixty years, says the young hopeful.

And how long shall you live in heaven or hell when you die? (a desperate choice surely!)

For ever and ever, answers Anna solemnly.

And when 60 years are past in that *for ever*, Anna, will it be any nearer an end?

No, uncle.

No, my love, it will not, 60 and 60 and 60,000 years will pass away and it will be no nearer an end. Etc.

The choice seems more desperate than ever, especially when we come to give weight to what is often overlooked in reference to children, that the receptivity of a child is active, not passive; to what dread apprehension must such teaching lead! A child has, too, an individuality, which is also as frequently overlooked, and, what is of even primary importance and as frequently ignored or not understood, a child is a spiritual entity and has a spiritual faculty—not religious, not in infancy moral, it is supra-moral, but a spiritual sense of no mean apprehension—hence a young child will express an unreasoned but not unlikely a warranted (did we know) repulsion to a senior; it has the affinities and spiritual tact that more usually survive in women. It has an almost faultless sense of injustice from very early years and has also, you know, an absolute faith in prayer.

Whatever personal views you may take of these things, the student of the child has to take them into account,

and it is these things that denote a spiritual sense or faculty which should not be ignored. To superimpose upon this spiritual sense a weight of doctrine and dogma is to induce artificiality and insincerity. One would think of children, judged by some hymns (as, for instance, Toplady's reference to them as "Bubbling fountains of iniquity"), as has been said, as "little devils, only fit for a world of devils." How much truer is the implication in Hood's lines:—

It was a childish ignorance
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

The Victorian period was remarkable in a birth or renaissance of interest in science and scientific things as evidenced in Mechanics' Institutes with their scientific lectures and demonstrations, and also in a rather remarkable series of books for the instruction of the young in natural philosophy and science generally. The how, when and why was a dominant note, and as far as these books for the young were concerned at least, they seem to me to have attained a degree of thoroughness and excellence wholly to be commended. Often graded to suit children of various ages, facts sanely and sensibly told or explained and with that sympathy for the young which is the "open sesame" to their minds, they were free from the hurtfulness and error of doctrinal teaching, though not destitute of moral implication, *Æsopian* fashion. Mostly conversational in form (often enough as between animals, insect or other) and so enticing the curiosity of the child. Sometimes there is variety and ingenuity in the scheme, employing an amplified Socratic method, or taking the form of a journal, or the dramatic form, the pedagogue often very near the surface at times,—alas too, near to bathos, as when a dying cat, relating its life history to its kittens (a relation which includes every possible deadly

adventure cats could engage in) bids them farewell, adding the pious hope that they meet again in a land where there are no dogs to worry them or boys to torment them. Much knowledge—general knowledge—has in the past been imparted in this informal, but I think interesting, way for juveniles, and I think also it is to be doubted if modern methods of “cram and exam” make up for the young in thoroughness, or breadth, or permanence in what is learnt, for the loss of interest in form, and variety in subject, for these books call nothing that is scientific or informatory common or unclean. Their value as teachers of “general knowledge” subjects, imparted in a way psychologically calculated to impress and to be retained, must have been considerable.

Morals are discussed in concrete instances, not considered perforce as reiterated precept, but illustrated in incident and story,—surely a more natural way for youth. A nice discrimination of words and their meanings, and the quality of distinguishing word values (a most profitable one) is inculcated, profitable because they pass from that to a discrimination in ideas and things. Here and there you detect an artificiality in construction, as in the well-known “Eyes and No Eyes.” Such a wise all-seeing young William, whose eyes missed nothing. He saw more in one day than many of us town-breds see in a lifetime.

Yet the whole is in its essence true, for “one man walks through the world with his eyes open and another with them shut,” and the juniors that have listened to William have learnt much anent natural phenomena.

The volumes of this class appear to have been very numerous, possibly they were too numerous and left the matter overdone, widened their base too much. The “Parents’ Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction” ran into six volumes! Many of this class originally appeared in monthly parts and subsequently as books. One work, “Scientific Dialogues,” by Rev. I. Joyce, ran to five hundred pages, and though intended for children

of but ten or eleven years of age, dealt with mechanics, astronomy, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, magnetism, electricity and galvanism. True, scientific terminology was explained, but it was diet for the omnivorous intellect and surely it was the age of belief! One suspects ignorant, but desirous-to-know-papas, read these books aloud for *mutual* benefit. But for children of ten or eleven the topics seem abstruse and likely to lead to brain-fag. Brains too early weighted may flag and lose elasticity and resilience. Perhaps their content should have been simpler, less informative and more inwoven with lighter interest for children.

To briefly conclude. It will have been readily gathered that my criticism of the period under review falls mainly upon the excessive pietistic quality so widely emphasised in the books considered. All this left too much out of account, the far weightier value of personal effluence, the psychic touch, of me to thee in the *viva voce*. Children will not willingly (in those silent, free, rebellious spirits of theirs) be told "to take care to enjoy the good and bear the evil which God sends" (*sic*). What child will heed willingly the conjuration to bear evil or will understand if and how God sends it? Let "great thoughts come from the heart," even if they needs "must go round by the head." And we must also leave something seething in their minds as mystery and not evaporate all their natural interest.

For the rest there was much of excellence both in method, in essay and story, and also in morals and in science, evidence of a greater leisure in the acquisition of knowledge and of easier conditions, less cram without less variety or depth. On the other hand, we to-day know much more of the psychology of the child, and this is all to the good and an increasing asset of the greatest value. In some things we may have to try back or even to try radically different methods and the order of methods radically altered to better suit ideas to the capacities

relative to different years of age; and I do not in this refer merely to scholastic methods, for parents and guardians as well as teachers, need to ponder the matter and to remember that they are dealing with a child's greatest asset, in moulding its mental and spiritual attitude and its grip of the wonderful world into which it is coming as into an inheritance.

PUFFS FROM MY PIPE.

II. BON GAULTIER.

By ARTHUR W. FOX.

WINTER is coming fast and the peaceful fireside is growing more seductive than the country ramble. The temptations to consecrate the sylvan glade to Faunus or the breezy mountain-top to Jove with a mingled burnt and incense-offering are decreasing in their subtle power. No doubt the fragrant weed assists the quiet contemplation of the beauties of nature. But the wreaths of ambrosial vapour never rise more soothingly than when the discreet votary toasts his toes on the fender while the cheerful fire is blazing up the chimney. On such an evening a pipe, a cup of strong coffee—some prefer another diet-drink—and a book are amongst the choice delights of slippered ease. When the boots, which bear their wearer to laborious toil have been taken off and business cares have been put aside with day, the harmless Sybarite may drink in deep draughts of simple and inexpensive pleasure. The book must be chosen carefully: one of the lighter kind alike in its structure and the weight of its contents is essential. It must be neither too heavy to hold nor too difficult of comprehension. A solid folio is uncongenial to the snug armchair. The reader cannot hold it in a convenient position, nor will it balance easily upon the Carter's cleverly named "Literary Machine," or accord with the evening pipe. Books, like grouse, oysters and partridges, have each a season of their own. Sparkling essays, small volumes of lighter verse and fiction unvexed by the nauseous problems of sex, are the most suitable companions of that gentle state of repletion, which follows the last evening meal. It is to one of my favourites in

the second class that I would invite the attention of all whose sense of humour is not blighted by the prevailing pessimism.

The "Book of Ballads," edited by "Bon Gaultier," is such a volume, especially in the copy published by William Blackwood and daintily illustrated by those one-time masters of their craft, Doyle, Leech and Crowquill [A. H. Forrester]. In the first place, its size makes it easy to hold; in the second, its contents, though something of the aroma of allusions to past events may have lost its grateful pungency, render it pleasant to read. So long ago as 1832 Professor William Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin began to collaborate in a series of amusing burlesques originally contributed to Tait's and Fraser's Magazines, which were first collected in 1855, and have since run through at least fifteen editions. Thus Bon Gaultier was not one minstrel, but, as Mrs. Malaprop might have observed, "like Cerberus, two gentlemen at once." Nor could a happier combination of authorship have been easily contrived; the two poets blend their lines so artfully that no attempt will be made to disentangle the contributions of each. It is possible that most of the work is due to the poetic professor, while the finishing touches may have been laid on by the literary baronet. In spite of more voluminous productions by either author, I am inclined to consider the "Book of Ballads" their pleasantest, perhaps their most lasting gift to our literature. I do not ignore the other poems of the professor, or the translations and huge biography of "The Prince Consort" by the learned baronet. But I cannot conceive of any of these as likely to pass through so many editions as this genial product of their joint Muse. Once the "Ballads" were the constant study of undergraduates seeking to cultivate a sense of humour. Calverley commended them to the more or less learned youth of his own time. Yet to-day their readers are fewer than their real merit deserves. Some grave persons peruse their mirthful verse with an undisguised wonder at their reputation in

the past. It may be that the want of appreciation is in themselves. Be it then my task to take down the little volume from its place between Latimer's "Sermons" and Calamy's "Life of John Howe," to dust it lovingly, and to share with you the pleasure which it has never failed to afford myself.

The book is prefaced by an admirable and sufficiently egotistic "L'Envoy" in blank verse, which plainly betrays its model, and is so excellent an introduction to the collection that I cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire. Bon Gaultier thus exposes his wares:—

Come buy my lays, and read them if you list;
My pensive public, if you list not buy.
Come, for you know me, I am he who sang
Of Mister Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicomb the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
How Wordsworth, battling for the Laureate's wreath,
Bore to the dust the terrible Fitzball;
How N. P. Willis, for his country's good,
In complete steel, all bowie-knived at point,
Took lodgings in the Snapping Turtle's womb.
Come listen to my lays, and you shall hear
The mingled music of all modern bards
Floating aloft in such peculiar strains,
As strike themselves with envy and amaze;
For you "bright-harpéd" Tennyson shall sing;
Macaulay chant a more than Roman Lay;
And Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer erst,
Unseen amidst a metaphysic fog,
Howl melancholy homage to the moon;
For you once more Montgomery shall rave
In all his rapt rabidity of rhyme;
Nankeened Cocaigue shall pipe his puny note,
And our young England's penny trumpet blow.

Herein the reader can catch something of the estimation in which Bon Gaultier held the various bards, whom he parodies with no mean success. It is worth noting that Edward Fitzball was a versifying contemporary of

Wordsworth and may actually have had his eye upon the Laureate's wreath. Nor can it be doubted that our minstrel's imitations of their various styles might well strike his poetic victims "with envy and amaze."

In 1823 John Gibson Lockhart published his vigorous "Ancient Spanish Ballads," which had considerable vogue in their own time and have been reprinted more than once in modern days. They caught Bon Gaultier's wayward fancy, and he opens his book with several skilful parodies of their stately measure and tragic themes. There is something irresistibly comical in "The Broken Pitcher," wherein—in the poem, not the pitcher—Alphonso Guzman, the knight of Oviedo, pays his court to a Moorish maid sitting disconsolate by the side of a well with her broken pitcher at her feet. She is unresponsive to his passionate pleading, her thoughts being fully occupied by a more important matter. She thus explains the reason of her sadness:—

I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon swell.

My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is,—
A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a kiss;
I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I spoke,
But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was broke.

My uncle the Alcaydè, he waits for me at home,
And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come;
I cannot bring him water the pitcher is in pieces—
And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his nieces.

The noble chivalry of the Spanish knight, who offers her his helmet to take the pitcher's place, and his tragic end, are told with fine simplicity and a close imitation of Lockhart's manner in the homeliest of English. He

stooped over the well to fill his iron casque, when all the patriot burned in Zorayda's soul. Quoth Bon Gaultier:—

Uprose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she steals,
And caught Alphonso Guzman in a twinkling by the heels :
She tipped him in, and held him down beneath the bubbling
water—

"Now take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's
daughter! "

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo ;
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Toledo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell,
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.

In the happy mid-Victorian era Astley's great circus was one of the delights of London, when pleasures were less sophisticated and it was still possible outside of the race-course to

Witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Our poet does not hesitate to make Lockhart's graver Muse quit her solemn manner for a livelier jig. Yet even in her merrier mood the jade closely resembles her severer sister, whose stately paces she mimics with subtle drollery. Lockhart ostensibly had translated his ballads from the ancient Spanish; Bon Gaultier avowedly translates his "Don Fernando Gomersalez" from "the Spanish of Astley's. The clever acrobatic feats of the equestrian troupe are vividly portrayed, till the sound of applause rising from the great public seems to reach the reader's ear. No less mirthful is the parody of one of the Scottish bard's poems of the Cid, under the title of "The Courtship of our Cid," with a playful ambiguity in the pronunciation of the last word. The dual minstrel celebrates the noted rider, Miss Woolford, by the name of "Donna Inez Woolfordinez," and follows the course of her pursuit by her lover, the no less famous rider Mr. Gomersal,

masquerading as Don Fernando Gomersalez, round and round the "Ring" to its dramatic conclusion:—

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
 For a panting god pursues;
 And the chalk is very nearly
 Rubbed from thy white satin shoes;
 Every bosom throbs with terror,
 You might hear a pin to drop;
 All is hushed, save where a starting
 Cork gives out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
 One tremendous bound and stride,
 And our noble Cid was standing
 By his Woolfordinez' side!
 With a god's embrace he clasped her,
 Raised her in his manly arms;
 And the stables' closing barriers
 Hid his valour and her charms!

So well has Bon Gaultier caught the staid poet's grand manner that we might well imagine Lockhart himself to have written the lines at the close of one of the far-famed "Noctes Ambrosianae" spent in company with that genial soul Christopher North.

Witty as they are I shall refrain from quoting from the poems on American subjects, because they contain many allusions by no means obvious to-day and requiring much explanation. I prefer to call attention to the ballads, whose originals are more familiar, while cordially commending the rest to true lovers of the humorous. The "Lay of the Levite," for instance, aspires to the simplicity affected by the founders of the so-called "Romantic School" of poetry, one stanza of which must suffice to illustrate its serious comicality:—

Oh, lose it not! forsake it not!
 And let no time efface
 The memory of that solemn sound,
 The watchword of our race;

For not by dark and eagle eye
 The Hebrew shall you know,
 So well as by the plaintiff cry
 Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

It may be that that nasal call of the Hebrew eagle is not so well known as once it was; but Bon Gaultier has invested it with a new and pleasant meaning as the watch-word of an ancient race. Once again he turns to Astley's for his inspiration in his "Midnight Visit," which stalks along in stately march, describing the fear of Lord Castlereagh in the presence of his nocturnal visitant and ending in an unexpected climax:—

With trembling hands Lord Castlereagh undid the mystic scroll,
 With glassy eye essayed to read, for fear was on his soul—
 "What's here? 'At Astley's, every night, the play of Moscow's
 FALL!
 Napoleon for the thousandth time, by Mr. Gomersall!'"

When the reader remembers the dread which Buonaparte inspired once, and Colonel Newcome's surprise at "the prodigious likeness of the principal actor to Napoleon," he can easily understand the force of the parody.

But our dual minstrel did not confine himself to the lesser poets, whose idiosyncrasies are perhaps the chief part of their stock-in-trade. The highly-wrought artistic style of Tennyson caught his humour, and thrice at least he has sung as Tennyson himself might have sung, could he have flung aside the severe mantle of his dignity for a moment or two. "The Biter Bit" is closely reminiscent of "The May Queen." With snatches of real poetic power is set forth the vain regret of a maiden, who had played upon her lover until he had left her "a lone and blighted thing," as she calls herself. But she does not hesitate to seek

solace from another source. She says with a fine attention to comfort:—

You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is throbbing
sore,

And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother—and, mother, draw it mild!

It may be that the old myth, which represents the forsaken Ariadne on Naxos as receiving the consolations of Bacchus, refers to something of the foregoing kind. Let the learned Andrew Lang from his own place decide that point. But Crowquill has drawn a fine tailpiece representing Cupid dropping head foremost into a large pewter with the legend "Love gone to pot."

In "The Lay of the Lovelorn" our poet rises to the height of sustained excellence in his own kind. Most young men in the distressing circumstances of the hero of the poem suffer at least as much from the pangs of hurt vanity as from the smart of wounded affection. Indeed it would be hard to decide which emotion rises uppermost in their lonely hearts. If Major Pendennis is to be trusted, they are more inconstant than woman, and sometimes find themselves in the woeful predicament described in the old quatrain:—

He, who courts and runs away,
May live to court another day.
But he, who courts and will not wed,
May find himself in Court instead.

However that may be, the jilted youth deems himself to be grossly misused, like the more famous hero of "Locksley Hall," and hurls forth denunciations no less vehement, followed by musings hardly less philosophical though of a different school. By way of seeking solace he has been the host of a merry party, and after imbibing as much as

he can inconveniently carry, he leaves his comrades to soliloquise in the cool of the evening:—

Comrades, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,

I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger-beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

It is strange how the devotees of Bacchus always refuse to admit the true cause of their undoing; even the poetic Mr. Snodgrass set down his pitiful plight to "the salmon." When our hero has reached the open air he finds that it has the usual unaccountable effect upon him, as he remarks a little plaintively:—

In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favourite tunes—

Bless my heart! how very odd! Why surely there's a brace
of moons!

Ah! the rosy god possesses the art of reduplication without the aid of the multiplication table, as his faithful votaries well know!

Next he collects his stuttering thoughts and begins to denounce his faithless cousin with an intensity which leaves nothing to be desired. At the same time he keeps wonderfully close to his lofty original, though his language is far less exalted. He begins increasing in force, as his passion drives him headlong:—

Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Amy! No, confound it!

I must wear the mournful willow,—all around my heart I've bound it.

Falsar than the bank of fancy, frailer than a shilling glove,
Puppet to a father's anger, minion to a nabob's love.

Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known me, could you ever

Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than half a liver?

Happy! Dammee! Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
Changing from the best of China to the commonest of clay.

Such ferocious outpourings might have sufficed without further violence; but his emotions were in full spate and swept all his former consideration for his cousin from his outraged soul. Hence he goes on to comprehend both husband and wife in an outburst of fierce prophecy:—

As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-plagued and old;
And his curry soups will make thy cheek the colour of his
gold.

When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely then
Something lower than his hookah,—something less than his
cayenne.

Next he allows his heated fancy to describe with just a faint suspicion of exaggeration one part of the duet of the nuptial couch:—

Louder than the loudest trumpet, harsh as harshest ophicleide,
Nasal respirations answer the endearments of his bride.

Verily the juice of the sour grape is alike acid and pungent. Nor is it without a certain vigour of its kind. Leaving at length the elderly bridegroom and the youthful bride to sleep in peace, the lovelorn one exceeds himself in heaping curses upon the lack of fortune's gifts and sundry other matters connected with the wedding:—

Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt the soul
to sin!

Cursed be the want of acres,—doubly cursed the lack of tin!

Cursed be the marriage-contract, that enslaved thy soul to
greed!

Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew the
deed!

Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees did
earn!

Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the whole con-
cern!

That is a curse quite Athanasian in its comprehensiveness, while its last words have an expressive power all their own.

It has been said that breezy profanity affords an outlet for the angry passions and the youth may well have found relief in its exercise. At all events he presents the reader with a review of a by no means idle, but not over-profitably spent, past, as he says with a playful allusion to the old habit of "taking a grinder":—

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might
come;
Coffee-milling care and sorrow with a nose-adapted thumb.

We need not follow him through the quondam enjoyments of the town, which had left him high and dry, as the barometer hath it, very dry! But a sound breaks in upon his meditations; a shout rings from the banqueting-room, which arouses him from his reflections upon the past:—

Hark! my merry comrades call me, bawling for another
jorum;
They would mock me in derision, should I thus appear before
'em.

To escape their ribald mockery he determines to enjoy the cool and curative air and to soliloquise further, till he becomes presentable. He forms one of those pie-crust resolutions common in such cases, which are to be broken:

Womankind no more shall vex me, such at least as go
arrayed
In the most expensive satins and the newest silk brocade.

He will leave the world of fashion with its follies and disappointments to take up his abode in a less sophisticated country. He exclaims:—

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spital fields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primeval pride.

That would indeed prove a complete change from the starched rigour of evening dress to perfect yet exquisitely fitting undress. But the idea does not prevent him from looking with angry eyes upon some of the blessings of civilisation which are denied him. He proceeds:—

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no envious rule prevents;
Sink the steamboats! cuss the railways! rot, O rot the Three per cents!

Thus, like many another, he eases his mind by blaspheming against what he has not got, and paints a vivid picture of savage enjoyments to the obligato of a daintily burlesqued Tennysonian rhythm:—

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin!
I will wed some savage woman—nay, I'll wed at least a dozen.
There I'll rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street brats are reared:
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats by the beard—

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

I myself in far Timbuctoo, leopard's blood shall daily quaff,
Ride a tiger-hunting, mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.

Fiercely I shall shout the war-whoop, as some sullen stream he crosses,
Startling from their noonday slumbers iron-bound rhinoceroses.

It is an attractive picture when seen at the distance of unfulfilment. But upon further reflection the victim's mind hankers after the excitements of the town, and he begins to find consolation in that respectable old adage, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out." Hence he makes up his mind to stay where he is:—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are mad,
For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian cad.

I the swell,—the city dandy! I to seek such horrid places,—
I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber-lips, and monkey-
faces!

I to wed with Coromantees! I, who managed—very near—
To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shillibeer!

Stuff and nonsense! let me never fling a single chance away;
Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another maiden
may.

He concludes his dithyramb by imitating the example of the immortal Wilkins Micawber, when he threw down the gauntlet to society and resolved to advertise. It may be a somewhat humiliating termination to his lava-flood of eloquence. But it is at least prudent, and he shows himself by adopting it to be both in a fair way of comfort and not unmindful of the things of this world:—

Morning Post (*The Times* won't trust me) help me as I know
you can;

I will pen an advertisement,—that's a never-failing plan.

"WANTED—by a bard, in wedlock, some young interesting
woman:

Looks are not so much an object, if the shiners be forth-
coming!

"Hymen's chains the advertiser vows shall be but silken fetters;
Please address to A. T., Chelsea. N.B.—You must pay the
letters."

That's the sort of thing to do it. Now I'll go and taste the
balmy,

Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted Cousin Amy!

So the delirious rhapsody sinks into the calm of a highly practical resolution, to say nothing of the pious aspiration at its close. Crowquill's sketch of the hero sitting under a sunshade upon a giraffe followed by an admiring crowd of his wives, rounds off the poem with picturesqueness and with point. I have chosen to devote some time to "The Lay of the Lovelorn," because it is one of the finest in the

book. Bon Gaultier has caught much of Tennyson's grand manner and not a little of his artful alliteration and musical assonance, both of which mark the line—

Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

But, leaving our three poets to settle their differences in that land to which they are gone, we may pleasantly consider the five poems which make up "The Laureate's Tourney." Following the example of the twin authors of "The Rejected Addresses," our dual bard offers to the public the odes submitted by five competitors for "the butt of sherry." It will only be possible to give a thimbleful from each of these to sharpen the reader's thirst for a fuller acquaintance. The first set forth under the name of Macaulay, represents a tournament between the long unknown Edward Fitzball and William Wordsworth, who ends by winning the vacant wreath. The last stanza is happily jocose, though it might perchance have stirred the gentle rancour of the single-hearted victor:—

They led our Wordsworth to the Queen—she crowned him
with the bays,

And wished him many happy years, and many quarter-days;
And if you'd have the story told by abler lips than mine,
You've but to call at Rydal Mount, and taste the poet's wine.

The second piece is ascribed to the Hon. G[eorge] S[ydney] S[mythe, Lord Strangford], a noble poet of some distinction. It contains a gay description of "The Royal Banquet," and ends upon a note of tragedy. Lord Brougham offers to sing:—

Then rose the cry—"A song from Brougham!"

He sang—and straightway found himself alone within the
room.

If the singer's grim visage, song and manner are truly portrayed by Leech's comical little picture, I do not wonder that his legal Lordship was soon left to discourse his music in solitude.

Tom Moore is the third competitor, who chants in his familiar rhythm "The Bard of Erin's Lament" over the lost fire of his youth. He sings:—

No, its ashes are dead—and, alas! Love or song
 No charm to Life's lengthening shadows can lend,
 Like a cup of old wine, rich, mellow, and strong,
 And a seat by the fire tête-à-tête with a friend.

In these lines there is a pleasing reminiscence of Jonathan Oldbuck's welcome to Lovel in his study at Monkbarrow. With prophetic foreboding Bon Gaultier next masquerades in the character of Tennyson, who is the fourth competitor for what finally fell to his lot. He has caught the rhythm of "The Merman" with much felicity, and displays a proper insight into the ordinary duties of the Laureate. Thus he sets forth:—

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
 Apart from care and apart from strife,
 With the Laureate's wine, and the Laureate's pay,
 And no deductions at quarter-day?
 Oh, that would be the post for me!
 With plenty to get and nothing to do,
 But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
 And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
 And scribble verses remarkably few,
 And empty at evening a bottle or two,
 Quaffingly, quaffingly!
 'Tis I would be
 The Laureate bold,
 With my butt of sherry
 To keep me merry,
 And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

Leech's picture of a stout John Bull Laureate wreathed and with his lyre, reclining upon a rose-decked butt of Xeres and attended by two fair English damsels, exactly illustrates this happy little statement of the easy life of its subject. The last champion to enter the lists is Bulwer

Lytton, whose "Midnight Meditation" might well have been written by that master of fustian in its sublimity of egotism and confident expectation of victory. He ends thus:—

Even now my glance prophetic sees
My own high brow girt with the bays about.
What ho! within there, ho! another pint of stout.

One more poet not included amongst the foregoing five is inspired with an egotism as confident as Bulwer's own; that is Robert Montgomery, who has found an unenviable immortality in Macaulay's slashing critique. He is represented as nothing if not modest in his claim for the Laureate's wreath, when he says or drones:—

And thou, fair Queen, rejoice:
A nation's praise shall consecrate thy choice.
Thus, then, I kneel where Spenser knelt before,
On the same spot, perchance, of Windsor's floor;
And take, while awe-struck millions round me stand,
The hallowed wreath from great Victoria's hand.

It is "a far cry" from the bard of "Satan" to the poet of "The Færie Queene," yet I do not doubt that Bon Gaultier expresses Montgomery's sentiments as closely as he parodies his style.

Of the numerous other clever poems in the "Book of Ballads" I can do no more than speak hurriedly in passing, with two exceptions, which will be given in their place. Once our minstrel soars into the mephytic air of politics and pokes witty fun at Lord John Russell's all but forgotten "No Popery" crusade. The result is a fine imitation of a Robin Hood ballad, in which his diminutive lordship figures as "Little John" with more appropriateness than his larger prototype. Another terrific set of verses depicts with much force "The Dirge of the Drinker," who "took his tipple well," though upon this occasion he had fallen "down amongst the dead-men." To

which of the pair of poets we owe this sublime extravaganza I know not; but whichever was the author it must be confessed that he would seem to have "known what it was to be there." There is a witty burlesque of that famous glee "In the days when we went gipsying," which could easily be sung to the well-known music, and describes the intolerable nuisance, which a young man may become during the early days of his courtship. One stanza will serve to illustrate the whole:—

Whene'er we steam it to Blackwall,
Or down to Greenwich run,
To quaff the pleasant cider-cup,
And feed on fish and fun;
Or climb the slopes of Richmond Hill,
To catch a breath of air:
Then for my sins, he straight begins
To rave about his fair.
Oh, 'tis the most tremendous bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

Many of the other poems consist of that kind which ends in the abrupt surprise of a sudden bathos. But these are the common property of humorous versifiers, nor will it be needful to cite them, where better are to be had. Sometimes even serious poets are apt to fall over the top of their imagination in this inglorious manner, and by what Paley might have termed "an undesigned coincidence." Hence they become victims of those "who sit in the seat of the scorner." It may be added that designed bathos is perhaps the easiest method of securing wit, a hypothesis which may account for its prevalence over many subtler varieties. These may be found in their place and enjoyed by the fireside student of humorous verse. But two other poems, as I have said, must be cited in full, so ingenious are they and so truly comical. The first records a woeful tragedy, which is told so sportively that Melpomene

appears to be exchanging places with her sister Thalia. It is hight "The Massacre of the Macpherson" (from the Gaelic) and would suffice in itself to win the literary immortality of our poetic Siamese Twins:—

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish;
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had,
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight,
Pefore we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails."

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are not you ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To fisit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

" Fat is tat you say?
 Dare you cock your peaver?
 I will teach you, sir,
 Fat is coot pehaviour!
 You shall not exist
 For another tay more;
 I will shoot you, sir,
 Or stap you with by claymore!"

" I am fery glad,
 To learn fat you mention,
 Since I can prevent
 Any such intention."
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Gave some warlike howls,
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A superier person.
 Fhairshon had a son,
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
 By trinking up ta water;

Which he would have done,
 I at least pelieve it,
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale:
 Sirs, I hope 'tis new t' ye!
 Here's your fery coot healths,
 And tamn ta whusky duty!

Doubtless more than one Saxon will echo the imprecation of the last line connecting the last two words with a familiar name. Bon Gaultier has caught the Highland manner and told his story with a fine mock seriousness. So, too, he has happily named his slain chieftain after the putter forth of more or less mythical translations of

Ossian, who has almost passed out of recollection, yet was the source of an envenomed controversy during the first half of the last century.

With one more poem I may bring my long puff to an end and lay aside "my peace-pipe." It is less familiar to modern readers than the tragic tale of "Fhairshon," but in its own kind it has a fine flavour, which will bear keeping in the cask of memory. At its head is a delightful picture of Bacchus, wreathed in ivy and with a brewer's apron as his principal garment, walking upon a cloud with a basket of bottles upon his arm and stars around his head, from the pencil of the ever-lamented Dickie Doyle. Its title is "Jupiter and the Indian Ale," and it follows one of the Bacchus-myths in ascribing the origin of the "Boozy God" to India. It is written in that metre known to choir-masters as "eights and sevens," and moves with a mock heroic gravity to a final climax not wholly expected, but none the less pleasing:—

"Take away this clammy nectar!"
 Said the king of gods and men;
 "Never at Olympus' table
 Let that trash be served again.
 Ho, Lyæus, thou the beery!
 Quick provide some other drink;
 Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
 On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
 Paly grew his pimpled nose,
 As uprising in the rearward
 Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
 When a bright idea struck him—
 "Dash my thyrsus, I'll be bail—
 For you never were in India—
 That you know not HODGSON'S ALE!"

"Bring it," quoth the Cloud-compeller;
 And the wine-god brought the beer—
 "Port and claret are like water
 To the noble stuff that's here!"

And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes,
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of HODGSON rise!

Now that I have brought our twin authors to Olympus, it will be well to leave them upon its lofty brow. Their Pegasus, if not always frisky, is at least capable of soaring aloft beneath his double burden. Bon Gaultier has many excellences, many lively passages of pungent wit, much humour, no small fertility in invention, and, above all, a sublime disregard of conventional propriety. For these gifts, especially for the last, I love him well. Certainly his Hippocrene does not flow with water; but it bubbles forth at times with refreshing humour nor ever runs dry. I have already alluded to some of the illustrations; many of the others are exactly suited to their subjects, while they have just that touch of playful exaggeration, coupled with clever drawing, which gives its salt to caricature. It is not the happy fate of many volumes of this kind to run through at least fifteen editions. But the "Book of Ballads" well deserves the popularity which it has already won; nay, more, it can teach many a modern writer of verse, which he fondly imagines to be humorous, how to woo the comic Muse, just as its fine illustrations can show many a would-be humorous artist how to achieve his purpose.

I will say no more; my pipe is out and slumber calls in drowsy accents to the gracious "land of Nod." I lay down the little blue-backed volume with regret and breathe as I mount the stairs a fond "Good night" to the blithe pair, who have helped me to wile away many a happy hour.



Painting: Hilditch Collection.

FEMALE GHOST.
Toyokuni, 1769-1825.

JAPANESE GHOSTS.

By JOHN HILDITCH, M.R.A.S.

A JAPANESE poet has sung:—

It is an awesome thing
To meet a-wandering,
In the dark night,
The dark and rainy night
A phantom greenish-grey,
Ghost of some wight,
Poor mortal wight;
Wandering
Lonesomely
Through
The black
Night,

yet ghosts seem to be more at home in Japan than in any other country of the world, and pathways for their coming are lit up at night, and never a ghost misses its way. It is said that there are no Japanese dead who do not return! They come out of every track of land and every path of the sea to hear the nightly bugle which calls the spirits home.

The history of Japan, it is frequently said, is the history of her religion, and the history of her religion begins with the religion of ghosts; for until there were ghosts there were no gods and the worship of gods was but a continuance of the worship of ghosts. Distinctions, which raised one ghost higher than another in the estimate of the worshippers gradually developed on the principle that bad men as well as good men became gods, since they were known to retain after death the same evil inclinations which had possessed them before, just as the good men retained their

virtues and their graces. And as to die was to enter into the possession of superhuman power and to acquire a mysterious force which enabled the spirit to confer benefits or inflict trouble it soon became understood that the world was governed by the dead, and good gods, therefore, were more requisitioned than bad gods. Yet whatever the quality of the character of the departed those qualities made no difference in the minds of the living with regard to them. Ghosts of every kind were, to the Japanese, constant presences not less real than the living and needing, like the living, food and drink and air and light. The fact that their bodies had melted into earth, and that their forms were viewless, was no deterrent whatever to the attentions bestowed upon them by the living whose minds were steeped in the belief that if they neglected the care of the family ghosts in any possible way the ghosts would send them misfortune and hamper and impede their earthly course. Consequently the graves of the dead were attended to with most careful regularity, and offerings of food and drink for the ghosts were placed within the graves with that reverential devotion which was also accounted as the ghost's due. The ghosts, however, were not supposed to actually eat and drink the food and wines which were brought to their places of sepulture, but only to absorb the essence thereof; and from early records it would seem that the first attendants of the dead in no wise stinted either the quantity or the quality of the dishes which they presented for the benefit of their ghostly kinsmen. But as time passed and ideas grew it came to be understood that ghosts required very little sustenance, and their rations were accordingly reduced; at the same time the offerings, of whatever size agreed upon, continued to be made with unerring regularity, for the living were forced to remember that their very life and well-being depended upon the dead, and if the wants of the dead were not provided for they in their turn would not provide for the wants of the living. Some ghost attendants would care

not alone for the physical comfort of the departed, but also for their pleasure, and to this end would they play and dance and sing in the precincts of the ghost-house that the solitary occupants might be put in good humour and made glad thereby.

The world was full of ghosts to the old Japanese, and every one of the world's events and happenings were, in their estimation, the work of the dead. Good harvests or famine, drought or floods, sunshine or earthquakes, fine seasons or rainy—all these things, as well as all human actions, were believed to be controlled by the eternal haunTERS, the ghosts of the dead.

In other countries also, of course, has ghost-worship prevailed, but with the growth and spread of civilisation the custom has passed away. In Japan it has longer remained to be shattered only at last as twentieth century philosophy has crept down to the rock-bed of those tremendous beliefs which peopled the land of Japan with ghosts and led armies of ghosts in every pageant and brought the spirits of the dead to share in every earthly event. When, then, it is seen how intimate in old Japan was the sense of relation between heaven and earth—between the visible and invisible worlds—it will also be seen how easy it was for the Japanese to reconcile themselves to the idea of companionship with the dead. But at the same time it does not appear that the Japanese, as individuals, show any more courage or bravery when they meet an individual ghost than do individuals of the European or any other nation; for I have yet to learn that even an Englishman remains a hero when he actually sees a ghost.

With their ideas of ghosts the Japanese have conspicuously held to the belief that a departed spirit could return to earth at any chosen time and for any specific purpose. But apparently the chief records of ghostly visitants are given up to the visits of wives who return to earth for the solemn purpose of reproving the husbands they left behind,

and ghost-ships are sometimes seen laden with these fair visitants from the under-world on their way to the homes of unsuspecting men who may at that moment be quietly asleep in their beds. Chief among these wife-ghosts is Kasane, who is continually seen passing on her way through the valley of shadows to the abode of Yorimon, her one-time spouse. Yorimon, however, was in no wise undeserving of such shocks to his system as these visits produced. He had murdered Kasane, and had thrown her lifeless body into a fast flowing river, in the belief that he was according to her the deserts of her jealous disposition. But Kasane, not to be thwarted of her purpose, continued to seek her opportunity of "having the last word," and the colour-print artists of two centuries have delighted in portraying the visits of the ghost of Kasane to her husband. Sometimes she appears with one eye shut, symbolical of the moon, and the other open, symbolical of the sun, and frequently with long touzled hair. When, to bear him company, Yorimon had taken to his heart another wife the visits of Kasane were more frequent and more terrible, and she would even show herself to the new wife, this probably not in revenge alone but in warning also. When, however, the outraged wife had so filled the objects of her visits with ghostly fear that to them the earth beneath and the heavens above were full of skulls, and numberless terrors, and furious echoings, Yorimon secured the intercession of a famous Buddhist priest by whom the ghost was laid.

Artists in depicting ghosts frequently present them with long hair, beckoning hand, and robes which flow downward from the waist and suggest the falling away of the body into nothingness or mist. They never, of course, give the ghost feet. The painting of a ghost by the artist Toyokuni is about as calm and composed a looking ghost as one can ever hope to see. The face is mobile, the posture is calm, the hands are hidden under the cloak, the hair is perfectly straight save that it is slightly caught

by the breeze which gently sways the drooping sprays of the yanagi, or willow tree, under which the spirit of the dead is passing and conveying only the bare suggestion of cloud and flame from which it may have arisen to go on its sombre errand.

The willow tree in Japan has close associations with ghosts, and a noble mother whose child had been torn from her side sought him all over the land, to find at last his grave under a willow tree in a desolate district. Then every night did his ghost come forth to hold converse with her and disappear at dawn and to give, for after years, a story upon which to found a successful drama. Toyokuni has, however, left no authentic reference to the ghost already mentioned, but I think it probable that the portrayal refers to the "Willow Wife"—the wife of a young farmer who was known to have a great love for an old willow tree which grew upon his land and the timber of which was at last required for the building of a temple to Kwannon. The willow tree was felled in the night-time and the first stroke of the axe brought a piercing cry from the young wife, who afterwards immediately vanished. Then the farmer knew he had had a ghost for wife; for she was the soul of the willow tree.

All artists, however, do not depict such graceful ghosts as did Toyokuni, yet formidable and discomfiting as certain Japanese ghosts are made to appear, they are made also to disappear not by the prayers of priests alone but also by any display of fearlessness or courage which can be shown toward them. It is told how a terrible spirit with a tongue of interminable length entered one night the room of a student named Riurei who sat at his books. Facing the ghastly figure, Riurei blew out the lamp, saying: "Do not think I am afraid; I only put out the light because I am disgusted at your ugliness," whereupon the spirit vanished. The Lantern Ghost of a Temple in Nikko was silenced in similar manner. The lantern had been presented by a generous donor to the temple, but when lit

up at night a ghost emerged from it so unkindly in appearance that the nightly passers-by were afraid, until a warrior, braver than all the rest, struck at it with his sword and so laid the ghost.

But though ghosts are referred to as constantly wandering in the haunts of men, and visiting the homes of men, it is believed to be the wild solitude that they haunt by preference. The colour-print artists frequently depict a ghostly figure known as *Ubume*, an old woman of the under-world, who, in desert places, where few travellers pass, stands holding in her shadowy arms a little child which as a traveller approaches he is asked to hold for a moment. The traveller, doubtless thinking it will be to his safety to acquiesce in the ghostly desire, takes the child and then sees the ghost depart. But while he is wondering what will happen next the weight of the child increases until it is past his strength to hold, and dropping his burden the traveller finds the child has become a stone! He continues his journey with mingled feelings.

But all the ghosts of Japan do not emerge in the orthodox way, and neither does a ghost appear always as one. It can divide itself up and appear as several units, each capable of independent action. Thus it will be seen how difficult it is to elude a ghost—to push it from you—or to stay its peregrinations on your behalf. And some ghosts have elongated necks—necks that will stretch for miles, and support leering, ghastly faces that can peer and pry into everything. Perhaps these are the worst ghosts of all and the most far-reaching in their diabolical influence! But I do not want to infer that the Japanese in their dealings with ghosts wring from their subjects only the ghastly, the grim and the horrible. If there is any humour they seize upon it, as when an elongated neck is utilised as a clothes-line; yet at the same time they have very fixed ideas as to the treatment which is becoming for the living to show to the returned spirits of the dead, and when Hiroshige, the landscape artist, wants to bring

skulls to our notice he makes them out of the beautiful, cold, white snow, with which he has enveloped one of his landscape scenes.

"Bring my men home," said the warrior Hideyoshi, dying before peace had followed war; "bring my men home, don't let them become ghosts in Korea," for well the old general knew that the ghosts of his men would be disconsolate if forced to haunt a foreign land.

That all become ghosts is an accepted belief, and this it was which swayed the mind of the artist Hokusai, who had for years drawn ghosts for actors to represent on the stage, and who, dying, sighed:—

"My soul, turned will o' the wisp,

Can come and go at ease over the summer fields."

That he was coming back to be a ghost Hokusai knew full well, and his haunts were to be the summer fields; only, unfortunately, every ghost does not choose so safe or pleasant a place.

THE POETRY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

By WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

EARLY in the year 1913 the Bengali poet, Rabin-dranath Tagore came for the third time to England. His first visit was in 1878, when he was a youth of seventeen. Some years later he spent a few weeks in this country. In 1913, in the fulness of his reputation, the outcome of large achievement, as poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, teacher, he came to make a more protracted stay and to study at first hand the home-land of that people to whom has been entrusted so vast a power over the affairs of India.

Perhaps in due time we shall have from this remarkable man a record of the impressions made upon his mind during his sojourn here. It was, like most visits of distinguished people, disturbed and interrupted by fêtes, parties, soireés, dinners. He found himself plunged into a whirl of noisy hospitality; of artificial city life; of functions, speeches and appointments. What a change for the contemplative thinker, the poet who loves to withdraw from all this hurry-scurry to commune with nature!

Even on his return journey he found it difficult to secure quietude. His fellow-passengers wished to lionise him, and to engage him in their diversions and card-parties.

Two zealous missionaries I met on board used to preach Christianity to me with a view to make me a convert. I lost my patience and had to tell them that I was too old for all that, and enquired why they did not preach to their own people, who were always drinking and gambling.

While in England he visited but few famous places, for he does not believe in rushing about from place to place

"sight-seeing." He contented himself with quietly observing the people about him,—their habits, conversation, modes of thought. In the midst of effusiveness he sat a meditative figure, with placid face, responding with gentle courtesy, but gravely silent unless addressed. The lionising must have been a severe infliction, lasting until he reached his home, for when his steamer landed at his native shore he was met by a crowd of enthusiasts bearing garlands, and had to escape with precipitation.

For many years my life has been that of a teacher and a recluse, and I simply hate the fuss which has been made over me.

These serio-comic annoyances will no doubt be speedily forgotten by Tagore, and he will recall with pleasure the swift acceptance of his message by English folk, and indeed by many Europeans, for recently the adjudicators of the Nobel prize decided to award to him the sum of eight thousand pounds in recognition of his great work as poet.

This recognition by so many good judges is very remarkable, for we are assured that only recently has he become conscious of the power to write adequately in English. Hitherto he has always written in his mother-tongue—Bengali. Now, in a few months he has translated into delicate and cultivated English three volumes of his poems, and a volume of addresses—*Sadhana*—which sum up his beliefs. He has used them in his school at Bolpur, when discoursing to the students, and he reshaped them for a series of lectures which he delivered in Westminster.

Rabindranath Tagore springs from a family which has produced men of distinction, almost continuously, for centuries. Reaching back to mediæval times, his ancestors have included jurists and statesmen, grammarians and commentators, scholars and philosophers.

In the later eighteenth century and throughout the nineteenth there was no other family of Bengal so influential in

the cultivation of the ancient learning—in law and Sanskrit scholarship, music and philosophy, and this by no means to the neglect of those matters which make for high position in the modern State. Singularly enough, the poet of to-day is only two removes from a Tagore who bulks larger almost than any other Indian in the making of Bengal under the East India Company. There was, indeed, very little in Dwarka Nath, the poet's grandfather, to suggest devotion to an immemorial mysticism or the maintenance of a rigidly exclusive caste. He was the first of the Brahman merchant princes and industrial magnates, a shipper and manufacturer, a promoter of steam navigation, a pioneer of English schools, a social reformer and believer in a clarified Hinduism. Withal, a powerful ally of the British Government, who twice visited Europe and died full of honours in this country. A seemingly unbridgable gulf separates this magnificent citizen, whose ambitions left him financially ruined, from his son, the poet's father, the revered Devendra Nath, whose death in Calcutta was the occasion of a wonderful outburst of popular feeling. Devendra Nath, known for half a century as the Maharshi (Maha Rishi : great sage), was esteemed as a great leader of religion in an age of rationalistic movement. His was the mind that moulded the Brahmo Somaj, the Theistic Church of Bengal, and though emphatically a heretic in creed and custom he was by reason of his triumphant unworldliness accepted of all his countrymen as a teacher and saint.

This brings us to the poet and the poet's generation. The student of hereditary genius should find abundant material in the history of the Tagores, for the greatest writer and singer of modern India is but a unit in a group which is continuing the fine tradition of centuries, alike in learning and in original creation. The greatest poet of modern India is a near kinsman of the most original and inspired of Indian painters.

In approaching the poetry of Tagore, it is for us an unsurmountable barrier, as regards its external form, that we can only read it in translation. Its music is denied to us. We can scarcely guess at its effects of measure and rhythm; its stresses and pauses; its verbal felicities; its play of light and shade, of quick and slow movement, of broad open vowels or alternating short, rapid passages.

Imagine attempting a prose paraphrase of

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Or :

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

Or :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Or :

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

Nor is it that we are merely debarred from verbal felicities or the grace and charm with which the poet clothed his thoughts at the time of his inspiration.

There is something about literature that cannot be fully communicated except to people of the poet's own race. Generations of his people have all passed into the poet's heart and he has been suckled on the blood of forgotten ancestry. Even his words can be understood by no foreigner, for round each word has gathered a cluster of invisible associations and secondary intentions that only the ear of his own race can ever perceive.

Traduttore, traditore. Poetry cannot be translated with absolute fidelity. We do not get the truth, but something a little different. It may be very good, but it is an approximation, not the same.

No doubt we come nearer when poet and translator are one, as with Tagore. The content, too, of a poem, and still more the feeling with which it is surcharged, give us an inkling, even of its form.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

How could the following prayer be expressed except in a large, unaffected, fervent style, without rhetoric or any kind of trivial device?

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

It is said that in Bengal the people sing Tagore's songs as they go about their work. Enthusiastic Italians have told me the same story about Tasso. Let us hope it is true, though it sounds idyllic to English folk, whose habitual songs under such conditions are drawn from the music-halls and the much-beloved musical plays. Yet I am assured by those who have lived in Bengal, who know Tagore and his works, that the statement is literally true. He composes melodies to his own verses. Certainly many of his songs of infancy, of childhood, of youth and the heyday of love are singable in the thoughts and feelings expressed. Sometimes these short lyric flights are pure love songs, without touch of philosophy or transcendentalism. Indeed, most of the volume, to which he has given

the title of "The Gardener," consists of simple love songs, singing of the "game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again; some smiles and some little shyness, and sweet, useless struggles." Whispers heard by the heart rather than by the ears. They tell the inner story of that sweet time when "life was like a bud and all its perfume was stored in its core." Pictures of the East rise before the mind's eye: women fetching water from the well, poising the pitchers with an easy grace in their undulating movements. Or turning to the sun with a prayer as they bathe each day in the river. A lover, hidden behind the foliage, fearfully gazing at the slim girl who makes him tremble with exquisite emotion. Songs in the night, when the birds are still. The joyous odorous flowers which we only know in hothouses. Maids fluttering with half-acknowledged thoughts, or dreaming of the unknown future. Girls at their toilet, their anklets and bracelets jingling as they pass from one room to another. The tremulous bride, awaiting the bridegroom. Lovers speaking through hesitating tears, through faltering smiles, through sweet shame and pain, the secrets of their hearts: "For a few fragrant hours we too have been made immortal." Raptures, disappointments, illusions, smiles, tears, despair. There is even the mood of devil-may-care, casting a dark shadow on the usually even brightness of Tagore's thoughts.

I swear to surrender this moment all claims to the ranks of the decent.

I let go my pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong.

I'll shatter memory's vessel, scattering the last drop of tears.

With the foam of the berry-red wine I will bathe and brighten my laughter.

The badge of the civil and staid I'll tear into shreds for the nonce.

I'll take the holy vow to be worthless, to be drunken and go to the dogs.

Tagore has, in middle life, become a transcendentalist. From "the high tower of his thought" he looks out at the world and aspires to closer and closer communion with the spirit immanent in all things. This tendency was always strongly marked in him and even in some of his love songs these deeper thoughts are mingled, like the mighty themes and sudden plunges into the depths which alternate with the witching melodies of Beethoven's symphonies:—

I hold her hands and press her to my breast.

I try to fill my arms with her loveliness, to plunder her sweet smile with kisses, to drink her dark glances with my eyes.

Ah, but, where is it? Who can strain the blue from the sky?

I try to grasp the beauty; it eludes me, leaving only the body in my hands.

Baffled and weary I come back.

How can the body touch the flower which only the spirit may touch?

He does not repine at the transitoriness of things.

None lives for ever, brother, and nothing lasts for long.
Keep that in mind, and rejoice.

This wonderful world and our brief span of life in it are to be enjoyed, for the great Lover vouchsafed them to us; to be melancholy is to be blind to His beauty and the joy with which He has made all things. Even sorrow purifies and leads on to happiness.

Life droops towards its sunset to be drowned in the golden shadows.

Love must be called from its play to drink sorrow and be borne to the heaven of tears.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

With his blend of Western and Eastern civilisation he understands and is in sympathy with the action and the contemplative schemes of life. This sometimes results in poems recalling in conception and ideas parallel poems by

Englishmen, but developed in Oriental fashion. As in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," so in Tagore's isolated temple, enriched with works of art, the treasure-house becomes a lonely prison. The song of birds, the murmur of leaves, the hum of the busy village could not enter there. It was the abode of selfishness, fit only for destruction.

Another parallel is that of the poem from which I have quoted, with Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may":—

We hasten to gather our flowers lest they are plundered by the passing winds.

It quickens our blood and brightens our eyes to snatch kisses that would vanish if we delayed.

Our life is eager, our desires are keen; for time tolls the bell of parting.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

There is not time for us to clasp a thing and crush it and fling it away to the dust.

The hours trip rapidly away, hiding their dreams in their skirts.

Our life is short, it yields but a few days for love.

Were it for work and drudgery, it would be endlessly long.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

Beauty is sweet to us, because she dances to the same fleeting tune with our lives.

Knowledge is precious to us because we shall never have time to complete it.

All is done and finished in the eternal Heaven.

But earth's flowers of illusion are kept eternally fresh by death.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

I will quote but one poem from the last of the three volumes of English translations from verse published by Tagore. "The Crescent Moon" is a dainty book in form, in illustrations and most of all in the poems, which are entirely devoted to child-life. They breathe an exquisite delicacy and tenderness. While there is no lack of feeling

for the thousand pretty ways of babydom and childhood, which indeed he seems to understand with almost a mother's intuitiveness, he is chiefly fascinated by the significance of the child in relation to the universe:—

Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from star to star.

This passage is one of many which herald the coming transcendental mood of the poet in his ripe period, particularly as shown in his "Gitanjali" and in his book of essays, "Sadhana." He imagines the child asking on crossing the threshold of his life:—

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight?

But to quote the poem from "The Crescent Moon":—

WHEN AND WHY.

When I bring you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth,—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice,—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling, I surely understand what pleasure streams from the sky in morning light and what delight the summer breeze brings to my body—when I kiss you to make you smile.

This poem brings us to the central and most recurrent thought of Tagore. He quotes one of the Upanishads:—

From joy does spring all this creation, by joy is it maintained, towards joy does it profess and into joy does it enter.

God's creation has not its source in any necessity; it comes from the fulness of joy; it is his love that creates, therefore in creation is his own revelation. The world is a playhouse of infinite forms:—

Verily from the everlasting joy do all objects have their birth.

The immortal being manifests Himself in joy-form. The joy of a singer is expressed in the form of a song, that of the poet in the form of a poem. This joy, "whose other name is love," fills Tagore with rapture, and as he contemplates all created things, he in turn gives creative expression to his exultation:—

I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever glorious! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee.

If this be thy wish, and if this be thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

And again when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent.

Tagore feels, as Shelley said of the "Paradisò," that creation is a perpetual hymn of everlasting love. This mingling of mystical aspiration with a delightful acceptance of life causes him to look with aversion upon the ascetic or the secluded ritualist.

"No," he exclaims, "I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight."

He wishes to mix in the "great fair of common human life." And in fact he has dedicated a portion of his life

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to practical affairs, including the direction of a school and some participation in the teaching :—

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a
temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God
is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and
where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them
in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with dust.
Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on
the dusty soil!

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers
and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become
tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil
and in sweat of thy brow.

And again, in "Sadhana," he shows that he combines the
Western love of active participation in life with the
Eastern desire to retire into contemplation :—

He who thinks to reach God by running away from the
world, when and where does he expect to meet Him? How
far can he fly—can he fly and fly, till he flies into nothingness
itself? No, the coward who would fly can nowhere find Him.
He must be brave enough to be able to say : We are reaching
Him here in this very spot, now at this very moment.

In one of his essays he says :—

He who is wise tries to harmonise the wishes that seek for
self-gratification with the wish for the social good and only
thus can he realise his higher self.

Another central idea upon which Tagore delights to
ponder is, "to be at one with God" by purifying oneself
of selfishness and by entering into communion with the
indwelling spirit of the universe :—

"Let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and
receptive," wrote Keats. It is also the wish of Tagore.

He would chase away all petty selfish desires and live the larger life :—

The empyrean my home, the bright moon my companion,
the four seas my inseparable friends.

Speaking less symbolically, he says :—

Where a man tries to raise himself to eminence by pushing and jostling all others, to achieve a distinction by which he prides himself to be more than everybody else, there he is alienated from the spirit.

Whatever we treasure for ourselves, separates us from others; our possessions are our limitations.

Every endeavour to attain a larger life requires of man 'to gain by giving away, and not to be greedy.'

When a man sleeps he is shut up within the narrow activities of his physical life. He lives, but he knows not the varied relations of his life to his surroundings,—therefore he knows not himself. So when a man lives the life of Avidya he is confined within his self. It is a spiritual sleep; his consciousness is not fully awake, &c.

Our individual self is not the highest meaning of our being. In us we have the world-man who is immortal, who is not afraid of death or sufferings, and who looks upon pain as only the other side of joy.

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.

Tagore longs to escape from the bonds of self and to realise communion with the Infinite :—

We do not comprehend because we do not love. For love is the ultimate meaning of everything around us. When God is truly known, all fetters fall.

He quotes another Upanishad :—

Man becomes true if in this life he can apprehend God; if not, it is the greatest calamity.

In India men are enjoined to be fully awake to the fact that they are in the closest relation to things around them, body and soul, and that they are to hail the morning sun, the flowing water, the fruitful earth, as the manifestation of the same living truth which holds them in its embrace.

The desire is, the intuition of infinity through the finite. The meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that so often lie too deep for tears. Spiritual suggestions are whispered to us by all we see.

In this mood Tagore stimulates and absorbs; he makes the world vivid and wonderful by his intense personality. His poems set us brooding and dreaming; "they possess the subtle quality of suggestion, and tell us that even from them there is an escape into a wider world."

Let me turn to one more oft-recurring thought of Tagore, —his sense of the ever-flowing rhythmic dance of creation, the world-poem, the eternal cosmic rhythm, ever beautiful. This spiritual and emotional view of the universe is by no means peculiar to him. It is the pervading principle in Oriental poetry and painting, and has been laid down for many centuries as a canon in their art.

What is meant by the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things? It is well expressed in the following short poem :—

The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

Tagore finds this rhythm in all things, including his own art. The beauty of a poem is bound by strict laws, yet it transcends them. The laws are its wings, they do not keep it weighted down, they carry it to freedom. Its form is in law, but its spirit is in beauty. In the world-poem, the discovery of the law of its rhythms, the measurement of its expansion and contraction, movement and pause, the pursuit of its evolution of forms and character, are true achievements of the mind. But we cannot stop there. Only he has attained the final truth who knows the whole world is a creation of joy.

To give a final example of this fundamental principle of Tagore, I quote the following lovely revelation of an experience common to us all:—

Last night, in the silence which pervaded the darkness, I stood alone and heard the voice of the singer of eternal melodies. When I went to sleep I closed my eyes with this last thought in my mind, that even when I remain unconscious in slumber the dance of life will still go on in the hushed arena of my sleeping body, keeping step with the stars. The heart will throb, the blood will leap in the veins and the millions of living atoms of my body will vibrate in tune with the note of the harp-string that thrills at the touch of the master.

Goethe said: *Glück und Unglück wird gesang*: Happiness and sorrow find expression in song. All experience of life is stuff for poetry, for, as Wordsworth put it, "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;

it is the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science."

Tagore is a profound poet in this sense, and even in his English prose we can be sure of it, for as he says, "all the great utterances of man have to be judged not by the letter, but by the spirit." He is fine, delicate, wistful. He has strange and remote experiences of the spirit. He tells us of them with naïveté, feeling and simplicity, yet with glowing imagery. He, to use his words otherwise applied, gives us light, he breeds hope, he shows us that the stars are gleaming even if the clouds hide them. He looks about him at the things which are a part of the life of all, and how does his receptive nature vibrate to every beauty of the mysterious and wonderful world! The generous light and warmth of the sun, by which all creatures live; the firmament with its wheeling orbs; "the day coming to us every morning, naked and white, fresh as a flower," the fresh wind, the falling of rain and snow, the solemn mountains and green valleys and rich harvest-fields, the light glancing on countless leaves or wavelets, or again light as "it overspreads the sky like a thought taking shape in a poem." The poet's mind flashes back to Him

In whose hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

He fires at the thought. His poetry in turn becomes "the record of the best and happiest moments." He pours out his soul to the Creator in exultant song:—

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah! the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life;

the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmins surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

There are many aspects of Tagore's work which I must leave untouched, though I leave them with regret. To enter into his thoughts is to become absorbed and, if there be sympathy, to share his aspirations. His personal longing is in the prayer:—

Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed, for thee to fill with music.

His attitude to death is unaffectedly simple:—

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers! I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door—and I give up all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

His songs have for a quarter of a century been helping to reshape the spirit and ideals of young India.

I close with a quotation of a poem embodying his aspirations for the future of his native country. It is a strain of loftiest patriotism:—

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into
the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening
thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country
awake.

METRICAL VERSIONS OF RABINDRA-
NATH TAGORE'S "GITANJALI."

No. 61.

THE sleep that flits on baby's eyes,
Who knows from whence it comes?
Wan rumour's wingéd word replies
" 'Mid fairy forest homes
Where floats the glow-worm's lucent light,
(The jewels fair on the veil of night),
Two timid buds of enchantment rise,
And these come kissing baby's eyes."

Where born the smile on baby's lips
Sweet flickering shades of sleep?
" A young pale beam within the tips
Of a crescent moon a-peep
In the dew-washed dawn in orient sky
So silvers the edge of the clouds that fly
That thence there comes in love's swift ships
The smile that flits o'er baby's lips."

The freshness blooming on baby's face
So sweet and soft and pure,
Where hid this charm that none did trace
Where love bade it endure?
" In a young girl's heart all hidden lay
Love's tender silent mystery,
By love there hid till Time did trace
The freshness now on baby's face."

No. 92.

I know for me inerringly waits
 Within the future's fateful womb,
My last lone day from the azure gates,
 The one long silence of the tomb,
When earth for aye is lost to sight
My closed eyes curtained from its light.

And yet the stars will watch each eve,
 'Till morning ne'er chase night again,
And like a sea, the hours still heave
 Flecked with their flotsam of pleasure and pain.

As I think of moments that end with my breath,
 Time's barrier breaks and a wistful gleam
Of light, the radium light of death
 Reveals life's treasures in careless esteem.
How rare its lowliest seat may be,
Its meanest lives a supremacy!

The things for which I longed in vain,
 Or things that after stress I got,
Let all these pass if but I gain
 The treasures once I valued not,
And gaining these possess life's ore,
Spurned and overlooked no more.

No. 31.

I was as one that slept and dreamed of waking,
 And self of self did seek reply;
"Oh, pris'ner, tell me,
Who 'twas bound thee?"
 And I knew the answer was, "My master, I."

I thought of wealth and power all else excelling,
And treasure hidden from my lord;
Then I awaking
'Midst my taking,
Knew myself prisoned within my own hoard.

"Oh, pris'ner, tell me, who this chain hath wrought
Each link so strong that none may sever?"

"'Twas I, none caring,
I falsely daring,
Forged with fire and pain my bonds for ever."

"'Twas then, my life nigh spent, my task completed,
I felt its grip, and knew myself by self defeated,
Who thought to bind a world, of wealth and power
depleted."

LAURENCE CLAY.

FEAR.

By L. CONRAD HARTLEY.

SHE was nervous, and she knew it; and she waited for her husband. It was late in November, and the evening came suddenly upon her. The sun had gone down, embedded in banks of sullen cloud that, as obeying some hidden power, had leapt up in great haste to mantle the glory of his majesty's trailing track. The fingers of the little carriage-clock on the high kitchen-mantelpiece pointed to six-fifty, and he was not yet at home. The night was as dark as Egypt or the corners of your inner self where lurks the demon that destroys; so dark that darkness was visible, and would have been visible to her, had she dared to step to the side-window and lifted the blind; but she dared not.

Sitting there, alone, save for the companionship of "Jummie," the Yorkshire terrier, she became more and yet more nervous as the seconds, with muffled feet, like hooded dervishes, passed silently along the sands of time. The wind stormed and howled and shrieked, breaking into and penetrating her thoughts that were already sufficiently charged with energy—thoughts that were the more distressful and distorted as the seconds passed.

Out of sheer desperation, hoping to obtain relief, she reviewed the last eight months of their married life—the time spent in this little hamlet where they now lived. Married six years earlier, they had left a larger village to come into this fold that nestled in a quiet hollow; and here in Windyhaugh, retired and freed from social obligations, they lived to themselves. In this quiet corner of our railway-covered England, some fourteen or fifteen houses were huddled together, and through their midst sauntered

a sinuous country road that was a bogey to the ardent motorist. The nearest village, three-quarters of a mile away, squandered its wealth of stone, with some show of importance, in straggling along a main road that took motorist and tramp from Cottonopolis into the heart of the Derbyshire highlands.

Their house, Number One, was one of four. Their garden was a real one, forty yards by twenty, and from the side-window one looked across it towards a stone wall. On a level with this wall was a tiled walk, behind which stood a row of cottages where lived the navvies and their children. In one house lived three generations; and on Sundays in particular the young couple could not escape observation. On that day the navvies, in their shirt sleeves, read their morning papers, smoked, and manned their ramparts as though to resist attack, while they had the assistance of several non-Christian dogs. Prominent amongst these creatures was a large rough mongrel, who belied his looks, and was as frolicsome as a puppy, though he had seen many moons and barked at all of them. The children did as they liked with the savage-looking creature, for he had the heart of a child. He would never grow old. He was just like the lovable men and women whom we know: who just die. Rough, unkempt, with hair as red as the manes of the tousle-headed children, he was a fiery yet playful giant.

Apart from the pantry and the room in which she sat, so nervous and in dread of anything and everything, there was only one other room on the ground-floor; but that room was packed with the imperishable household gods that we foolishly worship, and was never used by her. So the large back room was kitchen and library; knowing this, you know it was everything else. A door led into the pantry or back-kitchen, whence six or seven steps led one down to the flagged yard enclosed by walls ten feet high, where could be seen the heavy door which, opened, gave you the way to the yard.

The navvies were employed on surface-work above a tunnel that was boring its way through the hillside southwest of Windyhaugh. The surface-railway crossed the road three hundred yards from Number One, and close by was a large colony of navvies where men, women, children and many dogs lived in wooden shanties. She, in her walks, often met these men but, though at times afraid of their looks and language, for she was very nervous, never received any word from them save an occasional "Good-day, ma'm!" or a comment upon her dog, such as "E's a good un, 'e is!" The dog knew they were excellent judges of his kind, knew what they said, and was willing to be admired, but was not to be trapped, for he would sidle away from anyone who attempted to stroke him.

The tenants of Number One soon learned to know their neighbours, and even the landlord of the "Rompin' Kittlin'" paid tribute to her smiles. She wished to be on human terms with those near her, and met the navvies with a frank equality; wisely so, for sleek civilities would have stood her in very poor stead. Across the road was the general store, where one could buy all necessities, and close by was the house of Jenkins, the greengrocer, who daily, after supplying the needs of the fold, visited other hamlets. He had a wholesome respect for the lady at Number One. His eyes were opened, indeed, when she asked him to carry some potatoes from his cart to the front door. This request staggered him but, his mental balance recovered, he said, "Aw right, missis, but ladies about 'ere come to t' cart." He proved a good friend to her, was full of character, and even when full of drink was so helpful to her that she did not fear him. He was frequently her convoy when she took the narrow field-paths through the navvies' colony on her way to the railway station. He was always most solicitous regarding her health, and lectured her severely one day when, breathless after running, she rode with him in the Gorley train. He it was who set her up in the esteem of the good folks of

Windyhaugh, adding the crowning statement to his valuation of her in the following manner:—

He had carried some potatoes to her as she stood at the front door, when suddenly he said:

“Yer come from Gorley, dunna yer?”

She nodded assent.

“Aye—Mrs. Merritt towld me yer did. Yer know ’er, dunna yer?”

Again she nodded assent.

“Aye! yis!” he went on; “I were in Gorley t’other day, aye! an’ I saw Mrs. Merritt, an’ I axed ’er if she knew yer, aye—an’ she said she did; she knew yer verry well, aye—she said yer were verry nice, but yer’d got no childer, aye.” All this was said slowly, with a pause wherever the deliberate “aye” was spoken. It was difficult for her to keep a straight face, but she managed it. She had little doubt that all Windyhaugh had been presented with her credentials by Jenkins and wondered how far his ambiguity had puzzled folks. Be that as it may, the young couple were not regarded with suspicion. Living in a stylish house, for which they paid as much as four-and-sixpence per week, there was a danger of isolation. Comparatively rich, they had need of all their tact lest they should offend their neighbours. Her husband’s spare time was mostly spent in gardening, and thereat he worked hard. As a gardener, he was a dismal failure. When he did a right thing, which was rarely, he did it at the wrong time. His neighbours recognised this, and made no secret of their superiority. They scoffed at him when he perspired over his earnest but misdirected work; mocked his highest endeavours when he was wrestling with the bearded senecio or the snake-like persicaria; stopped to admire him as they passed along the road and, with their elbows on the garden-wall, made unholy remarks, generally *sotto voce*, but now and then in an audible bantering tone, about his appearance and his energy. Often he worked late into the evening just to show his critics how much muscle and

determination a city clerk possessed. He had even been known to pose in the garden, the admired of the navvies' children, and with shirt sleeves rolled up and hands on his spade, stand in survey of the land over which he thought he held sway, while his wife, bless her! directed the camera upon him in a bad light. Yes! quiet and simple as were their lives, the two were very happy. Nothing conduced to this state more than the fact that they were in close touch with the lives of those nearest to them. They even reached that eminence where they had the respect of the poorest man in the fold—him who chopped firewood, ran upon errands, and when paid invariably went to the "Rompin' Kittlin'." They even gained the affection of the idiot-spinster who lived by the navvies' cottages. Later, the idiot proved herself wise enough—worldly wisdom—where money was at issue, and was cute enough to be paid twice for some housework done at Number One. There is no need to say who paid her the second time.

Such review had she, as she sat there; and though she dwelt on the happinesses of her life, they could not hold her. Each moment the nervousness increased. Why did she give the collie-dog to that farmer? She knew why: because he had a passion for furniture. He had been so faithful and could now protect her, in case of need. The collie had been so ready to defend her that he was always on the chain when she took him along the road. Even in the house he had to be chained to the mangle in the pantry, when visitors called. The more respectable a man looked the more the dog wanted to tear him to bits.

Suddenly the windows rattled; the blinds of buff holland swang to and fro; weird noises came from unwonted quarters, and each sound was a separate and obvious challenge to her spirit and courage that were slowly but surely dwindling to the vanishing point. She had reached that state when she felt that she would become imbecile.

In the kitchen the large lamp, hanging from the ceiling, had been lowered, and an intense white light was reflected

from the table-cloth below it. Everything was ready for his coming. The kettle purred, on the trivet. She sat by the fireside, book in hand, but she read not, for her heart thumped so violently. The rocking-chair rocked not; all things seemed in suspense. Only that storm-wind raging round the house seemed to be alive. The faithful terrier, by nature timid, was now the more fearful because he was partaking of her anxieties. She and the dog now listened so intently that the slightest movement from one would frighten the other. He lay on the rug with his back against her slippers—a favourite and a companionable attitude. The whole of the day had seemed to augur ill. The early coming of the darkness, followed by the terrific gusts from this evil wind, had but added to her fears. The wind was fitful, sullen and ill-tempered. It would come suddenly, as from nowhere, and yet from any direction, and depart with the same precision. Long, long ago, it seemed to her, with trembling hands she had drawn the blinds, knowing that her vigil would be much longer than usual. She had locked the door between the hall and the kitchen, and then locked the back-door; and as the light was failing quickly she had made haste to get all the table necessaries from the pantry, for she knew that when the light was gone she would not dare to go into any dark corner of the house. Then she had laid the table, lighted the lamp, locked the pantry door; and, wondering whether the windows were fastened, but not daring to look behind the blinds, had dropped into the rocking-chair, shivering and expectant. Now that he was behind his time she was in dreadful suspense.

There came a sudden shock; the house trembled as though some mighty spirit had seized it with invisible hands. The fire, that for some time had been eating out its fiery heart, collapsed, causing her to jump from her chair in terror. The dog, disturbed in this summary way, looked grieved, growled as though some enemy were responsible for this upset, and, on her resumption of the

chair, with some show of reluctance again crouched at her feet. Now was she in a mood for madness. Her ears sought for the one sound that alone could bring relief—the sound that could penetrate all others—the loving rattle from the letter-box on the front door. The dog also listened, but for the long and measured stride of his master as he tramped by the garden wall ere he got to the gate.

“Jummie!” she said; “where is he? What is become of him?”

The dog looked serious, thought of many things, but said nothing. She looked at the clock; he was nearly an hour behind his usual time. Had he been attacked on the lonely road? Had he fallen down some disused pit-shaft? this last conjecture was not so unreasonable for the path from *his* station, a mile and a half from the house, whence he descended the Cottonopolis train, lay through a dense wood for fully a quarter of a mile. Furze, bracken, and the thick mould of years deadened sounds in that wood, and at night little was heard save the cry from some wounded or startled animal, or the hoarse whistle from the locomotive as it slowly took the curve in the deep cutting at the south side of the wood. The path was ill-defined, and at night one required an additional sense in order to keep to it. There were many pitfalls and dangers, and she knew of them. Hark! What was that? What is creating a diversion in favour of enlarged fears? Again! What was that? She thought she heard voices, but the sounds were instantly smothered by one of the frantic outbursts from that evil wind. She longed to go into the pantry, and knock on the wall, so that the maid next door could hear her; but she dared not move. She was fast riveted to her chair, with her hands on its arms, and was all alert. She wanted to scream, but only a hoarse gasp came from that parched throat that was dried up by terror. Another voice, and this time, unmistakably, a knock on the back-door. Who had opened the yard-door? It could never have been unlocked and unbolted; such a

thing was quite impossible. A horrible thought possessed her; her blood well-nigh froze, and she was in a stupor for many seconds. She had difficulty in resisting a wild impulse to open the front door, rush into the road, and howl for help. The dog, insensate and selfish, lay at her feet like a log, no hellish fears having come to work havoc upon him. Was her husband hurt? Were some good Samaritans bringing him home? Was he dead or alive? It was only the other day that she read in the paper of a brutal attack upon a man in the High Peak. Some navvies, probably drunk, had killed a man, an entire stranger, for no reason, apparently, save to make holiday for themselves. Her thoughts, lightning-like, flashed hither and thither, and the seconds were as hours of electric agonies. Where is he? What must she do? Yet another knock on the door; this time an imperious summons, not to be denied, as though a loaded stick had been used. The dog, now startled, rose, stared at the door leading to the pantry, as though he would see through it.

She could bear it no longer; she must do something. She rose, in feverish haste, strode to the pantry-door, unlocked it and flung the door open. Sufficient light poured in from the kitchen lamp to show that all was right there. She might as well go on now. Then, knowing that she was unwise, nay, knowing that she might be courting disaster, and even death itself, her hand was impelled to turn the key in the well-oiled lock of the back-door. Not a sound came from the outside, save the shrieks from the wind, though she listened intently; but that might indicate the greater danger. The bolts had yet to be drawn, and they were moved slowly and noiselessly. Now for it! She was desperate; there was to be no turning back. So she raised the latch, when—the wind flung the door open and with violence some heavy creature bumped against her, almost bringing her to the floor. It was the navvies' great romping dog—the "doormat" dog, as Number One called him, and he vanished

into the kitchen to talk to Jummie by the fireside. Recovered, she peered into the yard, and at the same instant a thin piping voice said, "Please, ma'm, mother wants to know will you take us our pictures, and please, ma'm, will you draw them cabinet size, ma'm?"

She realised the position; there they were—the children from the navvies' fortress. Clinging to the latch, and almost hysterical, she said: "Yes, come on Sunday morning, when there is light."

The children drifted away, taking their dog. She closed the door, did not even lock it. Amused, because the children had come to be photographed on such an evening, she dreamily walked to the chair; and now the chair rocked in time with her measured thoughts. It was not long ere she heard the welcome rattling of the letter-box, and very soon he was listening to her story.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DRAMA ?

By TINSLEY PRATT.

THIS question is prompted by the observation that whilst nowadays plays of admirable quality are produced in British theatres to half-empty houses, the music-hall of the present day is filled to overflowing, and the picture palace is the chosen haunt of fathers, wives and sucklings. And there is another matter to be considered. There are many players of distinction who, failing to find lucrative employment in the regular theatres, turn to the music-hall where for a modicum of effort, and no possible risk, they can command a salary such as a Cabinet Minister might envy. Now, what is the reason for this condition of affairs? I am assured that the average person of the present day, after a busy time on 'Change, in which he has perhaps bested his neighbour, and probably added largely to his profits, does not wish to be troubled with economic and sociological problems. He merely wants to be amused. The theatre being something too strenuous for him he goes to his music-hall. And what does the music-hall offer him? In those of the highest class it offers him, probably, a London actor-manager of distinction in, perhaps, a very indifferent specimen of the playwright's craft, a tight-rope walker, a juggler, one or two knockabout comedians, and so on; and after sitting through this depressing exhibition the hard-bitten, successful man of business returns to the bosom of his family assuring himself that he has had a delightful time, and that "there's nothing like a music-hall, and a good laugh, for putting the human machine in good working order!" Then there is the Cinema Theatre. I have seen it somewhere stated that the patron of the picture-house is going

to have his imagination stirred to a great love for all beautiful things, by means of the film, and so he will be ripe and ready to appreciate the next great development of the drama when it comes along. Personally I find the music-hall an extremely dull place; and the picture-palace bores me beyond the limits of endurance. I am, however, prepared to admit that I may be singular in my view, and it is no use shutting one's eyes to the indisputable fact that the average person finds both the music-hall and the picture-palace extremely attractive. Now, why is this so? The cause belongs partly to the movement which gave us the halfpenny morning paper, with the news of the day served up in tabloid form, and weekly papers of the "Tit-Bits" type, which are as destructive in their way as the drug habit, and utterly extinguish in the minds of those who come under their influence any desire for serious thought or systematic study. The cup-tie, the guessing competition, and the latest rag-time melody are subjects of more grave concern to the man in the street than art or literature, or the affairs of the Empire, in all their multitudinous ramifications. And so he falls an easy prey to the lure of the music-hall and the picture-theatre, where little or no demand is made upon his reasoning powers. It must also be remembered that smoking is permitted in these places of entertainment; and that a booked seat may be obtained for about the sum of one shilling, while a stall seat in a first-class London theatre costs half a guinea. Both matters are contributory factors in regard to the smallness of theatre audiences.

In England the drama began with "miracle" and "mystery" plays; next came "morality" plays, "interludes," "pageants" and "masques"; and subsequently such crude comedies and tragedies as "Ralph Roister Doister," "Gammer Gurton's Needle," and "Gorboduc," which ushered in the golden age of the English drama. Though Shakespeare drew his plots from various ages and countries, it was the people of his own day that he limned

for us, and it is worthy of note that it is those writers—such as Congreve, Goldsmith and Sheridan—who have painted for us the manners and foibles of the people of their own time, or who have lashed current abuses, that have left the greatest mark upon the native drama. And the same fact may be noted in regard to Molière in French dramatic literature. Thus when Mr. Galsworthy, in “Justice” compels us to observe the brutalising effects of the penal system, or Mr. Stanley Houghton, in “Hindle Wakes,” gives us a glimpse into the manners and morals which obtain amongst the Lancashire operative class, they are not departing in any way from the great traditions of the English drama. We may not care to have ugly facts thrust under our very noses, but the dramatist would not be doing his duty to himself or to his time if he shirked these matters.

And this brings me to the question: “What kind of play does the public want?”—for it will readily be conceded that there are still many people to whom the music-hall offers no attraction. Well, to begin with, there is the melodrama. It may have a modern setting, or it may be put into fancy dress and labelled “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” but if it is well constructed, is well sauced with sentiment and has a suspicion of humour, it is tolerably certain to make money for somebody. It probably has little relation to real life—its heroes and heroines are usually without flaw, and its villains are without any saving grace. Still, it is a form of entertainment which will do no harm to anyone, and certainly gives pleasure to many. Let us leave it at that. I asked an intelligent lady playgoer the other day whether she preferred to be harrowed or amused at the theatre. Her answer was: “I want to be interested.” And that, I think, is what most serious patrons of the drama require—whether the play be tragedy, comedy, or farce. “In the long run,” says Mr. Bernard Shaw,*

* “Quintessence of Ibsenism,” 1913.

nothing can retain the interest of the playgoer after the theatre has lost its illusion for his childhood, and its glamour for his adolescence, but a constant supply of interesting plays. . . . Now an interesting play cannot in the nature of things mean anything but a play in which problems of conduct and character of personal importance to the audience are raised and suggestively discussed. People have a thrifty sense of taking away something from such plays; they not only have something for their money, but they retain that something as a permanent possession . . . The difficulty at present is that mature and cultivated people do not go to the theatre, just as they do not read penny novelettes; and when an attempt is made to cater for them they do not respond to it in time, partly because it takes too long for them to find out that the new theatre is not like all the other theatres.

It was, I think, in 1889, that Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and "Pillars of Society" were first staged in London; followed, after an interval, by "Rosmersholm," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Master Builder." English playgoers who had the temerity to admire these great works were stigmatised by a section of the London press as "muck-ferreting dogs." Nevertheless, the uncompromising realism of Ibsen's method of dealing with sociological problems quickly began to make itself felt in the work of English dramatists. Forsaking farce, Pinero gave us "The Profligate" (1889), a play with a serious purpose, and followed this by his masterly studies of contemporary life, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Gay Lord Quex," and others. Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses" (1892) also belongs to this period. The good work has been continued by Mr. Granville Barker, and by Mr. Galsworthy in "The Silver Box," "Strife," and "Justice." "The drama of Mr. Galsworthy," says a recent critic,* "is a drama which finds its sufficient motive in the fact that things *are*. That is both its strength and weakness. . . . It is Mr. Galsworthy's purpose to go behind the morning papers, and to show us the rich stores of human interest there.

* P. P. Howe in *Fortnightly Review*, Oct. 1913.

His claim upon us is that, if we follow him, we shall understand." Let us see what are the subjects dealt with by Mr. Galsworthy. In "The Silver Box," I take it, his purpose is to show how unjust is the administration of justice in relation to the poor. In other words, he shows us that, as the law is at present constituted, if a starving man is tempted from the paths of strict honesty he is punished in legal form, while the young society scapegrace, who is the real culprit, goes entirely free. In "Strife" his subject is the struggle between capital and labour. In "Justice"—as I have already stated—his purpose is to show that when a person has once fallen into the grip of the criminal law there is practically no hope for him for the rest of his natural life. These three are admirable plays, written with a definite purpose in view, their aim being to tear the veil from certain social abuses and show them as they really exist. And for this reason Mr. Galsworthy is assuredly entitled to take his place amongst the great writers of English dramatic literature. But in his latest effort, "The Fugitive,"* he has produced a play which might properly serve the novice as an example of how *not* to write a play. He puts before you a society woman who has been married for some five years, and has apparently no particular cause for complaint against her husband, yet persists in her desire of throwing herself away upon a very commonplace journalist, who clearly does not love her, and has no particular wish for her companionship. The sympathy of an audience, I should conceive, would be entirely with the husband. "The facts are," as he says, "that we're married—for better or worse, and certain things are expected of us. It's suicide for you, and folly for me, in my position, to ignore that. You have all you can reasonably want; I don't—don't wish for any change. If you could bring anything against me—if I drank, or knocked about town, or expected too much of you. I'm not unreasonable in

* September, 1913.

anything, that I can see." The woman, however, leaves her husband, and throws herself upon the protection of the man who clearly does not want her, and, finding that she is a burden upon him, ends by poisoning herself. And so the play ends in utter futility. I suppose Mr. Galsworthy would claim that such cases have occurred, and that, therefore, "The Fugitive" is true to life. It may be so, but if we are to put such stories upon the stage, let there at least be suggested some possible solution of the problem. The reflection induced by witnessing or reading such a play is that it is Ibsenism run mad. It does not attempt to solve any problem of contemporary life; and it neither instructs nor amuses. I have great hopes that dramatists like Mr. Galsworthy, and other writers of his school, will yet produce work of lasting importance, and that they will subsequently evolve a living drama as great in its way as the masterpieces of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

I have left to the end of my survey the consideration of the dramatic work of Mr. John Masefield, who has already made a distinct place for himself not only as dramatist, but also as novelist, poet and historian. Mr. Masefield is an experimentalist, and, like all who undertake pioneer work, his efforts are not always crowned with success. Thus, in "Pompey the Great," though his setting is the ancient world, his characters speak in the colloquial manner of the twentieth century, and one almost expects airships and taxi-cabs to enter into the subject of their conversation. The result is that all sense of atmosphere, which such a play undoubtedly requires, is entirely wanting. In "Nan," however, Mr. Masefield has, I think, contributed to the stage the greatest English tragedy of modern times. In this wonderful play the author may fittingly be compared to the Greek tragic writers for the manner of his adherence to the dramatic unities. No false note is struck, no extraneous issues introduced, and the story moves on swiftly and naturally to its inevitable conclusion.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, in "Paolo and Francesca," gave, for a brief period, a new lease of life to the poetic drama, but his later plays fell far short of that work in literary quality, and it is unlikely that verse plays will ever again achieve any marked success upon the stage. The development of the poetic drama must be looked for on the lines of "Nan." Indeed the employment of verse in play-writing was a mistake from the beginning, in which Shakespeare followed the bad example set by Marlowe. That the shackles of verse hampered both these writers is evident from the fact that their humorous scenes are almost invariably expressed in prose, and I venture the opinion that Shakespeare's plays would have lost nothing of their dramatic and poetic quality if they had been expressed in prose instead of verse.

I have stated that melodrama is of very hardy type and that it will continue to flourish like the green bay-tree, let its detractors say what they will. There are, of course, grades even in melodrama, but a well-written piece like Mr. Eden Phillpotts' recent Dartmoor play, "The Shadow," fulfils a useful purpose by supplying a wide public with a class of fare which is very much to its taste, nor is that taste one to be despised. In plays of a more ambitious type we may perhaps have wandered into a somewhat realistic groove, but I believe that much ultimate good will yet be achieved even though the path may seem circuitous. It is just as foolish to scoff—as some thoughtless people do—at the sociological study which we are accustomed to label the "problem play," as it is to scoff at melodrama. Each satisfies its particular public. And if our younger playwrights, who have concerned themselves with probing social abuses, have inclined somewhat towards looking at the drab side of life, they have, at least, been faithful to their purpose, and have given us actual pictures of life, and not a vision seen through rose-coloured spectacles in a world in which there are no shadows. The giant, Make-Believe, may take an uncon-

scionable time in slaying, but I am confident that we can never go back to the old shams again. When we are content to view life as it really is, with its ups and downs, its cloud and sunshine, we shall perceive that romance has not been killed by realism, but that each is relegated to its proper sphere in the general scheme of things. Then the poetic drama may raise its head again from the dust. I do not anticipate that it will concern itself to any great extent with peerless princesses and heroes of the Sir Galahad type, but rather with the beauty that is hidden in common things, the romance of obscure lives, and generally the unvarnished pageant of humanity. "Commonplace people," says Mr. Masfield, "dislike tragedy because they dare not suffer, and cannot exult." It might be added that serious plays, of whatever type they may be, are equally distasteful to such people. Therefore the higher drama is not likely to prove a paying investment for some time to come, and it will require all the monetary assistance which enlightened public bodies or private persons with lofty ideals can give to it if it is to develop, and flourish, and come to perfect fruition. It is a matter for sincere pride that in Manchester was established the first repertory theatre of the new style, which example has led to the establishment of such theatres in other cities; while the debt of the community to Miss Horniman cannot well be expressed in words. Though tardy in making its appearance, let us hope that the sincerest form of flattery may be paid to her by other capitalists in the near future.

PATRIOTISM IN VERSE.

By J. REDFEARN WILLIAMSON.

I ONCE knew a worthy deacon to whom the sublime poetry of the Old Testament was a sealed fountain. To him the rapt utterances and magnificent imagery of Isaiah and Job were simply inspired media for conveying spiritual truths, but in no sense to be read as poetry; and he held a theory nothing could disturb that any truth worth telling was better told in prose. In nature he was akin to a friend with whom I spent an autumn afternoon in the quiet glades of Sherwood. Weary with our walk in the shimmering heat, we sat down to rest in the grateful shade of a venerable oak. The scene before us, to any impressionable mind, sensitive to suggestive associations, was eloquent of the days when the gnarled and wrinkled trees were still growing in girth and stately beauty; and bits of old ballads and scraps of song echoing in my brain evoked pictures of gay-hearted outlaws who blithely took toll from the rich to give to the poor, shot the antlered deer, fought intruding sheriffs, and lived the simple life that people rabid with the lust for wealth attempt to imitate in vain.

As we drowsed under the umbrageous boughs, surrounded by waves of gold and russet bracken that spread all round us like a glowing sunset sea,

I looked and saw a merry company,
Down a green avenue with laugh and song
And little joyful noises come along;

There saw I Robin with his fearless brow,
And eye of frolic love; Maid Marian:
The moon-faced Tuck: and, sporting 'neath a bough,
John, Robin's master man.
Scarlet and Much, and all the outlaw clan,

With polished horn and bow in Lincoln green
Moved ceaselessly between the leafy screen.

A natural freedom ran
Through every spirit in that sylvan scene.

Then the reverie ended, and the delightful vision vanished when my companion suddenly ejaculated: "Isn't it a shame to see so much good timber going to waste?" The astounding remark hit me like a douche of ice-cold water, but when the shock of surprise was over, I wondered that even a hard-headed business man could see no more in that lovely sylvan solitude than a potential woodyard. Yet, on reflection, his query was not so outrageous as it first appeared. Our personal likes and dislikes and ways of viewing things are not only mysteries to others, but often unexplainable puzzles to ourselves. To my nearest neighbour a barrel organ is a worse infliction than an Egyptian plague. To me it is the harbinger of golden joys, the key to golden doors. To him the music brings the most exquisite nerve-lacerating torture; to me it breathes of pipes and flutes and primal ecstasies of earth, as if it were trying to exorcise and dispel the accumulated sadness of the world. Let the kindly fates induce sun-browned, ear-ringed Antonio or Angelo to plant his magic music-box on wheels before my garden gate, and grind out a ripple of tinkly, tune-y airs, and all the glamour of the South is mine. I am transported to lands beyond the sea, where luscious grapes ripen on hot hillsides, and lizards bask on the sun-scorched walls of crumbling ruins, and the wild bees go humming through silent streets that heard the rolling of chariot wheels when Cæsar was a swaddled babe.

With a turn of the handle I am carried to a weird and wonderful land of winding fiords, wind-swayed pine forests, and wan wastes of snow; and I hear appalling cataracts plunging down lonely glens, and hearken to the clash and roar of tossing northern seas.

The average musical critic would pour scorn on the

sugary tunes that excite such delectable emotions in me; but if the peripatetic Neapolitan knew the effect of his trills and variations on at least one listener, he would demand a couple of *lire*, instead of smiling thanks for his customary fee. Yet the tripping measures would not afford me half the pleasure if I heard them in an opera-house. The jarring notes of colour: anachronisms of time and action, and pseudo-realism unhappily discordant with the idealism of the tone-poet, would be so many bars to the music's wings, and my imagination, instead of soaring, would be held in bondage in the intricate details of the stage. Nor am I greatly impressed at a concert when a vocalist in evening dress, surrounded by evergreens, warbles that he is an implacable pirate, a gallant highwayman, or a Norseman bold. The songs would harmonise more appropriately if they were sung in a tavern or at street corners, like the melancholy ditties of accidents and shipwrecks droned by sham sailormen who never had their feet off dry land. The street balladist indeed is a picturesque survival of the oldest profession, except fighting, on earth. In the morning twilight of Greek civilisation five hundred years before Christ,

Thespis, the first professor of the art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart;

and four centuries earlier, if traditions are true, Melisigenes went from town to town to earn a living by repeating his own compositions at market-place corners. In our own time Arminius Vambéry, the famous Oriental traveller, when a young man, obtained his nightly crust and couch by reciting Turkish and Persian ballads in the streets and coffee-houses of Stamboul. He spanned the gulf of time like a man shaking hands across a rivulet that divides two continents. Mankind, in three thousand years, completed a circle and made Homer and Vambéry contemporaries.

In days of old bards and minstrels were received every-

where with esteem and reverence. They were the seers, the historians, the story-tellers of bygone events, the shapers of legends, and moulders of traditions. In castle and hall they beguiled monotonous evenings with tales of marvellous adventures in enchanted realms, interpreting knightly aspirations, and the lovelight in ladies' eyes. And in abbey and monastery the wandering gleeman was a welcomer guest than the belated priest or weather-bound monk who could neither sing for his supper nor improvise a merry tale in rhyme.

When the tocsin of war rang out they were in great request, and played an important part. The Vikings took them on their expeditions to raise the martial enthusiasm of their followers, to incite the craven to emulous bravery, and record in fitting lays the fearless courage of the victors. At the battle of Senlac the minstrel Taillefer rode in the forefront of the Norman army chanting the Song of Roland, and to his inspiring appeal Duke William largely owed his own elevation to the English throne. The prolonged resistance of the Cymri to the Plantagenet invaders of Wales was undoubtedly due to the fiery fighting bards; and down to a quite recent period the Highland minstrels could wield a claymore with the bravest when harrying a rival clan or facing the hated Sassenach. And, as it were yesterday, the young German poet, Theodor Körner, who wrote the famous "Sword Song," died fighting in the war of Liberation with the verses on his lips. So does history again repeat itself.

Though the personal influence of the bard has practically disappeared, the magical fascination of the world-old art has lost little of its power under the changed conditions of modern life. The authentic word, however crude and rough, can still kindle slumbering passions to a glowing heat, as a wind fans ashes into flames, and a sure test of a nation's civilisation, or standard of taste is the character of popular ballads in national crises, and periods of social upheaval. Ireland furnishes endless examples, from

"Lillieburlero" and the "Shan van Voght" to "The Irish Rapparees" and "Who Fears to speak of '98?" But in all countries there are songs which pass the wit of man to understand how they achieved and retained a permanent popularity. One pertinent example is the first American war song. This had not even the merit of being a native production, but was composed by Richard Schackburg, of the British Regulars, in derision of the awkward colonial militia. When the War of Independence began, the Colonists adopted it, in lieu of a better, for their battle march; and the bitterest drop in Lord Cornwallis's cup of humiliation was in having to surrender his sword and army while the Revolutionist bands were triumphantly playing "Yankee Doodle"; and it is not straining credulity to say that the curious hybrid of jingly tune and ranting rhymes was a greater aid to the Colonists in their struggle for freedom than George Washington himself. In the later Civil War both North and South produced more dignified battle hymns, but none that superseded "Yankee Doodle" in the lasting affections of the re-united people.

The phenomenal success of such a production is impossible to explain, but one reason for its vogue undoubtedly was the topical allusions and simplicity of language which all could understand. Simplicity, indeed, is the first essential in this class of literature. Refinement of thought, style, and diction is a barrier rather than a passport to popular approval. Austin Dobson, who wrote a quite good highwayman ballad, though touched with preciosity, made one of his few failures in "The Ballad of the Armada." He talks of carackes and galleons as if they were egg-shell china, and Howard, Drake, and Hawkins as if they were Elizabethan Beau Brummels. You cannot imagine such a dainty ditty as this in connection with the sinking of Spanish ships and the thunder of a thousand guns. Yet the same writer wrote an abstract "Ballad of Heroes" so perfect and beautiful that you sigh with satisfaction to read it. But the less literary polish there is and the better

chance of success. No finer ballads of their kind were ever written than "Herve Riel," "The Defence of Lucknow," "The King's Tragedy," and "Ave Imperatrix," to mention only a few which might be quoted, but they have never earned more than arm-chair admiration, and are beaten hollow in the race for popularity by Macaulay's rollicking "Lays of Ancient Rome" and rhymes of similar character.

When the Crimean war-cloud loomed black over Europe, and England was in a whirling tumult of conflicting opinions, Tennyson endeavoured to rouse the patriotic fervour of his countrymen in a characteristic poetic outburst:—

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timon-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred
thrones.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out
of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his
counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-
wand, home.

Apart from the snobbish reference to snub-nosed rogues and cheating yardsticks, the lines transparently could only appeal to educated persons able to appreciate their literary qualities, and understand the classical allusions. Probably the author recognised this, for in his next attempt to touch the universal heart, he frankly went and imitated that ancient master of his craft, Michael Drayton. But when the White Czar's forefinger again threw an ominous shadow over the land, and cackling tongues grew shrill with alarm, to whom did the people turn a willing ear? Who was he whose voice reached both the classes and the

masses? The Laureate who once scathingly rebuked the house of peers for their pusillanimous attitude before Louis Napoleon?

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse
 In doubt if you be of our Baron's breed—
 Were those your sires who fought at Lewes?
 Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
 What England was, shall her true sons forget?
 We are not cotton-spinners all,
 But some love England and her honour yet.
 And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
 And hold against the world this honour of the land.

Was the darling of the mob the singer of honey-sweet lyrics, the writer of kingly idylls and "The Charge of the Light Brigade"? Not at all. The real laureate of England for the time being was a music-hall star, a gentleman who stood forth every night and swore by a strange deity named "Jingo," and who assured us, in true Bombastes Furioso style, that we could blithely face the future and the Russian Bear, because we had not only ships and men, but the money too. The ditty embodying these praiseworthy sentiments could scarcely be called the highest style of art, but, like Mercutio's wound, it served.

Nearly a generation passed away—a generation of higher education, higher criticism, higher altruistic ideals, higher conceptions of literature and art, and also more advanced ideas on the expansion of the empire. The polished Court poet of the mid-Victorian era had gone to his last rest, and another Alfred took the laureate's lyre in hand, what time the rolling thunder rumbled over startled leagues of sea from the storm cloud in the African Transvaal, and appealed to British manhood on behalf of exiled women and children in that benighted land, in a ballad that fell on the national conscience like a falling

leaf on a limpid lake. It raised plenty of ridicule, but never a ripple of sympathetic response. The critics fell foul of its grammar, and sneered at the rhymes, and from start to finish it certainly was caviare to the multitude.

But when the crisis really came, and the country was compelled to either fight or fly, and the ways of diplomatists had to be justified to the man in the street, then, at the psychological moment, a free-lance laureate appeared on the scene, and sent a slogan through the realm which reverberated to the furthest verge of the empire. It affected the populace like a tarantula's bite, and roused high and low to a pitch of delirious excitement beyond belief. And what was the burden of this remarkable production that led a sober nation into orgies of patriotic frenzy? We were informed that fifty thousand horse and foot were going to Table Bay to wipe something off a slate. Incidentally, the fifty thousand had to be largely multiplied before the slate was sponged clean, and by that time a new score had been chalked on the other side which our grandchildren will probably finally wipe away. But what captured the crowd—upper, middle and lower class—was the author's flattery, laid on with a trowel. There was no scourging of adulterators, no sneering at filching drapers, no lashing of a craven aristocracy. This time the tailors of Tooley Street really were the people of England. The British soldier at last had truly come into his own. It was no longer

Tommy this, and Tommy that, an'
'Chuck him out, the brute'!

No, it was

'Saviour of his country,' now the
Guns began to shoot.

Mr. Thomas Atkins was all of us. Gentle and simple, we were brothers-in-arms: each of us, by nature, a kind of casual, absent-minded beggar, but "all there" when it

was necessary to show wicked foreign nations, eagerly longing to see our prestige lowered, that, instead of the earth being the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the part possessed by Oom Paul and his burghers belonged by right to imperialist children of Israel and their financial satellites, under the British Crown. In this crusade to eliminate Mr. Kruger from the map rank and file marched shoulder to shoulder with the obscure and nameless commoner:—

Duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred kings.

Could anything be more admirably Socialistic than that?
It was the masculine analogue to

The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters under their skins!

a truism much more poetically expressed by Sir John Suckling in a robuster age.

The farther suggestion of equality by placing the cook's son first in the second verse of the chorus was a masterpiece of delicate insinuation:—

Cook's son, Duke's son, son of a belted Earl,
Son of a Lambeth publican, it's all the same to-day!

And in the question ("and who's to look after the girl?"), how plainly it was implied that, in relation to women, dukes and dustmen were on the same level, and alike liable to err; and so, while the impecunious heroes were away fighting on the veldt, we stay-at-homes were asked "to pass the hat for our credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay," in order to keep the poor girls from starvation during the enforced absence of their protectors. Did not Lord Nelson leave Lady Hamilton to the generous consideration of the nation he served so well?

But the combined flattery and appeal of this wonderful reveille did not stop here :—

Duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred kings,
(And who's to look after the things?)

Duke's job, cook's job, gardener, baronet, groom,
Mews or palace or paper-shop, there's someone gone away!
(And who's to look after the room?)

Cook's home, Duke's home, home of a millionaire
(And what have you got to spare?)

Now consider the pathetic state of destitution suggested by these questions. Contrary to all past experience, the little "things": the bits of furniture, the children's toys, the mantelpiece ornaments in the King's palace, the nobleman's mansion, and the millionaire's home would be in danger from the bailiffs,—just as a city clerk's or counter-jumper's might be, because the owners could not afford to pay rents and taxes while doing their country's work "in a land of sand, and ruin, and gold." And presumably, unless the bees and drones of society were prepared to do some gratuitous charing, the living room in modest tenements like Buckingham Palace, Warwick Castle and Chatsworth would grow dirty and dusty from neglect.

The poet's prescience was perfect; he knew that to a thrasonical age, an age of the motor-hog and problem play, it was idle to sing in the strain of "Riflemen Form," "Scots Wha Hae," or in the vein of Marco Bozzaris:

Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land.

These were old-fashioned and outworn; and so he sounded an invocation the loafer in the street and the Pall Mall clubman could appreciate and understand without a glossary. And Wisdom was justified of her son. Culture, for a time, was relegated from the forum, the university, and the drawing-room, to the national back attic; and the

martial music of other days, the rousing heroic runes, the clarion calls-to-action, muted before the catchy composition which created a furore rare in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race. Judged by its popularity, "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was the finest flower of English patriotic minstrelsy at the close of the nineteenth century. It was the soul of a world-wide empire enshrined in words, as "The Marseillaise" was the spirit incarnate of the revolutionary movement that swept through feudal rookeries like a tornado—toppled down thrones like houses of cards, and destroyed for ever the grinding despotism of a thousand years. And, whereas the genius who wrote the immortal war-cry died in poverty, the pet of the British public received a princely fee for demonstrating to an astonished universe that his countrymen were mentally, morally, spiritually and artistically inferior to the French Revolutionists of 1792.

When the tambourine and banjo-banging craze was exhausted, and the nation, grown sober, realised that to "hammer Paul" was not the easy job it appeared, the laureate of Piccadilly and Pimlico seriously imperilled his reputation by essaying a higher flight of exhortation in "The Islanders": a long apostrophe drawn forth by the dark days of defeat in Cape Colony. It was a time of chastening, a time ripe for a pealing voice to stimulate men to renewed effort, and he no doubt thought that the people who lately danced like zanies to his piping, would march to any song he chose to sing. But the disillusioned, fickle public would not listen to his moralising diatribe, and the poem was a dismal failure because the author, in running counter to the long-cherished traditions and ingrained love of sport in his countrymen, was simply hurtling at a bouncing ball; and in railing like a scolding wife at the sportsmen who, in this time of desperate peril,

. . . Contented their souls

With the flannelled fools at the wicket, or the muddled oafs
at the goals,

he ignored the racial characteristics which placed England in the forefront of nations; he forgot to remember the playing fields of Eton and Waterloo (the truth of the story is immaterial), and the famous game of bowls played by Drake on Plymouth Hoe on the memorable historic day when the whole fortune and destiny of England hung in the balance, and which did not prevent the cool commander and his merry mariners from giving the mighty Spanish fleet a good English drubbing:—

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
 When the great Armada came;
 But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,'
 And he stooped and finished the game.

And the writer of "The Islanders" also forgot that the bowmen who helped to win so many battles in the lusty days long gone, learned their archery as a pastime on the village green, along with wrestling, leaping, quarter-staff, single-stick and dancing. But, listen how a nameless singer embalmed in deathless verse the memory of those sporting lads of the country-side:—

Agincourt, Agincourt!
 Know ye not Agincourt?
 Never to be forgot,
 Or known to no man?
 Where English cloth-yard arrows
 Killed the French like tame sparrows,
 Slain by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
 Know ye not Agincourt?
 English of every sort,
 High men and low men,
 Fought that day wondrous well,
 All our old stories tell,
 Thanks to our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where our fifth Harry taught
Frenchmen to know men:
And, when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one,
Good English Bowman!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Dear was the vict'ry bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French:
Rare English Bowmen.

Michael Drayton, in his ballad on the same victory, keeps up the noble tone of praise of their sterling qualities of heart and hand:—

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather:
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

After paying full tribute to Henry's own valour, he introduces the note of comradeship on the King's part, which we find in Shakespeare's entrancing passage of matchless verse where he makes the King talk of his humble followers as

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Then Drayton goes on:—

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they be one to ten
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Then W. E. Henley, a man with the true ballad instinct, follows in the wake of his master nearly three hundred years after, and pays him the tribute of direct imitation in "England, My England."

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you have done
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen,
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Songs on your bugles blown?

And if the grand old bard in his grave could hear, would he not smile to know that to him our best must bend the knee in homage?

In this antique spirit, it was ever the impulse of Englishmen—and heaven forfend it should be otherwise—to play games as if they were battles, and battles as if they were games, in the fashion of the "Fancy": a roped ring—stand up to your opponent—shake hands—hit hard, and the best man win. The reason the Boer War was such a grim fiasco in its early stages was because our pipe-

clayed, ramrod officers would persist in playing it in the traditional British way. Theirs was the fine old style of warfare—closed ranks: a volley first, the bayonet after, and march to victory with flags flying and bugles blowing. The “slim,” sniping method of fighting behind rocks and boulders was looked on with sheer disgust as being vilely unsportsmanlike, and much bloodshedding was required to make them change their tactics to meet the altered conditions.

This national trait was well understood by the old minstrels. In the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase you find it shining in brightest lustre. Earl Percy, deciding to fill his larder with cheap venison, crosses the border, not with the cunning of a stealthy red Indian or the wiliness of a stock-jobbing company promoter, but like a gentleman, in open day, with fifteen hundred retainers at his back, previously informing Lord Douglas of his intention to raid the forbidden territory. The doughty Scotsman, not to be outdone in courtesy, gives his foeman a morning's grace to shoot the wild deer at his will, and then politely bars the way home with two thousand spears behind him. In the fight to a finish that follows, when Douglas is slain,

The Percè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And say'd 'Wo ys me for the!

'To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have partyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
Was not in all the North Countrè.'

At the same lofty height the ballad continues to the end. When the Scotch King hears of Douglas's death he wrings his hands and bewails that such another captain in Scotland, “y-feth shuld never be.” But when the tidings

of Percy's death reaches the English Court, the King exclaims:—

God have merci on his soll,
Good lord, yf thy will it be,
I have a hondrith captayns in Yynglonde,
As good as ever was hee.

There you have the exhilarating note which rings through all our martial music—the boyish delight in facing long odds, and no whining at fortune's blows; the love of fair play carried to Quixotic excess; one man to two, to a dozen; one ship to three, to ten, to fifty-three, as the exploits of the "Angel Gabriel" of Bristol; Admiral Benbow at Carthagena; Grenville's last grim fray in the Azores, and a hundred other conflicts by land and sea that make the nerves tingle, and the pulses gallop like rivers in spate, witness to this day. However far back we go the same features present themselves. First the bold adventure, the death-defying deed; then the singing word aflame with the fire of worship and patriotism to kindle anew, as if with a live coal from the altar, the dead or dying enthusiasms in hearts grown cold with avarice or generations enfeebled by luxury and lust. A nation is on the downward slope when it ignores the exalted, austere voices of its sovereign bards, and turns with delight to the enervating, dulcet strains that drug the senses like draught of Circe's wine. The old ballads, resounding like rat-a-plan drum-taps, rough and ready as they often are in conception and execution, were the offspring of strong, masculine emotions, and live and move us to-day by their inherent sincerity, and exuberant vitality. The Homeric ballad-cycle, the Arthurian legends, the Scandinavian Eddas, and the Carlovingian and Nibelung epics speak with convincing eloquence of the nations that gave them birth; and whether they blazon the deeds of mythical Greek heroes, the dauntless daring of Norland Vikings, the high emprise of the knights of the Round Table, or the fabled

prowess of Frankish paladins, you find them, one and all, animated by the same abounding, stimulating spirit.

The heroes shook the world
With trample of their steeds,
With din of lances hurled,
And songs of deathless deeds.

And so they won their glory,
And, dying, perished not :
So 'mid the newer story,
The old is unforget.

Still in the silent places,
They mingle tears and mirth,
And still the vanished faces
Are young upon the earth.

Still winds the fabled river,
Far by the storied strand,
And poets, crowned forever,
Sing through a summer land.

Whenever and wherever an empire has dwindled to comparative insignificance, the decline is coincident with the lack of patriotic poetry and heroes to inspire it. The permanent dispersion of the Ishmael of nations to the four winds is a sad illustration. Clannish as Highlanders, clever beyond measure in the material things of life, high priests in the synagogues of wealth, to whom kings are complaisant and chancellors bow down, the Jews are lodgers in every land. For twenty centuries these people have been aliens and wanderers, and their schemes and dreams for repossessing the hills and plains of Palestine will hardly come to fruition unless a Hebrew poet and hero arise to send them on a new crusade.

Broadly speaking, ballads are the best reflectors of life, opinions and manners. The witty satires and lampoons give a perfect picture of society in Stuart Restoration times, the days of Marie Antoinette and the third empire.

When Béranger was reproached for belittling the French army he summed the situation in a single verse :—

Ay, battles and a coat of blue,
Thread-bared in fight Béranger sings,
When our Republic's children true
Beat, twenty years, a league of kings;
But yon smart guard, yon watchful spy,
Who'd stop us for promotion, pooh!
Is he my genial soldier boy?
Ah! pardon the poor minstrel do.

After the coup d'état, when France lay prostrate, Victor Hugo, comparing Louis Napoleon with his famous uncle, impaled him in one of the bitterest ballads ever written :—

His grandeur dazzled history;
The god of war,
A star he was—a mystery,
To nations far.
All Europe at his nod inclined
With terror dumb.
Art thou his ape? March, march, behind,
Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

Dark, dark archangel—but he fell!
Earth felt the sound,
And ocean opened by a spell
Its gulf profound.
Down headlong—but his name through time
Shall overcome—
Thou too shalt drown, but drown in slime,
Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb.

A ballad often corrects the historian's estimate of great men. Marlborough and Wellington loom large in the world's annals, but they were never darlings of the romantic muse like Richard Cœur de Lion, Robert Bruce, William Wallace, Nelson or even the Young Pretender. How should they be? John Churchill was a rapacious plunderer, a brilliant tactician, using men as pawns for his own advancement. He filled bulletins and his private

purse with equal skill, and he drifts down the stream of time in a burlesque French ballad called "*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*," that Buonaparte used to hum to himself, when starting on his campaigns, to a tune which Englishmen sing, with different words, when warmed with wine on festival nights, or intoxicated with the windy oratory of a favourite politician:—

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

One more tardy tribute the conqueror of Malplaquet received in Southey's "*Battle of Blenheim*," in two doggerel lines:—

Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.

Meagre as was the meed of praise, the Iron Duke, the military martinet who never lost a fight or a gun, and who vowed his soldiers were the offscourings of the country, fared even worse at the hands of the discriminating ballad-monger. Some sarcastic stanzas in "*Don Juan*," a few fulsome lines from Southey, and a line or two in Scott's sawdustiest effusion, "*The Field of Waterloo*," are poor garlands to offer at a victor's feet:—

Yes, Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot;
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont
And field of Waterloo.

Even in Tennyson's ode on his death he shares with his great sea rival the stately eulogium which came more from the head than the heart. In their lives these famous Englishmen had honours and rewards to satiety, and their dust reposes with the mighty dead. But their glory pales

before that of a British soldier who fell in a far-off land ere his task was finished, and whose memory is enshrined forever in those sad, sweet, sublime verses, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." No lovelier requiem was ever sung over the sepulchre of a gallant soul, and it will find an echo in men's hearts when the marble monument and lofty fane are numbered with the things that were.

Times change and we change with them, and it is difficult for us now to catch the spirit of the antique times and understand the enthralling interest raised by a racy, stirring ballad in the lord's hall, the lady's bower, and at the peasant's fireside. Dimly can we discern how much these ballads were cherished, and orally transmitted before the invention of printing, when we remember they were the sole equivalents of the modern newspaper, drama and opera. Though many are irretrievably lost, sufficient remain to fill our hearts with pride and gratitude for such rich relics from the storied days of yore. Quaint and simple in form, but throbbing with passionate emotion, they are also

Full of noble singing for all the latter time,
That we who grope and climb
May bear our burdens easier for thinking on a rhyme.

Some are jocund and gay, summer blossoms of the vagrom gypsy muse, or beautiful as that exquisite love idyll, "The Nut-Brown Maid." Others are sad as the voice of a moaning sea, or recall from the misty past the shadowy, dream-like figures that flit to and fro in an atmosphere of magic and mystery in the land of old romance. But whether they take us back

To some long-sunken land,
To palaces that stand
In tangled forests of sea-weed and hills of shifting sand :
To the lost towns that brood upon the wars and journeyings
Of old heroic kings,
Whose streets are filled with drifting ooze and nests of
deep-sea things,

or whether they move us to laughter and tears with the mirth and pathos, the joys and sorrows of humble lives—unless we are churls, we shall take them to our heart of hearts, and thank heaven for a priceless gift.

The old ballads came fresh and unforced as the water of a bubbling spring. Many of the new are like distilled potions offered in a jewelled cup, or seem to flow from artificial reservoirs, and the draught is neither refreshing nor sweet. Must we then conclude that the old simplicities are gone for ever? that we can be supplied with nothing but manufactured Hippocrene? I trow not. While love is strong and women are fair and men are brave, we can look forward hopefully, for the singers of the future, drawing from these perennial founts of inspiration, shall give us Arcadian airs, and heroic songs worthy of our old renown; songs clear as a limpid lake, and keen and sweet as the breeze that blows about the cloudless mountain heights.

NOTES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

BY HERBERT TAYLOR.

HIGH poetry and great literature are born in periods of a nation's emotional activity, a time of successful fighting or of defeat, when men's minds are moved by mighty influences, strength is the dominant note. The novel is born in more peaceful times, when the community is more at leisure, more wealthy, more artificial. It is literature brought to earth, not the whisperings of the gods, written down by the seers, but the happenings of such as you and me and all people living in the world. It is an intimate thing; its success depends on the novelty of its situations or point of view, and the probability of its happenings.

The novel took centuries to establish itself in England. Defoe and Swift are of the earliest whose work approaches the novel form. The earlier novels in England were principally translations from the French, and some from the Spanish and the Italian, but this work was generally of an inferior order, and so it does not occupy a place of any merit in English literature.

Samuel Richardson, printer, friend of women and novelist, in his youth wrote love-letters for young illiterate women, and this experience he turned to purpose in his novels. "Pamela: or Virtue Rewarded" (1740), "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748), and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1753) are his contributions to the literature of the novel, "Clarissa" being generally accepted as his masterpiece. His choice of the letter form for his narratives is suited to his abilities, but there are great limitations to this style;

the letters are frequently such as do not approach a naturally written letter from one friend or acquaintance to another; but with all their limitations the novels of Richardson deserve a prominent place. It is evident that his novels were written with a moral purpose, and it is to his credit that he produced works of artistic merit in spite of keeping his morals in view. *Pamela* and *Clarissa* are two of the most notable characters of women, drawn by men, in the whole range of the literature of the novel. One feels that in so many subtle ways they disclose the peculiar qualities which belong to their type of women. Sir Charles Grandison is a character which does not reach a high level, and shows the difficulty of portraying a consistently decent man. With the best intentions in the world novelists usually fail when attempting to draw the character of a man wholly good; he usually turns out to be something of a prig. The moral quality of Richardson's novels and their literary merit raised the tone of the novel, and their popular success gave an inspiration to writers of higher merit than had been attracted to the novel before him.

The success of "*Pamela*" induced Henry Fielding to write "*Joseph Andrews*" (1742). This novel was written as a parody on "*Pamela*." Previous to this Fielding had written a number of more or less commonplace stage plays, but he had given up this work a short time previous to becoming a novelist. His second novel was "*Jonathan Wild*" (1743), the hero being an historical character, a criminal who had been hanged some ten years at the time the novel was published. Of this work Professor Saintsbury writes:—

It is really as full of live personages as "*Joseph Andrews*," and if their being drawn almost entirely from the barest originals, cannot be so agreeable as the not more true but far more sympathetic characters of the earlier published novel, they are as literature, equally great, and perhaps more astonishing.

In 1749 Fielding published his third and greatest novel, "Tom Jones." In this novel we have a variety of characters drawn in a lifelike manner, and on this work Fielding's high place as a novelist rests. The novel, though a long one, is full of incident and interest throughout. We have a faithful picture of the characteristics of the period of time in which the novel was written. In Fielding's work we have a broader outlook and a more universal spirit than pervades the novels of Richardson. The characters are all emotional, the forces of the intellect are not brought into play, the characters are moved by the external influences of the situations in which they are placed; there is no suggestion of the intellect working to create situations or to develop character, with the exception of the rogue Blifil, and in some degree in the two tutors, Mr. Square and Mr. Thwackum, who are contemptible. Tom Jones himself is pictured as one moved entirely by emotions. The absence of any intellect to control them is the cause of all his troubles. It is, however, on account of this quality that he continues to be an attractive character, and gives to this novel its universal appeal. The essays before each book of "Tom Jones" are of much interest. In the one before Book V. Fielding writes regarding the art of the novelist:—

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new view of knowledge, which if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This view is no other than that of contrast, which runs through the works of creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the ideal of all beauty, as well natural as artificial; for what demonstrates the beauty of anything but its reverse? Thus the beauty of the day and that of summer is set off by the horrors of night and winter, and I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

And again in the essay before Book VIII., after referring

to the advantage to the historian of the public records, and testimony of many authors:—

No one doubts but that men so very good and so very bad were once the masters of mankind. But we who deal in private character, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of the virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too, and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

These extracts show the foundations on which novels should be built, and there is a great truth in the importance, which must be observed by novelists, in not exceeding the limits of probability when drawing good and amiable characters. The truth of this statement is found when we review the various typical characters in fiction. The attractive good and amiable ones are but few; there are many more amiable villains. The character of Mr. Allworthy, I consider, is a fine example of a good and amiable one, and one which takes a high place in the literature of the novel, and is a further proof of Fielding's genius.

The importance of Smollett in the development of the novel is, according to Professor Saintsbury, that he was the first to delineate national types in a human and artistic manner, and to give to characters the interest of their vocations. He was the first to draw sailors and doctors; these characters he was able to draw out of his experiences. His work has robustness, and while it has qualities which would not suit the tastes of to-day, it was suited to its time. His work has a literary merit that gives him an abiding place in literature.

With "Tristram Shandy" (1760) Laurence Sterne added to the popularity and literary merit of the novel. It may be true that he borrowed much from earlier writers, but he so blends them with his peculiar qualities that he justifies the loan, and with all his eccentricities there is a substance in his work, combined with subtle humour and clever character drawing. Uncle Toby, as the first, with Walter Shandy and Corporal Trim, will ever keep a place in the memory of readers.

These four writers placed the form of the novel on a clear and natural basis. They showed that the subjects which could be treated included all that occur in human experience, the essence being that the characters, incidents, descriptions and the speech and customs reflect that which is probable, and give to the whole an atmosphere of actual life. The highest art of the novel is to give to the reader an impression of characters and incidents which may be met with in life as he knows it. In doing this the novelist will search for matter to give a novel interest to his readers. He must create characters that have an interest in themselves, and arrange that, although the characters and incidents may be unusual, the progress of the story should follow a probable course.

After Sterne until the rise of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott, the novel was in the hands of minor writers who, with the exception of Godwin and Horace Walpole, do not assist in the development of it. "Caleb Williams" (1794), by Godwin, is, I think, the first where the intellectual qualities of the characters are brought into play as causing the direction of the action of them. "The Castle of Otranto," by Walpole, although a failure, is noted as being the first attempt at the historical novel. The next great figures are Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott. The former raised the standard of the novel rather than widened its field. Her work combines the best features of her predecessors; it has a more perfect balance. We have the feeling of living within the circle of the

people to whom we are introduced; the characters are alive in her pages; the plots are well conceived; the incidents are naturally connected, and there is fidelity to the manners and customs of her times. The range of society drawn by her is small but delightful, and will have a charm for all time. A prominent feature of Miss Austen's work is that she does not rely on exceptional or peculiar features of people for the interest of her story, and by the keenness of her observation and a spirit of true humour her stories never fall to dulness. "*Pride and Prejudice*" (1813), her masterpiece, is a novel of the first rank. Is there a man or boy reader who does not love Miss Elizabeth Bennet, or does not sympathise with Mr. Bennet and his family of girls? Another good point is the drawing of the merchant uncle; it is a quality all too rare in novels to have such a one drawn in an amiable manner; it is a common feature of novels, particularly the earlier ones, to picture business people as always mean and sordid. Miss Austen's other five novels are all of the first class. Her work retains a freshness for readers of to-day, and there is at present a revival of interest in it. This, I think, is due to her qualities being emotional rather than intellectual; it is the intellect which becomes old-fashioned and out of date; the qualities of the heart ever remain the same.

Sir Walter Scott marked out a field for himself with the historical novel. In his own line he is supreme. "*Waverley*," published in 1814, showed that a master had arisen, and the reading public were ever ready for all that he could give them. There are many pitfalls in this class of novels, and they fail if they do not convey the spirit and approximate the truth of the period and incidents they are written around. Scott's genius avoided these failures. That he was a deep student of history is a matter of common knowledge; he had, too, a fine historical sense, and this equipment enabled him to convey to us the romance of history in a way we do not get from historical works. He makes the past live again, he invests history with a wider

meaning for the multitude, he gives to the facts of history the glamour of romance, the castles of Britain are again peopled, battles are re-fought. We can visit the scenes, and we can find the original people in the more dull pages of history. Scott more than any writer before or since has thrown a glamour over the past, to the influence of his novels has been due the growing interest in the relics we have left to us. Places of quite a minor value have become treasured because of being associated with scenes in his works. Would anyone think twice of the ruined keep at Castleton, Derbyshire, if it did not belong to "Peveril of the Peak." Contrast this with the regard shown for the ruined keep, the birthplace of Prince Llewelyn at Dolwyddelan, even by the Welsh. True, it is referred to in guide books, but one feels this is due to Scott having made us realise there is romance to be found in every scrap of a castle left to us, and now we treasure them all. Perhaps some will say Scott has made us an imperial people.

The beginning of the nineteenth century marks a period great in English literature and one which has left a definite impression on the English novel. At this time Jane Austen and Scott were in the heyday of their activity, but their work does not show they were greatly influenced by the intellectuality of their contemporaries. Prominent men of letters in these years are the poets Shelley and Byron, who, by their work and the manner of their lives, influenced the change which is found in novels after the two great novelists I have referred to. Lytton and Disraeli are the two most prominent who show a direct influence from the two poets, that of Byron being the most pronounced.

The position of Lytton in the development of the novel is an important one, not that he raised the standard of literary merit, there is too much packing in most of his work for that, but he widened the field existing before his time, with the minor exception of Godwin. The characters

and incidents were emotional, the forces of intellect, acting on or through their emotions, is not dwelt upon. With Lytton it is in the clashing of the intellectual and emotional qualities of the characters that their interest lies. I feel that Lytton is now rarely given the prominent place he deserves as a novelist. This may be due to his attempts to soar into heights which had not been then reached, and the height he did reach is not appreciated because we are able to see by how much he failed. In his social novels his style is frequently against him, and there is at times an unhealthy morbidity about his characters, but we have to consider how far these features are components of the type of character he is drawing, and a characteristic of his period. There is no doubt that his novels convey a true picture of the manners and customs of his time.

The clashing of the intellect with the instinct or emotions is the prominent feature, and always with his heroes the emotional quality ultimately predominates, with his villains the intellectual. In "My Novel," in spite of much morbidity and sentimentalism, the base is sound. In "Zanoni," the man of intellect lives through the ages till he lets his tired intellect go and falls in love with a pretty girl, and so finds peace and salvation. In "Pelham," the dandy novel, the book which determined that men should wear black for evening dress, it is qualities of the heart which win their way through. "Godolphin" fails because he allowed intellect to predominate. Lytton varied his style to suit the changes in the popular taste, but the underlying features always remain. Lytton is one of the earliest writers to dwell on the psychical and occult forces in humanity. In "Zanoni" he refers to men of great intellect in their intimate moments, confessing the feeling of a consciousness of communicating with the spirit world. This quality intrudes itself timidly and shows the author not to be sure of himself, but it is evidence of a sincere interest in the question.

The influence of Byron on Disraeli is shown in "Venetia," and in a less degree in "Henrietta Temple," but his place in the history of fiction rests on his political novels. The influence of politics is a combination of emotion and intellect, and may be called the social conscience. In his best work the main interest lies with the political achievement of the characters, as distinct from the usual love story. His work shows a subtle and keen observation and knowledge of humanity.

Contemporary with Lytton and Disraeli the figures of Dickens and Thackeray stand out. Thackeray writes of the lives of the upper and middle classes, largely concerned with what we may call ordinary people, and his work is a reaction on the work of Lytton and Disraeli. He raises the standard of literary merit of the novel, but does not enlarge its field. He is antagonistic to the intellectual school of novelists, and insists on the observance of the conventions of social life.

Thackeray and Jane Austen are great amongst the novelists who give a real charm to the reader, and which may be compared to the charm and lush of the summer days. Some have said Thackeray is cynical and Jane Austen satirical. These qualities are like clouds in a summer's sky: for a moment they may dim the sunshine, but without them the sun's rising and setting would be shorn of its splendour.

The importance of the work of Dickens is that he gave the uncultured and poorer classes a definite place in literature, and he was a great humourist. It will be a sign of real decay in the English race when "The Pickwick Papers" loses popularity. There is a fine spirit of what we like to call true English humour in Mr. Pickwick. This book stands by itself. The great bulk of Dickens' work leaves on me a feeling of roaming about unclean streets meeting mean people, and here and there finding great patches of sunshine. He conveys to us the outlook of the poor and ignorant, and rightly the

emotional qualities predominate. These, as is true to life, often run to sentimentalism. Where there is an approach to intellectualism it is in the villains of the story, notably Fagin in "Oliver Twist." Dickens, while treating of the poor with a large measure of sympathy and insight, limits his range principally to the nondescript classes. He does not concern himself with the more manly qualities of the English working classes. All the same, he makes a successful effort to give us glimpses of the soul of the poor, and of the completeness to themselves of their lives. I would like to emphasise this point, as I feel that one of the limitations of literature in general is that the poor are considered as living for the convenience of the richer and more cultured classes, instead of a proper recognition being made of their having the qualities common to humanity as a whole.

George Eliot's work is important for her psychical quality; for example, in the character of Silas Marner, and in addition she raises the standard of literary merit of the novel. Her best work has a rather limited range. She is most convincing, as indeed most novelists are, when she draws on the scenes and people of her experience for the matter of her books, and less so when she relies more on her imagination for the setting of them.

With the novels of Meredith we meet with a master hand. He gathers together the forces of the heart and mind and blends them with a spirit of humour. His characters show the instincts and minds of men at work, their limitations and inconsistencies. At times his style is awkward, sometimes it jolts us, and many stand timid; but he is trying to lead us to the great heights; he desires to show us the world of man from the mountain tops; the ways up the mountain may be at times obscure, and there may be toil and labour in the climb, but when we arrive we have a glorious view. He gives us glimpses of the great heart of humanity, a heart greater than the intellect. I feel that Meredith reaches a greater height

than other novelists; there is a finer balance of the forces in humanity shown in his work. With him there is a more perfect and yet more subtle triumph of the psychic over the intellectual forces; and at the same time the intellect is given a more true place. In "The Ordeal of Richard Ferval" the qualities of the heart of Mrs. Berry triumph over the intellectual qualities of the just but unamiable Sir Austen. It is true the lives of Richard and Lucy are broken in the fight, but it is over the slain that we ever move onward. There is a deep humour in the incident of Sir Austen creeping into baby Richard's bedroom nightly, and when discovered by Mrs. Berry he dismisses her with a pension.

The failure as a lover and as a man of Sir Willoughby Patterne in the "Egoist" is a study which sinks deep into the mind of any reader. We have a deep psychic insight into character in the mating of Diana of the Crossways with Mr. Rishworth.

With Meredith we have emotion without sentimentality, and intellectualism without morbidity; the characters are strong, there is no maudlin weakness about his work.

Thomas Hardy, with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure," widens the field of the novelist. His other novels, while of the highest class, follow more conventional lines. As a novelist I think of him as second only to Meredith. Jude is a study of a type which one feels to be a product of the nineteenth century—a man sentimentally intellectual and therefore weak and morbid. One can sympathise with the reviewers fighting shy of this book when it was published, coming as it did at a time when educationists were busy erecting educational ladders to ensure that he who desired could ascend to the dizzy heights of Oxford or Cambridge University from the lowliest place. The story is one of unrelieved gloom, but it is a study of a state of mind to avoid. It is worked out by a master hand; its strength is in the bitterness of its truths; it expresses a decadent phase, a

dark page in the book of life. A quality in Hardy's "Wessex" novels is the manly character given to the agricultural labourer, and his insistence on the ability required of them to do their work. He makes it clear that this class has a proper and important place in the community.

The works of the more recent and present novelists, the novels with a purpose, are much in evidence, and for this reason few masterpieces are being produced. Exceptions to this are the novels of Henry James and George Gissing, Kipling and Barrie, to mention a few names in the front rank. Wells, in "Tono Bungay," rises into this class, and so does Arnold Bennett with "Clayhanger." These novels will, I think, have a lasting place. The larger portion of the work of Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy will fall into the background as the years pass, but it is difficult to prophesy. I am led to this conclusion when I review the novels of the past. Those which have a continued appeal have a psychic quality as distinct from a metaphysical one. By psychic I mean the instinctive forces which are the basis of emotion; by metaphysical I mean the forces which are the base of intellect and are cultivated forces which vary with the thoughts and activities of the period, and are ever changing the direction of their movements. When a novelist builds up the structure of his novel on a metaphysical basis it becomes old-fashioned and out of date as the mental outlook of the community changes. The "New Machiavelli" and "Marriage," by Mr. Wells, are, I feel, novels of this class; their appeal is entirely intellectual; the characters definitely set out to lead lives dominated by the intellect, but they fail badly; they find themselves up against everything, and end with self-conscious love-making, which is nervous and frequently morbid. It is the self-conscious love-making that is against the popularity of Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," and also this book is against much of the intellectual sentimentalism we suffer from, whereas Wells writes in

sympathy with it, and in this way achieves a present popularity.

Arnold Bennett, in "Clayhanger," strikes a higher note. There are certain qualities in this work which may be compared with Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." Clayhanger as a lover has points of similarity to Mr. Rishworth in the older work. These characters are impelled to a course of action which is quite independent of their reason, and so is more true to life. This suggests the universal spirit of rhythmic unity which we feel exists in nature. Novels of the intellectual school always strike discords; they limit their characters to the outlook of the individual, and instead of creating an impression of their activities forming a part of the scheme of things, we feel the suggestion that man should direct and control natural forces rather than work in harmony with them.

By the genius and ability of many writers the novel now occupies a first place in literature. In the literature of to-day it is the form which has the most vitality. The older literature, the classics, will ever remain; they concern themselves with the eternal truths, and will always be the base on which literature stands. The novel is that form which by its nature is always adjusting itself to its period, and at its best it expresses the forces of the classics and enlarges on the influences of the changes in the habits and thoughts of people, due to their ever varying activities. One of the effects of the novel has been to increase the popularity of books on travel and biography, and generally it has produced a widening reading public. To-day everybody reads something, if it is only newspapers, and this is a step in advance. That much trash is distributed there is no doubt; this has always been so. The novels before Richardson were generally trashy, and because of this they have no recognised place in literature, and there has been an unending supply since. The criticism by Sir Antony Absolute in "The Rivals" expresses a current view of his time. Professor Saintsbury,

in his "History of the English Novel," refers to a critic about the end of the eighteenth century saying that the two most licentious novelists of his day were women, and that this was repeating a criticism of a hundred years before. We could say the same to-day. The great comfort is that the trashy stuff rapidly dies, the novels of merit survive, and so we speak of the past as times when the great and good work was produced. Of our activities it will only be whatever future generations find useful to them that will survive; the useless passes away; the best of to-day is the best we can do, and even if we feel we are making a mess of things we must keep going on, to stand weeping is the worst of all—that is death.

A feature which is becoming more prominent in the work of novelists is that of choosing a particular district and giving a reflection of the scenes and life of the people in it, notably Thomas Hardy, with his "Wessex" novels, and Arnold Bennett with the "Potteries." In the novels of the latter we have the features of life in a manufacturing district given with close detail and fidelity to the actual. These novels hold the atmosphere surrounding the characters; they show the accidental and temporary influences which, combining, produce the conditions peculiar to the district described; we see how the haphazard methods of individuals produce unlovely surroundings. It is to be hoped that novelists will further identify their work with characteristics arising out of the conditions in districts where great industries have their homes. Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool and all other great towns represent much more than blots on the fair surface of the earth.

I have briefly referred to those novelists whose work appears to me to have had a definite influence in widening the field of the novel. I have omitted many names of authors of the first rank and who have raised the standard of literary merit in literature. The purpose I have in view is to indicate how the novel beginning with a narrow

field and dealing with emotional characteristics has widened to include all phases of life, and having this wide field makes for the permanency of it. The prominent position of the novel is one of the features in the literary history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Its influence continues to grow. To-day novelists are in the front rank of our men of letters.

The novel must be so constructed that the characters and incidents have a vitality that has the stamp of probability in actual life; properly they should reflect life, and in this way they follow it, and though the reading of many novels will widen our outlook, yet life is a much wider and deeper thing than the novelists have been able to show us. The earlier novelists concerned themselves with the sentiments and emotions. It was not till Lytton we had the forces of the intellect given a prominent place. In these present days we are in danger of having the intellectual overshadowing the emotional qualities, and from this I fear we have arising the feeling that to-day marks a period of mediocrity for the novel. In the emotional novel the characters are moved by their hearts, they have vitality. In the intellectual novel the characters are moved principally by their minds; they have mental agility. The former class runs down to sentimentality, and the latter to morbidity, and this quality is perhaps the really harmful one to be found in novels, because by faulty reasoning, some sort of plausibility is given to incidents and influences which are opposed to the forces on which the well-being of the community rests. The failing of the intellectual novel is that it limits life to the outlook of the individual. The characters are self-conscious, and lack the saving grace of humour, and when this permeates the life of a people it is the sign of decay, because of the lack of spirituality or psychic quality. In life people are driven forward by their emotions and held back by their reason, and as the reflection of life the novel must have similar qualities. The emotions have their base in the

psychic forces which stir the hearts of men, and the activities of the intellect have their base in the metaphysical forces which stir men's minds. The forces directing the emotions may be considered as the river of life, and those directing the intellect as the river banks. It is the flowing stream that turns the mill.

SOME EARLY CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

By JOHN H. SWANN.

TO enumerate all the books and articles having Christmas as their subject would be a formidable task worthy of the most enthusiastic of bibliographers. Several contributions toward such a catalogue have been made, but the full list has yet to be compiled. I wonder whether in such a collection of titles there would be one indicating a work in which the spirit of Christmas at various periods had been adequately studied and portrayed. There are many works giving the history of Christmas customs of all ages, but the book I have in mind would go behind the customs and endeavour to depict the conceptions and ideas which were the begetters of the outward observances.

I am moved to this observation in contemplating certain predecessors of those Christmas numbers which nowadays endeavour to persuade us that the festive season begins somewhere about the first of November! I am told on good authority that the Christmas number is not the saleable commodity it used to be; that its popularity is very much on the wane. There are various reasons for this decline, but the only one I shall mention here is that the difficulty of distinguishing a Christmas number from a publication suitable for the midsummer holidays must have made that section of the public which still cherishes the traditional idea of Christmas somewhat indifferent to them.

This paper is concerned with the Christmas numbers of the "Illustrated London News" in its earlier years. One great attraction of these supplements is that there was not the slightest doubt in the publishers' and editors' minds as to the season of the year in which Christmas occurs. And as regards the conception of Yuletide entertained by

the writers and artists who supplied the contents, it is evident that they considered Christmas to be a time for the enjoyment of good things, mental, spiritual and material,—especially the material.

Turning over their leaves, I find that the historian of the manifestations of the Christmas spirit at different periods, whose work has yet to appear, will find in these old numbers a valuable aid in his study of the Victorian Christmas. They will certainly show to him how all-pervading was the influence of Charles Dickens. One need only read the "Christmas Carol" and the Christmas scenes in the "Pickwick Papers" to find the source of much of what appears in these numbers. Yet I think too great a stress may be laid upon Dickens's influence as an originator of Christmas sentiment. Undoubtedly he did much to revive the festive and generous spirit of the time, and somehow gave an unmistakable Dickensian turn to the popular idea of the festival. But all along the ages festive cheer has been a prominent feature of Christmastime; I am sure ghost stories must have delightfully scared children and older folk in mediæval castles, halls and cottages, and carol singing, and no doubt present giving, have been features of Christmas from remote days until now when postmen work night and day to cope with seasonable greetings, ranging from cards at six a penny to a millionaire's gifts.

I am disposed to think that the influence of Washington Irving, with his ever-pleasing description of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall (first issued in 1822), was, and is, in some directions quite as strong as that of Dickens. He certainly revived interest in the older and statelier customs. To him, I think, one may fairly trace the pictures of groups of rustic carollers outside the lighted windows of old halls and manor-houses; of the joyous human team hauling the great yule-log over the snow by torch-light; the ceremonious bringing in of the boar's head, and other such presentations of the antique Christmas. Indeed, in one of these numbers, that for 1859, I find an article on

In the following year (1843) the ordinary issue for Christmas week contains a notice of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," then just beginning its astonishing and beneficent career. The notice consists almost entirely of liberal quotation, and ends thus: "Altogether this is an exquisite work, such as we trust the author will produce many seasons to come." A short article on "Christmas Waits" is accompanied by a picture which is certainly one of the most unromantic representations of waits I have seen,—the men wearing top hats and the ladies arrayed in crinolines!

In 1845 the Yule-tide fare flows into two ordinary numbers (Dec. 20 and 27), and includes a rollicking full-page drawing by Kenny Meadows, showing the face and shoulders of a particularly hilarious Father Christmas, his right hand vigorously outstretched, the left holding a wassail jug, whilst in the foreground a large punch-bowl is in company with three bottles of wine and a circle of glasses. For several successive years characteristic drawings by that quaint artist were features of the Christmas issues.

It was in 1848 that the further development of a separate supplement at Christmas-time took place, and the Christmas supplement, or the Christmas number as it came to be called later, was henceforth an established feature. These numbers have given very real pleasure to innumerable people, and must have helped materially in making a merry Christmas year by year. This first supplement opens with a front page editorial on "Christmas Moralities"; to this succeeds an article by R. H. Horne on "Christmas Carols," and Leigh Hunt contributes some verses entitled "Friends Together: Christmas Chant and Chorus." There is a drawing by John Leech which, under the title of "Fetching Home the Christmas Dinner," shows a small procession of truly Dickensian figures hurrying home from the bakehouse with savoury and steaming burdens. Among other contributions there is one entitled, "The Streets at Christmas Time," to which there are two

illustrations—one by W. Harvey, the other by Birket Foster. The latter shows a London street with a holly-laden cart, in the shafts of which is a fine donkey. The editor must have chuckled when he appended the legend, "The Holly Cart: Drawn by Foster." A full-page picture shows the Christmas tree at Windsor Castle, with Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the royal children admiring it,—presumably the ancestor of a numerous line of such wonderful, present-bearing trees in this country.

The Christmas Supplement for 1852 contains a story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, entitled "The Unpardonable Sin." This, however, was not its first appearance, for it had been published in May of the previous year in the obviously American periodical, "The Dollar Magazine." There were two supplements at Christmas in 1853; one, entitled "Christmas in France," being printed at Paris and giving various aspects of the season in France. An engraving by that master wood-engraver, W. J. Linton, of a "Madonna and Child," by Raphael, introduces the regular supplement, which is also further enriched with characteristic drawings by John Leech, "Phiz," and Birket Foster. Among the literary contributions there are verses by Edmund Yates on "Snowballing" and "The Mistletoe Seller." John (afterwards Sir John) Gilbert was a great accession to the illustrators of these Christmas supplements. Full of animation, with real appreciation of the sentiment of the old-time Christmas, his drawings are delightful. In 1854 he pictured Charles the Second knighting the loin (henceforth sirloin) of beef, but according to the legend it was James I. who conferred the knighthood. Unless you are a vegetarian, you will say the beef as shown in the drawing well deserved the honour. In the next year Gilbert produced another full-page picture, the subject being "Bringing in the Boar's Head." Behind the mighty and famous dish is seen the jolly, beaming face of the bearer. Another drawing shows bluff King Hal and the Miller of the Dee.

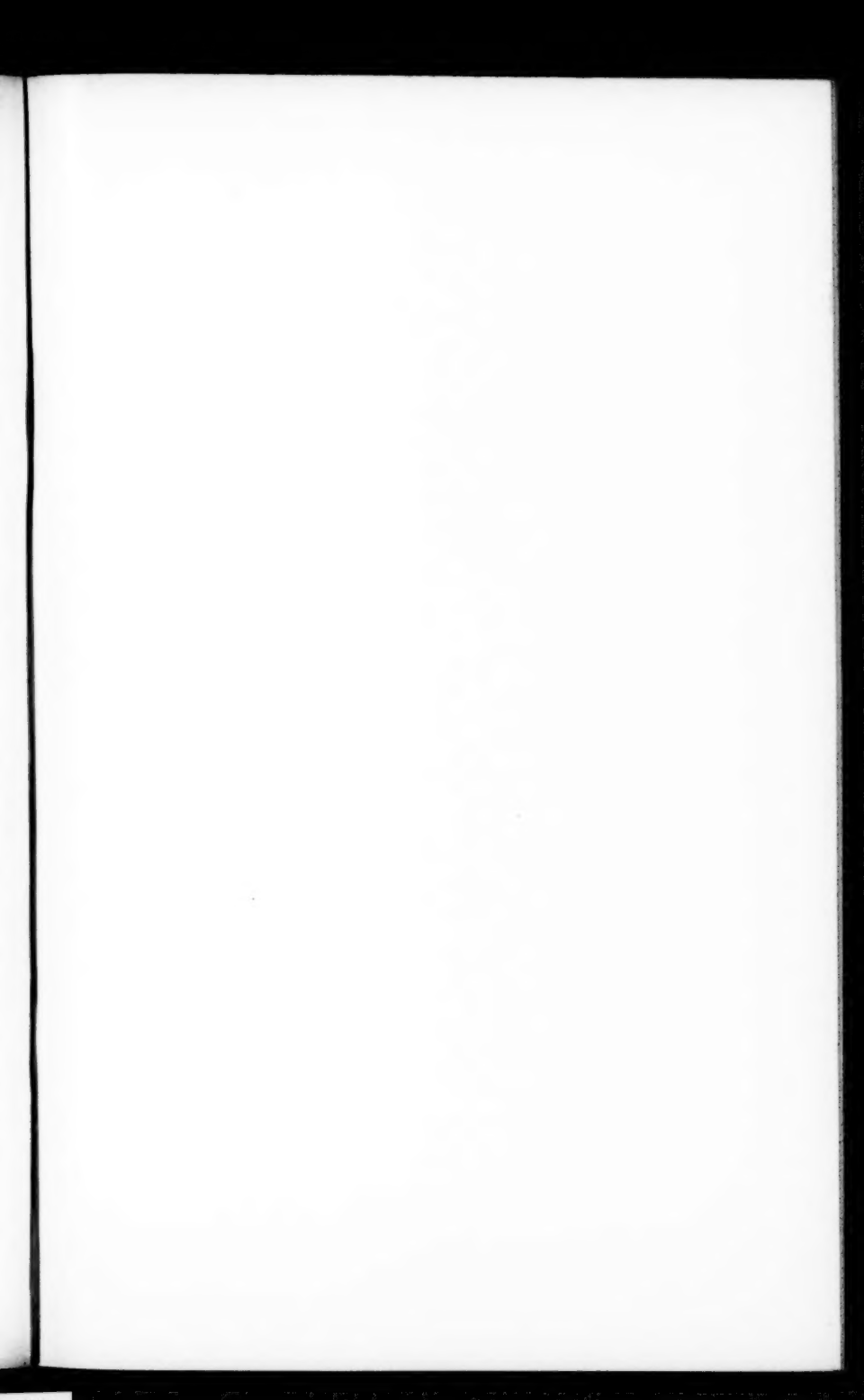
A portion of this supplement is printed in colours, and includes, besides two of the Gilbert pictures, a "Christmas Carol," by Phiz, showing five eminently rustic children singing carols near a park wall, on the top of which a cat is declining the attentions of a dog below. This number is also notable for a drawing by Samuel Read entitled "Cold Without." We see a picturesque, old, gabled inn whose swinging sign, fixed on a branch of a large tree, bears the legend "The Punch Bowl." The windows are lighted up and a traveller is making for its warmth and comfort through deep snow; beyond the light and its reflection on the snow is the blackness and mystery of night. Read's drawings ought not to be forgotten, and one wishes that a representative collection could be reprinted. He could suggest the eerie atmosphere of a lonely, ancient, and haunted house in a striking manner and could also invest his drawings with a sense of that spaciousness which is found in Rembrandt's "Angels appearing to the Shepherds." For a number of years the "Illustrated London News" published drawings by him. In the 1856 Christmas supplement there is one entitled "Christmas Eve: Shortest Way Home." A man and woman, preceded by a boy with a lighted lantern, are crossing a plank bridge over a brook; lofty trees reach above them towards the moonlit sky, whilst up beyond the trees are the ruins of an ancient castle, and through one of the shattered windows the bright circle of the moon is seen. It is indeed no commonplace picture; there is in it the real and vital presence of imagination.

Among the literary contributors to the 1855 supplement were Horace Mayhew, Cuthbert Bede and Shirley Brooks.

Two well-remembered names meet us in the next year's (1856) Christmas medley, for Mark Lemon has a story under the title of "The Christmas Hamper," and Charles Keene pictures the interior of a belfry when the Christmas bells are being rung. There is also a glorious double-page illustration by John Gilbert of "Henry VII keeping

Christmas in Westminster Hall,"—surely the apotheosis of Christmas festivity. As one comes upon that picture, crowded as it is with figures and incident, it is as though one had suddenly opened a door upon the actual revelry; the vigour of it rushes upon you almost overpoweringly. What a feast!—what strength of limb and appetite!—what digestions! Our modern stomachs, inured to chocolate and pre-digested foods, would turn pale if confronted with such dishes and such quantities!

Much more might be said about these old Christmas numbers, but I must make an end. I confess to a real fondness for their quaintness and their old-fashioned Christmas feeling. I believe the artists and writers who produced them really enjoyed their work; I cannot think it was all a convention with them. There is too much evidence otherwise, it seems to me. Then how those wood engravings helped. They are so much more human and individual than the present-day mechanical process work which becomes so deadly monotonous and hard. I find in these numbers more of the Christmas that appeals to my imagination and feeling,—in the pictures of merry children at their romping, of the mystic ceremonies of the mistletoe, of ancient houses with cheerful lighted windows, of snow-whitened country under the moonlight, of towers of old churches from which the bells are flinging out their Christmas music, of quaint country carollers with their horn lanthorns, of the Christmas feast with its antique ceremonies,—bringing in the boar's head, the procession of the holly-crowned pudding and so on,—of the hauling of the yule log to its burning in the enormous fireplace, of the weird ghosts in panelled rooms and dim corridors, of the shepherds abiding in the field and the angelic host announcing the wonderful Birth, and of the love-hallowed pictures of the Mother and the Babe with the gentle-eyed cattle near by. If it is being sentimental to have real regard for these things, then I am hopelessly sentimental, and I trust to remain so to the end of the chapter.





THE HAUNT OF THE EAGLE.
Lough Nalughraman.

From a photograph by the Rev. A. W. Fox.

HAUNTS OF THE EAGLE.

By ARTHUR W. FOX.

THE solitudes dear to the golden eagle are few and growing fewer in the British Islands year by year. The gamekeeper with his gun has done much to destroy the kingly creature, or by climbing to its eyrie he has robbed the nest and driven the builder far from the secret spot. Doubtless he may have saved the life of more than one sickly fawn or weakly lamb; but how irreparable has been the loss to the true bird-lover, whose weapon is a field-glass, not a fowling-piece. Even a fool can butcher the noblest of the birds, or chase it away from the lonely heights amid which it is wont to dwell. But for all his wisdom a wise man cannot bring it back to circle through the empyrean or to swoop upon its prey. Yet surely its family is never so large as to imperil seriously the fawn or lamb, while it usually chooses the weaker of either, the one less likely to survive. Moreover, civilisation is intruding its somewhat commonplace visage into the remoter solitudes, civilisation beloved of man but abhorred by the eagle. Hence there is small need to fear that it will ever become so numerous as to be a source of severe injury to the shepherd or gamekeeper, while it may rid them of some of their undoubted foes. May they be induced to spare its life, may a stern check be put upon the selfish depredations of the professional naturalist, who lives to a large extent by the slaughter of rare living beings.

In the heart of County Donegal the Derryveagh Mountains, with the sublime Errigal group rise from the spacious bog with bare and precipitous flanks. Formed of white quartzite, when the sun lights up their abrupt slopes, they shine forth against the clear blue sky, white,

majestic, glittering as a lesser Sierra Nevada. By the fine taste in names of the ancient Irish, one of them is known as Slieve Snacht or "Snow Mountain," which rears its great round head like the crystalline dome of some mighty temple. Until a few years ago a herd of wild goats was wont to find a bare subsistence upon the scanty herbage of the lone mountain side; but the sportsman, as he calls himself, has wantonly slain the last of these timid scourers of the deep hidden dells. Sharply cut out of the hard rock the Poisoned Glen parts a shoulder of Slieve Snacht from the barren summit of Dooish. Neither fairy legend nor historical tradition remains to tell the origin of the forbidding name of the desolate dale. "Sure it's just a poisoned glen," the peasant will answer invariably to the curious wayfarer. On the one side it is flanked by perpendicular white gleaming cliffs ascending to the height of fourteen hundred feet. Near by a tumultuous stream leaps down the granite boulders from which it was born, which vainly strive to hinder its headlong course to quieter quarters along the bottom of the glen. On the other side is a rugged slope of mingled heather, bent-grass, rock, choice flowers, thickets of dwarf furze, watered by a thousand tiny rills and rising to the top of Dooish. At the entrance of the glen a small but costly church has been built of the hard stone of the neighbourhood by some pious benefactor to supply the needs of the three Protestant families of that part of the country.

It was on a cloudless day in early August more than twenty years ago that I first found my way into the grim loneliness of the Poisoned Glen. The shining rocks were baked by the fierce glow of the sun, and the very blue of the sky seemed almost burned into a shimmering transparency. Path there was none, scarce even a sheep-track. The purple heath flushed its slender sprays through the clear radiance in marked contrast with the paler heather. The margin of the stream was decked with gay saxifrages, such as bloom in the late summer; the brown bog was

silvered over with large patches of snowy cotton-grass variegated with bright green splashes of treacherous moss. The busy burnet-moth, with its burnished wings of metallic bronze shot with crimson, darted from flower to flower in anxious haste, itself as beautiful as any. The leaves of the bog violet gleamed yellow-green amid the brown bent-grass adorned by more than one belated pale lilac blossom. Over the heather the fine emperor moth shot headlong, making eyes amidst the pink blooms. The slow breeze stirred the russet-tinted sweet gale into lazy fragrance, and on many a rock were little banks of earth smiling with wide-open wild thyme. A large blue dragon-fly was chasing its minute game near the edge of the stream, its dainty body shining like a fairy column of purest sapphire. The insect-world was astir, though all else was still, wrapped in a slumberous languor, which tempted to repose.

I had no mind to rest in the valley in spite of the jocund company of dainty blue butterflies like sprays of floating forget-me-not, green and purple hair-streaks like flitting emeralds and amethysts and small coppers flaming like scarlet flowerets shaken loose from their stems. I determined to climb the steep mountain-side and take my way to the lonely top of Dooish. The ascent was by no means easy: the heat was intense, and scarce a breeze deigned to fan my dewy forehead. The little rills made murmurous music to the air, but they rendered the foothold insecure to the feet. Once I chanced to set my right foot upon a deceptively solid-looking tuft of grass and found my leg sinking into an unsuspected boggy hole. Before I could withdraw it the other leg descended into a similar position, and I was left astride of a dripping rocky ridge covered with the stiff leaves of the London pride, still decked with its seeding stems. The situation was humorous and pleasantly cool, but not otherwise satisfactory either in its present convenience or in its future prospects. When I did succeed in disengaging myself

from the clinging mud I perceived that my garments had assumed another colour from that with which the skilful Irish dyers had invested them originally. Nor were they without that peculiar kind of muddy odour which distinguishes the roach from most other fresh water fishes. But such minor disasters are merely incidents in a pilgrimage through unknown ways: no whit discouraged I struggled upward carrying with me rather more than my natural proportion of earth.

The surface grew harder as I neared the top; bare rocks, dwarf willows, trailing cranberry bushes, snowy coronals of bedstraw were arranged on either hand in fantastic patterns by Nature's matchless skill. Around, below and above the solitude was so complete that it was only broken by the tinkling of the rills, the faint note of the wheatear, and the far-off bark of a restless dog. At length I reached a suitable hollow, a veritable bower built of glittering white rocks, trimmed here and there with lovely garlands of trailing mountain plants. I paused to take breath, and finding that I was near the top I began to look about me. At my feet a bubbling spring forced its way through the hard crag, shaping itself into a little lake with a snowy pebbled beach and a margin fringed with rare sedges and the Alpine forget-me-not. Its surface was rippled over, for a runnel tumbled down from one of its corners towards the glen below. Yet a merry company of water-boatmen was gambolling in its clear water, struggling in vain to escape being borne down along with the force of the current. The next moment a gay painted lady spread its spangled pattern upon the warm rock. It was almost too languid to ply its gently rustling wings. The finely chiselled fronds of the green spleenwort peeped from the crannies of the bower, and the darker-hued cushions of the moss-campion spread their trim couches for Finvarra king of the fairies and his shadowy elfin host.

Behind me stood a wall of smooth rocks, through which

a natural window had been left by a happy chance. The white crags shone in the noontide glare, which kindled myriads of diamond-sparkles along their weather-worn face. In front towered the shapely twin-peaked cone of Errigal, with the round dome of Slieve Snacht to the south, the two Aghlas and the long back of Muckish to the north. Beyond lay a mingled expanse of barren bog, distant villages, lower hills, countless lakes, and far-away the blue Atlantic faintly wrinkled with swaying waves and gently laving the dark cliffs of many islands. The whir of countless insects, the low music of innumerable bees, the continuous splash of falling water, the light sobbing of the weary breeze were the only sounds which broke the silence of the mountain's lonely height. I sat long feasting my eyes upon the tranquil grandeur of the landscape, which was all but entirely removed from the jarring sounds and squalid sights of so many of man's wonderful works.

A momentary hush sank upon the scene: even the insects seemed to swoon into silence, when a piercing blood-curdling shriek rang through the startled air. Never before had I heard that dissonant cry; yet it seemed familiar to me, and I recognised it at once. At last I was destined to rejoice in the fulfilment of a passionate desire, which had haunted my heart for years. At last it was to be my high privilege to see the golden eagle, not as a miserable dragged captive in the cage of a collection, but in its native wilds, free as the air which it cleaves with its mighty wings. Looking up into the dazzling vault of the sky I caught sight of what at first was no bigger than a speck high above me. I lay close in my shelter with my eyes just level with the opening of the rocks, hoping with all my heart to escape discovery by the bird's keen sight. Suddenly the speck shot downwards, making two or three wide circles and growing larger as it descended. Down it dropped sheer, bearing something still struggling in its crooked talons, till it alighted on a spot within a

few yards from my hiding-place. To my intense delight I found that I was quite unobserved, so that I was able to watch closely whatever might take place. When the royal bird was almost on the ground his wings stretched to the width of at least eight feet; when he had folded them and settled down to devour his quarry he stood fully three feet above the crag.

My heart beat fast with tense excitement, such as I have rarely or perhaps never felt since, not entirely unmixed with fear. One blow of those wide wings would have broken my arm as easily as it would a dry twig. One stab of that ruthless beak might have blinded me for ever. But I lay quite still in my hard covert, grasping my heavy black-thorn and keeping my eyes wide open and my mind at its furthest stretch. It was a male bird in fine plumage, deeply brown, with his tail slightly barred underneath, while his golden head and neck shone gaily in the lustrous light. His beak was bright yellow at its base, but horn-coloured throughout the rest of the length; his talons were yellow, his sturdy legs were brown and feathered from end to end. His keen hazel eyes flashed fearless glances around him. In his mighty talons was a hare not yet dead, caught from whence I know not, since hares are not abundant in that barren region. But the royal hunter had secured his game and was making ready for his savage feast. First of all by a sharp blow with one of his legs upon its neck he beat the life out of his prey. It was a deeply interesting but supremely terrible sight to watch how carefully he cut the flesh from the bones and devoured it with much of the skin in big gobbets, leaving little in the end but a white and sapless skeleton.

How long he took to finish his banquet I cannot tell; but the time to me flew along almost unperceived with so strange a spectacle before my eyes. I scarcely stirred so much as an eyelid, scarcely seemed to breathe, so eager was I to miss nothing of that terrible feast. I never felt the hardness of the rock upon which I was lying, nor was

I conscious of my cramped posture. All my desire was to see, and I saw. The eagle went on ravenously, teaching the fidelity of Tennyson's description of "nature red in tooth and claw." He never knew that one of the hated race of his human enemies was crouching so close to him. When he had torn the last shred of flesh from the carcase, he paused, looking around without a sensation of that fear which is so seldom absent from the eyes of smaller birds. For a while he sat still save for an occasional quivering of his feathers and a quick turn of his supple neck. Then a film appeared to steal over his bright eyes, and a convulsive choking to stir in his full throat. He looked like an emperor on the point of delivering himself under the pressing impulse of sea-sickness; then bit by bit he disgorged the fur of the hapless hare in rounded pellets of considerable size. This process occupied him longer than the devouring of his prey, and was certainly more singular, while it was accompanied by a curious low sound not unlike that of subdued coughing.

When it was over the magnificent bird began to preen himself; with one great shake he smoothed down his feathers, here and there spotted with blood, and he sat resting, well satisfied with his savage meal. He might have intended to take an after-dinner nap in the sunshine, when suddenly a noisier shriek pierced the still air coming from the direction of Glenveagh, near a hollow where a torrent pours down eleven hundred feet of precipitous rock to empty itself into the tranquil river. It was his mate calling him to her in her own heart-thrilling tongue. Instantly he lifted his stately head, and turning it in the direction of the shriek, he made ready to fly. Leaping on to a huge richly-lichened boulder that he might have play for his long wings, slowly and leisurely he beat the air with great rustling flaps. At length he rose towards the sky and began to move ever more and more swiftly, until he reached a dizzy height, from which he looked no bigger than a soaring lark. Then down he darted like a

flash of lightning to the place to which his mate had called him, and I saw him no more for a season.

Slowly and not a little stiffly I rose from my long watching: nor did I recover my wonted suppleness for some time. But I cared not a jot for that; I had seen one of the supreme sights of my lifetime. There amid those desolate and lonely mountain fastnesses, where the foot of man seldom strays, I had seen the golden eagle in his chosen dwelling. Evening was beginning to draw on, that long summer evening which hardly darkens into night, when I began to take my way to my distant inn. The sun was sloping slowly to the west, dyeing the wide ocean with rose and amber, purple and gold. Clouds flaming with the glory of departing day stretched their ever-changing forms across the vault of heaven, shaping lustrous islands in a shining sea. The higher mountain peaks were faintly tinged with fading rose. The weary birds of the moorland were betaking themselves to safe shelters from the dangers of the night. The Dunlewey lakes flamed like the seas of an elfin paradise, till deep into the ocean plunged the sun, leaving the topmost height of Errigal, the round dome of Slieve Snacht and the long ridge of Muckish still rosy with his last beams. My soul was filled with the surpassing grandeur of the scene; but not with that alone; the more wondrous light of memory poured its radiance within me. I had seen the eagle in his dauntless freedom at last: should I ever see him again? Never at such close quarters, I doubted not; but it was my fortune to see the same bird, as I firmly believe, once again, and to see his mate during that vagrom tramp through the highlands and hollows of Donegal.

When I reached the southern portion of the county I set out from Carrick to climb the airy height of Slieve Liag, that most stupendous of sea cliffs. Rising on high above and around the little inlet known not in vain as "the Lair of the Whirlwinds," it towers almost two thou-

sand feet above the tossing sea. The finest ascent is from Bundglas, by what is known as the "One Man's Path." It is no easy climb, and needs a steady head and a sound heart; but if no wind blows seaward, there is little danger in it. The path winds along the edge of the huge cliff passing by the precipices, where the white rocks literally overhang the heaving deep. Next comes a serrated ridge cut perpendicularly for some distance towards the sea and falling landwards in a headlong declivity to a little weedy tarn in the hollow of the mountain. The ridge may be about two feet in breadth, and in one part closely resembles the teeth of a gigantic saw. It requires wary walking; but when once it has been crossed the way grows easier. In former days it was the principal path from Kilcar to the far western village of Malinbeg, and many a doughty wayfarer might be seen marching steadily across it in the olden time.

Such was the way which I chose for my first ascent of Slieve Liag, and I was richly rewarded for the toil and the risk. When I had overcome the difficulties of the path I sat down to rest on the greensward some hundreds of feet above "the Eagle's Nest," where once the great birds were wont to build in a sheltered recess between crags fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Donegal Bay was spread in front, peaceful as an Alpine lake and to the full as deeply blue. The dark line of the cliffs between Ballina and the Stags of Broadhaven scarred its southern shore: beyond them rose the mountains of Mayo with Nephin their king rising like a pointed blue blot upon the horizon. To the east lay Sligo hidden behind the rounded height of Knocknarea standing as sentinel to the harbour and crowned with the lofty cairn called by the name of Meave, the masculine Queen of Connaught. Beyond stood the straight ridge of Benbulbin, and in the sea the tiny island of Inishmurray with its primæval ruins and sacred associations lay quietly sleeping, dreaming perchance of its mightier past. Down into the darkling

depths of the "Lair of the Whirlwinds" I gazed, where all was calm and still now, though it had been shaped by the fury of innumerable storms. The cliff opposite stooped lowly before me, though it was not less than eleven hundred feet in height, and the waves of the retiring tide broke lazily in white foam along its iron base.

In the distance a line of smoke told of the packet-boat setting out from Sligo, while a listless fleet of fishing smacks just stirred along the quiet bay making themselves ready for the service of the night. In all else there was solitude save from the seamews looking no bigger than white butterflies as they floated through the air far below. Even the ceaseless booming of the waves sounded low and drowsy as the hum of a distant city. Every shade of colour blended each into the other along the face of the gigantic cliff. Where its white flagstones still appeared, they shone like patches of freshly fallen snow. Here and there tufts of heather overhung the edge, as if stooping to catch the hoarse murmur of the waters as they sang their immemorial song in the depths beneath. Green, brown, living gold, silver gray, fiery red, burnished orange, steely blue melted into one another forming one perfect harmony of many exquisite tints. Just behind me stood the scanty ruins of the cells of two old-world hermits, who had chosen that terrific solitude as their last place for repose and meditation upon earth. One had actually left a bishopric, where he had been loved and honoured by his flock, until he was false to himself, and vowed never to see his beloved people more. Here he gazed upon the wild storms of winter, saw the whirlwinds arising from their lair, rejoiced in the glory of the summer, and found peace for his troubled soul. Before the shrine of St. Columba in Glen attracted them away thousands of pilgrims were wont to find their toilsome way to the summit of Slieve Liag, to pray within the little cells to pay loving honour to the ancient saints. Now few but the curious stranger, the wild birds, the timid

sheep and nimble goats haunt the ruined shrines, where a patch of brighter verdure points to past cultivation.

There I sat with the splendour of living nature around me and the ruined memorials of the sacred dead behind me to recall my thoughts to the time when Ireland was famed for her learning throughout Europe, when too this pair of world-wearied hermits came hither to survey earth and ocean at their mightiest magnificence. I turned once more to the sea, then creeping cautiously along the edge I looked down into the recess of what had once been the "Eagle's Nest." My eyes moved along the cliff and I saw a movement in what I had taken to be one of its smaller projections. Instantly I sought a safe place from which I could watch without danger. Soon I had my reward: once again I saw the golden eagle spreading his vast wings to the quiet air. He had come to the spot to which about seventy years ago one of his kind is said to have carried off a child from the brow of the mountain to be the prey of her savage nestlings. While those who saw the theft fell on their knees and prayed with their fervent Irish hearts for the safety of the little one, the mother climbed down the steep cliff, nerved by the courage of her yearning affection, and brought back her babe in triumph. I had heard the story told over the blue peat-smoke of a cabin fire; I had been shown the child long since grown into a woman old and gray. When I saw the great bird floating beneath me, my mind flew irresistibly back to the kindly man who had welcomed me to his home with a ducal courtesy and told the tale, which was to him very truth.

I had seen the eagle from beneath and from almost on a level with myself: but until now I had never looked down upon his majestic flight. The ease with which he spread his wide wings, with which they bore him across the wild inlet, was marvellous to behold. He may have been pursuing some quarry unperceived by me; for his very presence caused a heart-rending clamour amongst the sea-

mews, while the scarts fled precipitately from their accustomed perch. He may have been simply sunning himself in the warm glow of the summer day. He may have been haunted with the desire to revisit the eyrie from which he himself had sprung, since the age of eagles is patriarchal amongst birds. But there he was almost directly beneath me, now sailing leisurely from side to side, now clinging to the rugged cliff with his hooked talons and flapping his wings as he clung. Once and only once he uttered his cruel shriek, at whose very sound a cloud of lesser birds sped silently to safer harbourage. Irresistibly Tennyson's fine lines came into my mind, which remain a fragment alas!

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

I saw the two vivid word-pictures of the poet, not as so many do perforce in the more attenuated atmosphere of the imagination, but in living reality with my entranced eyes, till he rose suddenly into the air and betook himself to some more sequestered retreat further from the sea.

When he had gone, I continued my way to the highest point of the cliff, where the suddenness of the drop into the sea is startling to those who come upon it by the more modern "Pilgrims' Way." That easier path leads up to what appears to be a rounded knoll; but when it is climbed a single false step would hurl the adventurous wayfarer into the yawning abyss. Here for the first and last time I caught sight of a little clump of low-growing white golden-centered flowers smiling in delicate beauty. In my ignorance I thought them to be only the blooms of one of the dwarf roses found near the sea. But something

unusual in their appearance attracted my attention, and looking more closely at them I found that each of them had eight petals, or three more than any of the wild roses. I knew then that I had lighted upon one of the rarest of our native plants, the mountain dryas (*Dryas octopetala*), and I rejoiced with the ardour of the youthful botanist over so happy a discovery. One more rare plant caught my eye before I left that ethereal height. I saw a little pale green tuft waving gently just over the edge of the cliff. Lying at full length I reached over and took into my hand for the first time several fronds of the true maiden-hair (*Adiantum Veneris-capillus*). I have seen the dainty fern more than once since in the lonelier parts of Ireland. But the first time of its finding was precious to me, and lingers fondly in my memory.

Before I descended I turned to look northwards, and gazed upon a wild and desolate landscape. Brown undulating wastes dotted by two black pools stretched towards Glen Head, near which are the sacred relics of St. Columba, and towards Slieve-a-Tooeey the last haunt of the golden eagle. In the far distance the tapering peak of Errigal and the broader summit of Slieve Snacht stood out snowy white against the blue sky. To the west lay the Atlantic "like an infant asleep," here delicately blue, there lighted up into flashes of dazzling radiance. Another Aghla frowned nearer, the one towering above Lough Fin, in whose recesses is a lonely tarn said to be the home of a weird monster half-horse, half-gigantic eel. Towards the east the Blue Stack mountains cut the sky, their red granite mass deeply purpled in the subduing light of the distance. Nearer again was Inver towards the head of Donegal Bay, where far beneath the surface of the bog a primitive log-built sleeping shelter of two stories was found by the turf-cutters at their laborious toil. Nearer still was the long low-lying St. John's Point, which forms a natural breakwater to the harbour of Killybegs. In the dark valley leading to Malinmore the men

of old had fought their relentless battles, died, and laid their mighty dead under large cromlechs, some of which are still to be found by the curious in the neighbourhood of Cloughmore, which is half temple and half monument. Then the bog was covered with trees, and many wild beasts had their home in the woodland or the rocky caves.

Reluctantly I left the breezy summit, took my road along the "Pilgrims' Way," and dropped easily down to the margin of Teelin Port, passing a small stream bordered by fine tufts of the royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*). The tide was out, leaving a broad expanse of dark sand divided by the little salmon river as it found its brawling way to the sea. My attention was fixed once again upon an object in the distance which appeared to be a big bird, and I drew nearer cautiously. Once more, and for the last time, I saw the golden eagle, but not the same bird as I had seen twice before. This one was darker in its plumage and larger than the other; hence I had no doubt that it was his mate. I could not get close enough to her to see exactly what she was doing. But as far as I could judge from the turn and movements of her neck she was performing some of the mysteries of her feminine toilet. She may have just finished taking a bath after the manner of her kind and been drying herself in the sun. But night was beginning to fall, and I was compelled to leave her perched in safety under the rigorous protection of the landowner of the district. Thus I had seen the pair of Jove's own birds throbbing with the fullness of their free life and "seeking their meat from God." Nor can I ever forget that wonderful sight so long as memory remains with me. It was one of the chief events of my life, which stands out supreme over many others in its deep interest and its fierce grandeur.

Before I left Donegal I resolved to visit the last nesting-place in the county of the golden eagle, the lonely and not easily accessible peak of Slieve-a-Tooe, which frowns above the narrow inlet of Loughros Beg. Whoever would

see the full magnificence of that awe-inspiring scene must sail under the cliffs with a careful crew and a good captain. The voyage, which needs a perfectly calm sea to achieve it in safety, is one of marvellous sublimity. There are about ten miles of cliffs rising sheer above the water to heights varying from four hundred to fourteen hundred feet. Enormous broken fragments stand out of the water, parted from the mainland by narrow passes and channels bordered on either side by precipitous rocks. The cliffs sink suddenly to the level of the sea at a tiny inlet with two houses on its margin, and bearing the august name of Port. Here a vast rounded crag, known as the Tormore, rises straight above the water to the height of eight hundred feet. At low tide it is joined to the coast, and many cross over to it to gather the samphire. It is said that near the shoulder of the rock is a little mound which covers all that was mortal of a poor boy who went across one morning and was prevented from returning by stormy weather until he died of starvation.

From this lonely little roadstead the voyage towards Maghera is one of continuous interest and delight not unmingled with awe. First a narrow channel must be passed where a lady, one of a merry party, was swept into eternity by a mighty Atlantic roller forcing its way along. Then a lofty and slenderly-fashioned natural arch crosses the course, bearing a close resemblance to the flying buttress of some vast cathedral. Then the boat glides at the foot of "The Petticoat," as it is called from its curious shape, a cliff not less than 1,300 feet in height. The boat itself floating beneath looks like a cockleshell propelled by ants. Then another of the channels is reached, where great cliffs tower on either hand solemn, stupendous, magnificently sublime. There is scarcely room for the oars to ply between the lowering sides, yet the water between them is deep enough, and ripples gently from the prow. The steersman needs knowledge and care: many a sunken reef lies in that perilous course, which has been

the death of more than one less experienced fisherman. Next the "Island of Barnacle Geese" is passed, where some of that shy sea-fowl are known still to breed. Then there is perhaps the most wonderful of the arches eaten out by the devouring tooth of the greedy waters. It is a long, vaulted tunnel, so narrow that the boatmen are compelled to pole through it. Every shade of rich mineral colour adorns it with Nature's perfect frescoes. When the end is reached a lovely little bay shines calm and peaceful, at one side of which a crystal waterfall drops straight into the sea from a height of at least a hundred feet. When I first saw that inlet, with its calm waters and its golden strand, it moved me with a sense of exquisite beauty. I have never seen it since; few save fishermen take that perilous voyage more than once. But it remains a memory-picture painted in the permanent tints of loving recollection.

Somewhere amongst these cliffs, where Slieve-a-Tooeey rises above them into a blunt peak, the golden eagle still builds its nest. It is no light task to walk along the crumbling edge of these time-worn crags. There is no path; only the sea-line serves to guide the traveller. In lonely recesses lie mountain tarns long believed to be the haunt of "hobgoblins and Chimaeras dire." Swift, rushing torrents and lesser streams pour down to the sea in multitudes. Now a deep valley must be crossed, which proves to be a shaking expanse of treacherous bog. Now a new height has to be climbed, whose side is wet, slippery, and sometimes rugged. Below booms the sea: as it lashes the rocks, and in the long passing of time cuts its way through them, its solemn music sounds with the rising and falling cadence of many waters. The scattered grouse go scudding along the summits, and now and then the whistle of a lonely curlew may be heard. Once a snipe arose, beating his feathered drum as he darted away to a securer marsh. But the eagle was no more to be seen; neither he nor his mate deigned to put in an appearance

to gladden my eyes as I toiled along. Once, indeed, I heard the heart-piercing shriek, and made my way in its direction, but only to find myself upon a wall of rock. In the end I was forced to give up my search for the hidden eyrie. But the barren and awful spot, which the royal birds have chosen for their last retreat, matches well with their native ferocity. Few are hardy enough to intrude upon their mountain fastness; few are strong enough to climb to the height whither they were borne easily by "the oarage of their wings." Whether they still succeed in rearing their young I know not, but certainly the race of eagles does not seem to increase in Donegal, though the pair which I saw are still recorded as seen upon occasion in their native county.

A little more than half a century ago they built regularly in Glenveagh. But their nest was as regularly robbed, and, as far as I can learn, they have ceased to find a home in that noble valley. It may be that Mrs. Adair's castle, rising from the deep-set and beautiful lake, has scared them away from their ancestral home. Now that she has turned some of the mountain-heights, once accessible to all, into a deer forest they may perchance return to the lonely moorland and lonelier rocks. The bird which I saw upon Dooish was, I am convinced, the same bird which I saw from the brow of Slieve Liag, whose mate I saw in Teelin Port. They have their nesting-place on Slieve-a-Tooe, which is many miles from either mountain. But their great wings bear them with lightning-like swiftness and over wide distances. What is more, they can fly far even when they are carrying a lamb in their talons; nor do they often devour their quarry, when it is of this kind, on the spot where they have taken it.

It is much to read of the eagle in song and legend, to see him pictured in books new and old. But to see him in his regal majesty is far more than all the reading in the world. That has been one of my highest privileges, one

of my keenest delights. The very recollection of it thrills me whenever it rises in my mind. I seem to hear once more that cruel shriek; I seem to see the splendid bird as I saw him more than twenty years ago at his savage meal or floating over the great deep. By memory's potent magic I can call up that unique experience of my life, now that it is becoming less easy to climb to the last-resting-place left him by the persecution of man and the withering blight of old age.

* * *

SONNET.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

BEYOND the clouds the peaks of glory glow :
 And whoso well that lofty climb essays,
 Upon a thousand lovely scenes may gaze,
 Which he beheld not from the vale below.
 The darker shades through which he feared to go,
 All lie beneath him in the sun's bright rays,
 As though he travelled in untrodden ways,
 A far-off whiteness as of fallen snow.
 And as he nears the mountain's utmost height,
 Drinking deep draughts of more than mortal air :
 The exaltation thrills him with delight,
 And he forgets the climbing toil and care,
 The rugged path, the peril, the affright,
 And all the wayside ills he had to bear.

J. A. GOODACRE.

THE MANCHESTER DRAMATISTS.

By TINSLEY PRATT.

WITH the possible exception of Thomas De Quincey and Mrs. Gaskell, it can hardly be claimed that Manchester has been remarkable as the birthplace or residence of men or women who have been distinguished in the literary and creative arts. True it is that in Mrs. Gaskell's case some of her stories, such as "Mary Barton," owed not a little to the writer's environment, but in regard to De Quincey, since he left the city in boyhood, it is obvious that his writings can have had little association with the place of his birth. One should not, of course, forget that William Harrison Ainsworth was born in King Street, and that Mr. Sydney Grundy is also by birth a Manchester man. Yet both left Manchester in early life, and it was not until after they had quitted the purloins of spindle and loom that success and popularity came to them. There have doubtless been many embryo Dickenss and mute inglorious Miltons amongst us, but their possible Micawbers were never limned for us, and their soul-stirring epics were left unwritten. The sparrows twittered, but the lark's song was rarely heard. That is not to say that the ability to produce fine work of one kind or another was not latent amongst us, but the incentive was lacking, and so the creative arts languished in this particular hive of industry. There was work for the loom, but not for the weapon which is said to be mightier than the sword.

The chance for a later generation of Manchester men came when a lady who aimed at making the theatre her serious purpose in life established her repertory company at the Gaiety Theatre in 1908. Inspired with a fine en-

thusiasm, Miss Horniman—if I remember aright—opened her campaign at this theatre with Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," and followed this production with modern plays of good quality by authors of some reputation. Then it became known that no theatrical law had yet been promulgated which debarred local writers from submitting manuscripts. After the word had gone forth the dramatists arose, flourishing their pens, and they proved to be a numerous progeny. I do not propose to deal individually with all these writers, but shall confine my remarks chiefly to the plays of three of their number—Stanley Houghton, Allan Monkhouse, and Harold Brighouse—three writers, let me add, who have taken the trouble to learn the alphabet of their calling. I suppose most writers, at some period of their career, attempt to write a play—and, alas, how few succeed! One remembers that both Tennyson and Browning turned wistful eyes upon the stage, yet though one had the bountiful aid of Irving, and the other that of Macready, both failed to achieve even a moderate success. Then, coming to later times, I can scarcely conceive anything more wooden, in a dramatic sense, than the plays of Stevenson and Henley. Or, again, there is Mr. Eden Phillpotts. I have a profound admiration for this writer's Dartmoor stories. A Devonshire man himself, he knows the moors and the rivers of this lonely land very thoroughly; he knows also the character of the people, their thoughts, and mode of expression. Not content, however, with putting this knowledge into his books, Mr. Phillpotts aspires to putting it upon the stage. And what is the result? His fine qualities as a novelist prove to be his undoing as a playwright. If the expression may be permitted, his characters talk too much. A theatre audience demands incidents and situations—it abhors wordiness. Poets and novelists of the first rank commonly make sixth-rate dramatists, and they are generally about as comfortable in their employment as a perverse

cow harnessed to a dog-cart. Or, to reverse the metaphor, they hitch their chariot to a star and consequently find the pace too lively.

As I have said, the three Manchester dramatists named have taken the trouble to learn the elements of their craft. Houghton was an amateur actor of considerable experience before he seriously attempted to write plays—an experience which must have been of incalculable value. He was also a dramatic critic, as are Mr. Monkhouse and Mr. Brighouse. Houghton's meteoric career has just closed. He achieved remarkable publicity both socially and in the theatre within a very short period. Personally I think his success was out of all proportion to his merits—though they were considerable—and I trust we have done with the bleatings of those budding but indiscriminate Nestors of the Press who can pen such phrases as the following:

There is, however, nothing more useless than speculation upon the possibilities of a genius whom the gods have loved too well. What heights of poetry Keats might have reached had he lived it is beyond the power of mortal to say; and it is equally beyond mortal power to forecast the evolution of the genius of Stanley Houghton. . . . Houghton's genius found its true sphere in the interpretation of Lancashire life, and more particularly in that phase of Lancashire life which has for its hub the city of Manchester, which is the Salchester of his plays. When he ventured beyond this sphere his genius flagged and failed.

To apply the word "genius" to Houghton is, to the present writer's mind, a gross misuse of terms, and cannot but make the judicious grieve. He was not a Keats, nor yet a Chatterton, though, because of his early death, some of these perfervid admirers would have us believe so. Much more to the point is the statement of a writer in *The British Review* (December, 1913):

These Lancashire dramas are provincial dramas written for provincial audiences by a provincial, yet for all that they

contain far more ideas than any of the plays that are constantly being produced in London, with the exception of those by four or five dramatists of the intellectual school.

As Houghton was amongst the earliest of the local writers to have his plays produced upon the Gaiety stage, I therefore propose to take him the first in order. He had already coquetted with the drama before Miss Horniman produced his one-act comedy, "*The Dear Departed*" on November 2nd, 1908. Founded on a story by Maupassant, Houghton gave it an English provincial setting and characters which belong to the working-class. Abel Merryweather—"The Dear Departed"—is supposed to be lying dead in an upstairs room. His two married daughters and their husbands are squabbling below over the division of his bit of property. Alive, Abel was regarded as an encumbrance; but, being dead, the four hypocrites endeavour to rouse up a bold pretence of grief. In the midst of their quarrels it is discovered that the father is not dead after all, but is coming downstairs. He enters the room, discovers what has been going on, and turns the tables upon the party very adroitly by the announcement that he is going to marry again. "*The Dear Departed*" is a brisk little satire; the character-drawing is admirable; the dialogue pointed and racy. The piece has achieved considerable success both in London and the provinces, and the present writer will not be surprised if it is still played when much of Houghton's more ambitious work is forgotten. In "*Independent Means*," a four-act comedy produced by Miss Horniman on August 30th, 1909, the author essayed higher flights. We are introduced to John Craven Forsyth, a man of "*independent means*," living in the provincial town of Salchester. His investments are all in beer and butter. The brewery has ceased to pay a dividend; and subsequently the Dutch produce firm comes to grief. Forsyth is confronted with ruin. As such fathers do he has given his son, Edgar—who has just returned from his honey-

moon—what is known as “a good education”—which is another way of saying that he is fit for nothing. There is also a good-hearted family friend, Samuel Ritchie, who, though he is chiefly rewarded with abuse, is able to assist the Forsyths. The father, who is represented as a pig-headed fool, falls into habits of intemperance, and, very appropriately, dies; while the son, learning wisdom in the school of hardship, subsequently becomes a useful member of society. Such is a brief outline of the play. As a satire upon the by no means uncommon type of characterless person who passes for an agreeable member of the community until adversity crumples up its frail armour of worldliness, this comedy admirably serves its purpose. It has not achieved that success upon the stage which its quality seems to deserve, and one can only suppose that Houghton's later triumphs forced it somewhat into the background. Personally I find it an extremely entertaining play, and it seems to me to contain foreshadowings of qualities that are wanting in some of his later successes, and which would possibly have led to finer developments if its author's career had not ended so suddenly. In the year 1910 Miss Horniman produced two plays from Houghton's pen—“The Younger Generation,” a three-act comedy, and a somewhat gruesome one-act play, “The Master of the House.” In the longer play the author introduces us to another typical Salchester household, that of the Kennions, a narrow-minded Methodistical couple who by their strict upbringing of their children drive them into habits of duplicity—the daughter into a clandestine love affair, and the elder son into a riot of intemperance by way of protest. Listen to this address of Mrs. Hannah Kennion, the grandmother of the family, to Clifford Rawson, who wishes to marry her granddaughter:

MRS. HANNAH: Young man, since my son doesn't seem disposed to answer you, I'll answer you myself. Our family has always been a strict, upright, God-fearing family. My

grandfather was a disciple and a friend of John Wesley himself. We've always tried to keep up the traditions in the family. Some of the younger members have fallen away sadly of late; but I blame their father, my son James, for that. They say he's been too harsh with them; I say (*with great force*) that he's not been harsh enough. There's original sin in every young man and young woman, and it's got to be stamped out of them. Yes, scourged out of them with whips, and burnt out of them with fire if need be. James has been to blame in that respect; but it can't be helped now, it's too late. But it's not too late to refuse to admit you into the family. There's no need to let Grace marry a light-minded and vicious man, when she might marry a God-fearing man who goes to chapel.

Such is the style of address of these dear old humbugs. It may be objected that families which are governed by such strait-laced views in regard to their younger members do not exist to-day. Not to labour the point, however, if we can accept the play as representing a particular phase of provincial life much entertainment may be derived from it. Many of Houghton's admirers, I believe, regard this play as only second in quality to "*Hindle Wakes*." "*The Master of the House*" is a little tragedy which has some features in common with "*The Dear Departed*." Mr. Ovens, an invalid, who has married again, has a ne'er-do-well son by his first marriage. He had intended making a new will, leaving his property to the second wife, and the solicitor enters to execute the deed. The jail-bird son also arrives upon the scene, and, discovering the trend of affairs, finds expression in curses. It is then discovered that the invalid in the chair is not sleeping but dead. The son, glorying in his good fortune, declares himself to be master of the house, and turns the wife out of doors. Then, left alone with the silent figure of his dead father, he is overcome with the horror of the situation—and the corpse remains still "*The Master of House*." It is an intense and arresting piece of work, and displays the fact that in Houghton the qualities of satire

and humour by no means bounded the range of his possibilities. Two short plays in a lighter vein of artificial comedy are "Fancy Free" and "Phipps"—the former produced by Mr. Iden Payne at the Gaiety Theatre, November 10, 1911, and the latter by Mr. Arthur Bouchier at the Garrick Theatre, November 19th, 1912. "Fancy Free" deals with matrimonial complications, in which two pairs of lovers accidentally meet in the same hotel. Explanations ensue, and the eloping wife is received back by her equally foolish husband. In "Phipps" Lady Fanny, wishing to obtain a divorce from her husband, Sir Gerald, by an act of collusion it is arranged that Phipps, the butler, shall see the husband strike his wife. The butler retaliates on behalf of Lady Fanny, and uses his master pretty roughly. The position is, therefore, explained to him, whereupon he suggests that a better means to the desired end would be for Lady Fanny to elope with him. Both husband and wife demur at this. The butler then declares his genuine passion for the wife, and since she is now aware of his secret, he declines to continue any longer in her husband's service. It is an airy trifle, with little relation to real life, but as an experiment in the bizarre is quite effective and mildly amusing. "Hindle Wakes"—over which so much ink has been spent—was first produced by Miss Horniman's company before the Incorporated Stage Society at the Aldwych Theatre, London, on June 16th, 1912. The play deals with the relations between a Lancashire mill-girl, Fanny Hawthorn, who spends a week-end with her employer's son, Alan Jeffcote, at Llandudno. When the fact becomes known Fanny's parents insist on Alan marrying the girl to make her "into an honest woman." Fanny, however, will not have it so. Though Alan was sufficient "to have a bit of fun with" he is not good enough for a husband.

FANNY: No fear! You're not good enough for me. The chap Fanny Hawthorn weds has got to be made of different stuff from you, my lad. My husband, if ever I have

one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding! Strikes me the sons of these rich manufacturers are all much alike. They seem a bit weak in the upper storey. It's their fathers' brass that's too much for them, happen!

It is somewhat difficult to account for the extraordinary success of this play. Personally I find the theme an extremely disagreeable one. At the same time, no one who is familiar with Lancashire industrial life can fail to admire the masterly character-sketches of Nathaniel Jeffcote, Sir Timothy Farrar, and Christopher Hawthorn. Nothing quite so convincing has been seen on the English stage for some time. Yet that Houghton, with all his fine sense of the theatre, could trip badly is evidenced in the statement of Alan Jeffcote to his fiancée, Beatrice Farrar.

I tried to pretend she was you. She never guessed, of course. She thought it was her I was kissing. But it wasn't. It was you. Oh, the awfulness of having another girl in my arms and wanting you!

Such futile stuff is unforgivable in a practised writer for the stage. Houghton's later plays, "Trust the People," "The Perfect Cure," "Ginger," "Pearls," and "The Fifth Commandment" can hardly be described as successes. The last-named, which has been published, but has not yet been played, was subsequently expanded into "The Perfect Cure." This little piece introduces us to Mrs. Mountain, a lazy person who spends her time resting and reading novels, under the pretence of being delicate. Her daughter's love affair is frustrated by the mother's selfishness in demanding that the girl shall be in constant attendance upon her. She not only mars the girl's chance of matrimony, but her own also, for a Mr. Shoosmith, whom she has been angling for as a husband, hearing from the daughter that her mother is a confirmed invalid, declines to proceed further in the matter. Such is the sum of Houghton's work for the stage. With a

wider experience of life, and a more matured outlook, he would possibly have produced plays of a more enduring character, but within the space of six years he wrote much that was of admirable quality, and it is a matter for genuine regret that his career was brought to such an early close.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse has had considerable experience as a dramatic critic, and one knows him as a writer with a fine taste for the best in literature. He had a share in a publication entitled "*The Manchester Stage*," published a good many years ago, but I think I am correct in saying that his first independent publication was a book of essays — "*Books and Plays*," issued in 1894. In this volume he deals with such subjects as Meredith's novels and poems, George Borrow, Turgeneff, Ibsen's plays, and the politics of dramatic art. In regard to the last-named subject, it may be interesting to consider what Mr. Monkhouse's views were in relation to the theatre twenty years ago. He says:

The theatre is at once the most democratic and the most conservative of institutions. Progress can be made only by continued slight departures from tradition. Our playwrights have to attempt the difficult compromise between their own dramatic instincts and popular theatrical taste. The result is sometimes a strange medley, scenes of insight and delicacy alternating with antiquated clap-trap, and that curious concession to a striving humanity which is technically known as comic relief. . . . What is required is to rouse the interest and intelligence of the people, who are bored by poetical plays of old types. How can this be better done than by giving them plays which bear directly on the actual problems and conditions of life.

Even to the most casual observer it must be obvious that the suggestion made by Mr. Monkhouse twenty years ago has been realised in the development of the problem play. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in his "*Quintessence of Ibsenism*" puts the matter in another way.

Formerly you had in what was called a well-made play, an exposition in the first act, a situation in the second, an unravelling in the third. Now you have exposition, situation, and discussion; and the discussion is the test of the playwright. The critics protest in vain. They declare that discussions are not dramatic, and that art should not be didactic. Neither the playwrights nor the public take the smallest notice of them. The discussion conquered Europe in Ibsen's "Doll's House"; and now the serious playwright recognizes in the discussion not only the main test of his highest powers, but also the real centre of his play's interest.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Monkhouse's plays will be aware that he has learnt this lesson very thoroughly. It is also interesting to note that so long ago as the publication of his "Books and Plays" Mr. Monkhouse advocated the establishment of such a theatre as has been realised by Miss Horniman.

Even better, perhaps, than a municipal venture would be the advent of a benevolent and right-minded millionaire, or even a combination of enthusiastic men of wealth. It is surprising that among all the various "social departures" there has scarcely been an attempt in England to run a theatre as a philanthropic or an artistic experiment. Rich men choose usually what they consider safer channels for their benevolent expenditure, and to "elevate the masses" is not, indeed, a more honourable object than to feed the poor. Yet a theatre would make a magnificent hobby, and would be a good variation from the art galleries, technical schools, public parks, and the rest.

Besides his book of essays, Mr. Monkhouse has published three novels—"A Deliverance," "Love in a Life," and "Dying Fires." His published plays comprise "Mary Broome," a comedy (1912); "The Education of Mr. Surrage," a comedy (1913); "Nothing Like Leather," a farce (1913); also a volume of "Four Tragedies" (1913). These are entitled "The Hayling Family," "The Stricklands," "Resentment," and "Reaping the Whirlwind." One may, or may not, derive much relaxation from reading Mr. Monkhouse's novels, or witnessing the perform-

ance of such of his tragedies as have been performed up to the present time. But nothing that he has yet put forth can fail to command attention. Mr. Monkhouse is too fine and sensitive an artist to produce slipshod or inchoate work. Our enthusiasm may be chilled by the morbidity of much of his writing, whether in the form of novel or play, but its fine and nervous sense of style and wonderful craftsmanship cannot but be admitted. That this morbidity is a mood or phase is evident from the exquisite spirit of humorous observation and verbal felicity which pervades his later comedies. A year or two ago one might have hazarded a doubt as to whether Mr. Monkhouse was ever likely to win popular appreciation, but such an opinion would need considerable modification to-day.

Mr. Monkhouse's first essay in playwriting was a one-act tragedy, "*Reaping the Whirlwind*," produced by Miss Horniman, September 28th, 1908. It relates the story of how Sir Frank Selby, who is immersed in scientific studies, neglects his wife, with the result that she yields to the importunities of an infatuated youth, whom she pities rather than loves. Having agreed to leave her husband, she arrives at the station, but repenting of her rashness, returns home, whither she is followed by her lover, who shoots himself on the doorstep of Sir Frank's house. In "*Resentment*," another one-act play, produced by Mr. Iden Payne, a husband is refused permission by his wife to enter the bedroom of his dying child, because he neglected to fetch a doctor immediately at the wife's request, the assumption being that the child might possibly have lived if it had received prompt attention. Such incidents do not carry one very far, and, though the writing is admirably done, the question arises as to whether it was really worth doing at all. The two longer tragedies have not yet been produced upon the stage. In "*The Hayling Family*" the central figure is Godfrey Hayling, an example of that familiar type, the unsuccessful

ful business man, full of plausibility, who is always going to do great things in life. Having squandered his wife's fortune in ruinous speculation, he subsequently lays hands on that of his children, and after running through a course of criminal folly, ends by murdering his wife. This is but a very bald outline of the plot, and the play must be read for its fine qualities to be appreciated. Mr. Monkhouse's searching realism in laying bare the baseness and subterfuge of a degenerate type like Hayling is one of the most masterly studies which the modern theatre has given us. That such a play could ever achieve popularity upon the stage is not to be thought of, but no estimate of the modern theatre would be complete which omitted to take the measure of this drama. In "The Stricklands" Mr. Monkhouse shows us the hatred which existed between two brothers of very different types of character, and how their grim fight for a woman's love led to a final tragedy. Though not so strong a play as "The Hayling Family," it is very intensely written, and both plays move on to their culmination with something of that inevitability which distinguishes a Greek tragedy.

"Mary Broome," first produced by Miss Horniman on October 9th, 1911, is described as a comedy, though it is in reality a problem play. The problem presented is something the same as in "Hindle Wakes." Leonard Timbrell, having led his mother's maid from the paths of virtue is compelled to marry her. The marriage proves unhappy, as such marriages usually do. Mary soon discovers the utter worthlessness of the man she has married, and, their child having died, she shakes the dust of conventional respectability from her shoes, and goes to join the man she should have married. This is not a very exhilarating theme, but into its four acts Mr. Monkhouse contrives to crowd much delightful work of a humorous character, while his exposure of social conventions is admirably done. The writing throughout is marked by a fine sense of irony and satirical observation. "The

Education of Mr. Surrage," first produced at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre on November 4th, 1912, is a satirical comedy. Mr. Surrage is a widower of fifty, and his education consists in his endeavour to entertain a party of raffish professional people who have been invited to the house by his children. These visitors prove to be unscrupulous adventurers, and in the course of his "education" Mr. Surrage is robbed and treated with contumely, but eventually comes through the ideal with a wider knowledge of human character. The play is conceived somewhat on the lines of subdued farce. This feature is more pronounced still in "*Nothing Like Leather*," described as "an Indiscretion in One Act," produced by Miss Horniman on September 29th, 1913. Decidedly Mr. Monkhouse must give us more plays of this type.

Perhaps the most industrious amongst our local playwrights is Mr. Harold Brighouse, who, within the space of some five years, has had no less than a dozen plays produced of one kind and another. Mr. Brighouse is a Manchester man, and still young, and it is somewhat surprising that many of his plays are better known in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow—where they have been first produced—than they are in Manchester. But if one may aspire to prescience in these things the future will remedy this condition of affairs. At a time when there is such an outcry against problem plays dealing with sex subjects, it is interesting to record the fact that there is nothing that Mr. Brighouse has produced upon the stage that could be objected to by the most fastidious. He is a keen observer of contemporary life; a reader with a catholic taste in literature; a critic with an eminently sane outlook upon current affairs. The themes of some of his longer plays are labour problems, municipal jobbery, and political charlatanry. The types upon which he draws for his characters are the middle-class, the working-class, and the outcasts. Hitherto he has found no use for

dukes and duchesses, but, being a man of somewhat whimsical temperament, he is full of surprises, and is constantly breaking fresh ground. If in the future he should turn his attention to the production of drawing-room comedies one can have little doubt but that he will achieve success. No writer for the stage at the present day has a finer sense of what is requisite in contemporary drama. Without being brilliant, his dialogue is crisp and appropriate. The flowers of rhetoric he discards. Epigram he employs sparingly. He strives for essentials and rarely fails. Mr. Brighouse has not yet come into his kingdom, and, with greater experience and an enlarged purview he should accomplish fine things. The following is a list of his productions up to the present time:—"The Doorway" (Manchester, 1909); "Dealing in Futures" (Glasgow, 1909); "The Price of Coal" (Glasgow, 1909); "Graft" (London, 1911); "The Scaring Off of Teddy Dawson" (London, 1911); "Lonesome Like" (Glasgow, 1911); "Spring in Bloomsbury" (Manchester, 1911); "The Oak Settle" (Liverpool, 1911); "The Odd Man Out" (London, 1912); "Little Red Shoes" (London, 1912); "The Game" (Liverpool, 1913); and "Garside's Career" (Manchester, 1914).

"The Doorway" is an expression of a poignant mood rather than a play proper. In this little sketch two London outcasts are, on a bitter night, sheltering in a riverside doorway where they exchange views upon life as they understand it. This was the first of Mr. Brighouse's plays to be staged, and those who saw its production some five years ago will not readily forget the real pathos which he managed to crowd into this little tragedy. "Dealing in Futures" has something in common with Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." It is another story of the struggle between capital and labour. The "futures" are the lives of the workmen and their children, and the play deals with the ethical problem of an employer who enriches himself at the cost of the lives of men who are engaged in un-

healthy occupations. But though the play is written with a serious purpose, it is full of interludes of delightful comedy. "The Price of Coal," written originally in the Lancashire dialect, but subsequently translated into the Lanarkshire Scotch, was produced at Glasgow. This little piece deals with the heroism of the miners and the quiet stoicism of their wives. The tragedy which one is led to expect is averted, and the author springs a pleasant surprise upon his audience, which rounds up the story happily. "The Price of Coal" is amongst the most successful of Mr. Brighouse's plays, and is now well known throughout the English provinces. "Graft," or as it was originally called, "The Polygon," is a comedy dealing with the jobbery and wire-pulling which is not unknown in municipal and district councils. I have one little matter for complaint with Mr. Brighouse in regard to this play. It is this. The introduction of a Church of England curate, who is made to cut a somewhat ridiculous figure. This, of course, is a stock joke of the stage, and I might bring the same charge against Mr. Galsworthy and lots of other writers. Let me say, however, that the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who subsequently take orders are not necessarily all fools. I submit that it would be well worth a dramatist's while to give us a manly clergyman by way of a change. In "The Game," produced recently at Liverpool, Mr. Brighouse has humbugged his public into the belief that it is a play about football. Certainly this game lends some atmosphere to the play, but the piece is really a humorous and interesting study of various types of provincial character. "Garside's Career," produced by Miss Horniman, is a study of the rise and downfall of one Peter Garside, a Labour member of Parliament. It is a subtle and convincing study of a type which is by no means uncommon in the ranks of the Labour party.

I am conscious that this is a very brief and inadequate survey of a considerable body of very admirable work. In

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conclusion I should like to bolster up my own estimate with a statement by a critic in a London paper some two years ago, who remarks :

The plays of Harold Brighouse make a direct appeal to the dramatic sense of the audience; they supply an essential of the theatre—that of thought through emotion—and in this manner set the imagination working sympathetically. Those playgoers whose search is for mere amusement, or an escape from the pressure of reality, may fight shy of engaging their minds with these plays. They will be mistaken, for Mr. Brighouse's work is full of humour, and in treating reality as a spectacle he relieves it of its pressure. His work is not a criticism of life, but a presentation of its phases through the medium of drama, and he is strong enough to leave his fidelities of observation to make their own appeal.

This by no means completes the list of plays written by Manchester dramatists. The following—with two exceptions—have all been produced at the Gaiety Theatre for the first time on any stage:—Mr. H. M. Richardson's four plays, "Bringing it Home," "Gentlemen of the Press," "Going on Parade," and "The Few and the Many"; Mr. F. H. Rose's "The Whispering Well"—which has achieved remarkable success in America—and "The Second Mrs. Banks"; Mr. P. R. Bennett's "Mary Edwards"; Mr. M. A. Arabian's "Trespassers will be Prosecuted"; Mr. L. du Garde Peach's "Wind o' the Moors"—a strongly-written Peakland tragedy, in one act; Mr. J. Kahane's "The Master"—a short play which owes a considerable debt to Synge's "Shadow of the Glen"; Mr. Gilbert Cannan's "Mary's Wedding" and "Miles Dixon"; and Mr. C. A. Forrest's "The Shepherd"—all of which belong to the same school of drama.

This is surely a very varied and interesting accumulation of work to have emanated from a single English city within a space of some five or six years. We may, in

Manchester, be in a moribund state in relation to some of the arts, but it seems that we have men in our midst who are likely to make some stir in the dramatic world. I have heard it said, however, that these plays by local dramatists do not represent life in general—that they are merely presentations of certain phases of provincial life. To hazard such a statement clearly argues a want of knowledge and observation. If anyone could be so absurd they might with equal justice bring such a charge against Mr. Galsworthy. “Dealing in Futures” and “Hindle Wakes” are as much representative of English life as are “Justice” or “Strife,” or, for the matter of that, “The Silver Box.” Moreover, most of the plays I have named have been issued in book form, and they make very agreeable reading. We live in an age of somewhat dull novels, but so long as our plays continue to be as well written as they are in general, we shall still have something for which to thank the gods.

CHARLES READE AND HIS NOVELS.

By WM. DIXON COBLEY.

A MISGUIDED individual once commenced an essay on Lamb with the words "Poor Charles Lamb," and probably these three words would be all that most men would desire to hear from one with sufficient temerity to venture upon patronising a man placed for ever safe in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

Now, should such a critic commence an essay on Reade with the words "Poor Charles Reade," who could blame him? Not I for one. Reade took himself very seriously as a man of letters, and was, at any rate by his friends, judged as at least of the school of Thackeray and Dickens. Yet it is barely thirty years since his death, and nevertheless the man himself is almost forgotten by the present generation, and each passing year leaves another layer of dust upon the shelf where his books lie undisturbed.

In these days our novelists travel far and wide in search of material, from the desolate plains of the frozen North to the clammy mists of the tropical forest; from the highest heights to the deepest depths of the human heart and mind; from this world and the world to come, to worlds that, please heaven, never shall come. For though Truth may perchance lie in wells, Wells may perchance in truth lie.

Amid all these highly-spiced dishes Reade's plain, homely bread and butter falls flat—butter side down. His wares belong to the times of the horse-hair sofa, the wax flowers under glass shades, and the solid mahogany of our grandfathers' days. And we all know we are wiser and better than our grandfathers.

Charles Reade was the tenth child of John Reade, squire of Ipsden, one of the beauty-spots of England, some

sixteen miles from Oxford. The squire was a fine, handsome, old country gentleman of a type now almost extinct, and only preserved for later generations in the pages of Washington Irving and the *Spectator*.

His wife was the daughter of Major Scott, secretary to Warren Hastings. The lady was a sprightly, sparkling dame who had known something of the glittering life of Courts, and to the last she kept up correspondence with and received visits from men and women of some eminence in the world. Charles was born on the 8th of June, 1814. In those days the children were not the principal persons of a household, nor was any great attention paid to their likes and dislikes, another matter in which we have left our grandparents far behind. Prompt obedience and deference to the parents were insisted upon, and it is doubtful if Reade ever omitted the "sir" of respect in addressing his father to the end of his days; while that masterful lady, his mother, knew very well how to maintain her position and authority in her large family, and yet kept the love and esteem of her children all her life.

One by one the lady succeeded in placing her boys to advantage—one here, one there; in the Army, Navy, East India Company's service, and so on. When Charles's turn came to be dealt with he was packed off with an elder brother to various boarding-schools, one or two apparently of the type of that kept by the immortal Mr. Squeers, landing finally, however, at that of the Rev. Mr. Harris, at Staines. Mr. Harris was a scholar and a gentleman, and here it was that Charles acquired that knowledge of the classics to which we are indebted for the frequent quotations in the novels, and to which Charles (with the aid of his mother) was indebted for a very tolerable income on very easy terms.

It was while Reade was at Staines that one of the few adventures of his life occurred. The church was under repair, and while the boys were at service one Sunday the galleries collapsed under them, and they and the rest

of the congregation had to be extricated from the ruins, happily none the worse for a few cuts and bruises.

Reade stayed here till fifteen, and then passed a couple of years at home hunting, shooting, fishing, playing cricket, and spending his time in country sports and pastimes.

When seventeen, however, his holiday came to an end, for his mother heard of a vacant Demyship at Magdalen, and, knowing Dr. McBride and some of the Fellows, she proceeded, like the wise woman she was, to make the rough places smooth by giving a series of dinner parties and entertainments to these gentlemen.

Whether these had any bearing on the matter who can say now? At any rate, Reade obtained the demyship and passed up to Oxford. It is not reported that he spent any considerable portion of his time in study, but he did give prompt evidence of his interest in fiddling, dancing, and theatricals, tastes which remained with him and coloured the rest of his life.

The demyship was worth £60 to £80 per year, so that when a Fellowship fell somewhat unexpectedly vacant Reade was set to work to obtain it. There was barely a month to get ready, but the previous tactics were probably used once more, and Reade himself tells with great glee how he chanced it by working up ready-made answers to questions he might reasonably expect. He obtained the Fellowship, and thus, before he was twenty-one, Reade had secured an income of £250 per annum, rising eventually to £800 as he climbed the list. All which we hope was satisfactory to the pious donors of the funds, who were, however, long enough dead probably not to be greatly interested. And Reade rendered yeoman service later on, for when the Government proposed to improve three of these Fellowships out of existence, and to found a chair or two with the funds, Reade dashed down to Oxford, and was largely instrumental in scotching the plan.

Fellows were expected to take a degree of some kind,

and Reade at first decided to try medicine at Edinburgh University, but soon gave that up, and finally went up to London to study law under "Tittlebat Titmouse" Warren. He did not make any great efforts, but at the end of six years was called to the Bar, and finally took his D.C.L.

Henceforward his life settled down into the groove it was to occupy to the end—a steady round of London, Oxford, home, varied by holidays in Scotland in the first years and trips to Paris later on, in search of plays to translate and annex. He spent the least possible time in Oxford and as much time as possible in Bohemia, at the theatres, and in the haunts of theatrical folk, though he always claimed he could be easily distinguished from the inhabitants of that mythical land by his fondness for clean linen.

It was about this time that Reade formed a strange partnership with a M. Henri he had dropped across in a Soho restaurant. Henri had a nose for old fiddles, like a pig's for truffles, and the idea was to collect these instruments on the Continent, bring them to England, do them up, and sell them at great profit. Undoubtedly considerable business was done on these lines, and the trade gave Reade one fine opportunity of which he did not fail to avail himself. The Customs seized a consignment for some reason or other, and in very characteristic fashion Reade wrote a sensible letter of some twenty lines pointing out his position and rights in the matter, and then proceeded for other fifty or sixty pages to repeat himself *ad nauseam*. The trade came to an abrupt end, M. Henri being shot in Paris in the days of the Coup d'État—probably no bad thing for Reade's purse.

In 1845 it was Reade's turn to act as Dean, which necessitated a year's residence in college, to which he had to submit, as otherwise he would have lost his chance of the vice-presidency. He appears to have found the life of the

common room a terrible ordeal, but had merry times with the undergraduates, made 52 at cricket, rowed, played skittles, and generally enjoyed himself like the boy he was and remained all his life. His sacrifice was not made in vain, however, for he was, as a matter of fact, made Vice-President of Magdalen a few years later.

At this time Reade entered upon a friendship that was to be ended only by death. He had been to see "*The Bridal*," in which a Mrs. Seymour took the part of *Aspasia*, and in pursuance of his ruling passion he sent her a play to read. The lady returned the play, and, probably thinking Reade was a struggling writer, enclosed £5 to soften the blow. Reade called at the lady's private address to return the £5. He found her, brush in hand, engaged in domestic operations. In this work Reade lent a hand, and when the other occupants of the house appeared, stayed to dinner. The household was an extraordinary one, and consisted of Mr. Seymour (probably Seymo, a Portuguese), a man much older than Mrs. Seymour, married by her on one of her American trips, a Captain Curling, Augustus Barham, and Mrs. Seymour, who governed the strange house as far as it was governed at all. Within a week Reade had joined the group. A queer ménage it must have been, for Mrs. Seymour was no housekeeper, and the place was run as a kind of liberty hall. Each member spent the day as he listed, but all met in the evening for dinner, cards, and whisky. Here Reade spent several years happily enough, the whole household being soon deeply engaged in his affairs. Money was found to stage his plays, his novels were read aloud, and everything possible done to aid him. But Mrs. Seymour was Reade's chief guide, philosopher, and friend. Though little, if any, older than he, she took charge of him, and to the day of her death did all that in her lay to make Charles Reade immortal. When the household was finally broken up on the death of old Mr. Seymour she followed Reade to Albert Gate, and there the two were established, Mrs.

Seymour filling the joint offices of housekeeper and literary adviser and critic. Of her Reade says:—

Although unable to write a line, she could tell how lines should be written and spoken. Though a severe, she was a sympathetic critic and had a wonderful ear. She could tell the exact word to delete or interpolate, and knew where a line would tell or would fail. Her knowledge of acted drama and of the tricks of the stage was complete and invaluable.

She had a marvellous aptitude for the artifices of climax and situation. When I stumbled, she put me on my feet, when I was about to founder, she brought me safely into harbour. Talk about scissors, she used shears. That was commonplace—this high falutin', the other wretched snivelling rubbish, that had been said before and so on, so out with it.

A picture of Reade and his surroundings at this time is extant, supplied by Colman, the manager of the Leeds Theatre, who had called on some matter connected with the proposed staging of "It's Never Too Late to Mend."

"Excuse me a moment while I finish this letter." With that he rolled over like an old salt and came to an anchor at the writing desk, and while he wrote I took stock of him, and his surroundings. He stood over six feet high. Herculean limbs, a bearded and leonine face, giving traces of a manly beauty that ripened into majesty as he grew older. Large brown eyes, which could at times become exceedingly fierce, a fine head, quite bald at the top but covered at the sides with soft brown hair—a head so disproportionate to the bulk of his body that I never could understand how so large a brain could be confined in so small a cranium.

His attire, chiefly a huge pair of sailor bags, braced up nearly to the armpits above, and broadening out below to almost elephantine proportions, over a pair of dandyfied cloth boots with patent leather tops. He was without a coat, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbow.

Opposite the desk was a fine replica of the Venus of Milo. Though near mid-day, the breakfast things were still upon the table. Crumpled papers, from the "Times" to the "Police News" lay everywhere. A couple of clothes

baskets were by his side crammed with all kinds of rubbish. Under the window lay a huge pile of magazines and books. At his feet lay three or four huge scrap books, while half-a-dozen sheets of drab manuscript, bespattered with ink, "deleted" here and "stetted" there, interlined everywhere, lay scattered about in slovenly confusion.

Add to all this that Reade had a habit of bringing gazelles, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals from home and keeping them indoors and outside in the back garden. With regard to the scrap-books mentioned above, it would be interesting to know what became of them after Reade's death. Each morning he filed and indexed *Lloyd's News*, and in addition he cut what he considered interesting paragraphs from all kinds of papers, *Police News* or *Times*, filing and indexing them in the scrap-books mentioned above. This he called his raw material, and the room his workshop. Whether he ever did make any use of this raw material is doubtful, but probably the moral support, as it were, of its presence helped him.

Sir Edwin Arnold says:—

These enormous books with their elaborate system of indexing will rank hereafter among the greatest curiosities of literature and be a perennial monument of his artistic fidelity.

Upon which we will make no comment lest we pass the bounds of good taste. Both Mrs. Seymour and Reade were the kind of persons who fight tooth and nail for what they consider their rights, but their home was ever open to, and often a last refuge for, all sorts and conditions of pensioners.

Mrs. Seymour died in 1880, and for all practical purposes Reade's life ended then. He did survive her by some three years or more, dying on the 11th of April, 1884, but accomplished little or no literary work worthy of mention. They both lie in Willesden Churchyard.

Such is a brief outline of Reade's uneventful and yet remarkable career. Not many vice-presidents of Oxford colleges have passed their lives in writing popular fiction,

or in losing the money so gained by putting poor melodramas on the provincial stage.

Reade never grew up, I think. He was always a big lump of a public schoolboy, with a boy's intolerance of wrongs, faculty for taking himself seriously, and plentiful lack of humour and self-criticism. His opinions were strong and strongly expressed; none the less so that they varied from day to day, nay, hour to hour, being as a matter of fact simply and solely governed by success or failure. Thus the actor who was "an ass" one day happening to receive plenty of applause the next would instantly become the finest actor ever seen.

In music, too, he had the greatest contempt for advanced compositions, considering Wagner had no melody and the Italians emasculated. Simple melodies, ballads, reels, and dances had more human nature and real music in them than all that kind of stuff. All very natural, perhaps, but merely meaning that Reade's musical education never got beyond a most elementary stage—a fact he was far from appreciating. His opinions, too, on painting and medicine are generally more amusing than valuable.

His judgments of his contemporary fellow-craftsmen read somewhat strangely nowadays. For instance:—

Wilkie Collins.—An artist of the pen such as there are few amongst us.

Martin Tupper:—A man unreasonably pitched into. He is not the only man who has made an easy hit with one book. Examples: Tom Brown's Schooldays, Rab and His Friends, Self-Help, Jane Eyre. None of these writers could ever write two remarkable books if they wrote for ever.

Of all his contemporaries he thought most of Dickens; next after him for variety and scope Bulwer Lytton.

Thackeray:—An elegant and accomplished writer. His Esmond is worthy of Addison at his best.

George Eliot's metier consists in describing with marvellous

accuracy the habits, manners and customs of animalculæ—under a microscope.

Ouida has emerged from dirt to decency and nothing in literature is more touching than the tale of "Two little wooden shoes."

Carlyle :—A Johnsonian pedant, bearish, boorish, bumptious, egotistical and atrabilious. His Teutonic English was barbarous, notwithstanding every line is permeated with vigour and sincerity, and his Cromwell is a lasting memorial of two great men—the hero and the author.

Hardy and Blackmore are big men, sir! about as big as are made nowadays.

Victor Hugo :—A demi-god, the one supreme genius of the epoch, but geniuses sometimes have the nightmare like lesser folk.

Walter Scott :—One of the world's benefactors, but had the good luck to have the first innings in the "Land o' the leal."

(Rather a strange place for cricket by the way.)

He was instinctively pronounced in his likes and dislikes, so much so as to be a sort of "enfant terrible" of large dimensions.

Another amusing feature was his outburst against the stealing of novels for dramatisation without a payment being made to the writer and the annexation of French plays without by your leave or with your leave. Yet he himself adapted "That Lass o' Lowries" without permission from Mrs. Burnett, treated Trollope in the same way, and spent much time in Paris annexing plays for adaptation, all without the slightest acknowledgment.

Perhaps the best summing up of the man is Ellen Terry's "Dear, lovable, child-like, crafty, obstinate, entirely delightful and interesting Charles Reade."

Reade's output was enormous. He is responsible for seventeen novels and stories, some of which are of great length, running to well over one hundred chapters. In addition to this, there are the thirty-five acted and unacted plays, with which we are not concerned except to remember that a novel might begin life as a novel, pass a brief

butterfly existence as a play, and pass back again into commonplace life as a novel, or the process might begin with a play. This represents a further large amount of work, and, of course, left indelible marks upon Reade's writings. The seventeen novels may be divided into three classes:—

(1) The short tales, "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnston," "Single Heart and Double Face," "The Course of True Love," etc.

(2) The longer novels.

(3) "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Peg Woffington appeared in 1852, being "cut out of material left over from the play *"Masks and Faces,"* as Reade phrased it, but being at least very like the turning of *"Masks and Faces"* into a novel for Reade's sole profit and benefit, as his collaborator in *"Masks and Faces,"* Taylor, looked at it. The story is an attempt at reproducing the manners and customs of the theatrical folk and theatre-goers of 1750, showing in passing that Mistress Peg Woffington, whilst no better than she should have been, nevertheless was far from being a heartless jade, and incidentally introducing that distinguished poet and dramatist Mr. Triplet, author of *"The Demon of the Hay-loft."* The novel is distinguished from its fellows by one or two qualities worthy of note. The dialogue, for instance, is brighter and crisper than in any other of Reade's books (doubtless due to the recent influence of Taylor), and the opening scene in the greenroom is distinctly lively and very effective. In it Cibber, long retired on his laurels, holds the centre of the stage, and with more or less biting satire and cynicism, compares the great men and women of the past with the present weak-kneed generation of players. As thus:—

Being asked did he intend to write any more for the stage Cibber asks, "Who have ye got to play it?"

"Plenty," says Quinn. "There's myself, Garrick, Barry,

Macklin, Kitty Clive, and Woffington, who is as good a comedian as you ever saw."

"You misunderstand my question?" replied Cibber quietly. "I know your *dramatis personæ*, but where the devil are your actors?"

This may not be great, but it has certainly a snap and point not found elsewhere in Reade's writing.

Woffington retires, knocking over a candle or two *en route*. She returns shortly disguised as Mistress Ann Bracegirdle (one of Cibber's contemporaries), and takes in the whole company, Cibber included, by a wonderful piece of impersonation. When she finally discovers herself the tables are neatly and completely turned on the veteran. The whole scene is clever and amusing, and Peg Woffington herself, is one of the half-dozen characters in Reade which live and breathe.

For, alas! the influence of the theatre is over nearly all Reade wrote. Generally speaking, you are in the stalls watching the action in the confined space before you, in scenes which he rarely takes the trouble to describe beyond a bald "Scene—A Country Village." Thus his novels are not reflections of life but reflections of reflections. To all this Peg is something of an exception, and Reade contrives to show how—with all her reckless levity and folly—she has managed to keep much true-hearted womanliness, and that, too, at a time when an actress was considered fair game for all the gallants of the town.

"Peg Woffington" was followed by "Christie Johnston," a story embodying Reade's adventures on a holiday jaunt among the Newhaven fishers. Reade appears in the story as Lord Ipsden. He is a blasé young aristocrat scorned by his sweetheart because he has done nothing worthy of mention. With his valet, Saunders, he goes to Newhaven on the advice of his doctor, who tells him to do one good action a day, advice which has, unfortunately, come to the ears in later years of another member of the aristocracy and produced equally astonishing results.

The book is even more of a theatrical show than "Peg Woffington." There is no description of the place or scenery. The whole of the action takes place as in "Act I., scene 1, a strand, landing-place, or quayside."

There are entrances, exits, curtains, climaxes, and show-scenes, and you see the lot without moving from your seat.

Enter Lord Ipsden (a heavy swell, also an amateur yachtsman—two things not usually going well together), and Saunders, a valet of the melodrama type.

Lord Ipsden loquitur: "Saunders, do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the *lower classes*?"

"Perfectly, my Lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I am sorry to say, they are everywhere, my Lord."

"Get me some."

Saunders returns, and whispers mysteriously to his lordship, "This is low enough, my lord," and ushers in two Newhaven fishwives. They are described in large terms, and it may be mentioned Reade's taste ran to the large in female beauty.

The story is played throughout in this key, and certainly cannot be said to give a very exact picture of life in a fishing village. To reduce the story to a bare outline is to discover one of Reade's greatest weaknesses—his inability to construct a plot. In this particular instance the story is feeble beyond expression, so irritatingly absurd as almost to blind one to its real value, which consists solely in the pen-picture of "Christie" herself. That this capital study had an original in real life is certain, and so vivid and lifelike is the result that it is matter for regret that Reade did not always work along these lines.

In his diary Reade says in this same year:—

I think I have two talents, Dramatic and Critical. I have studied for 15 years the great art of Fiction; before I presumed to write a line. I was a ripe critic, before I became an artist.

"The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth" is similar to "Christie" in many respects, the scene being transferred to a farm in the Midlands. The action, at least to a very considerable extent, takes place in the yard of the farm, where everything seems to be done—except farm work. In this part of the world they neither plough nor sow, only reap. Again the point of view appears a seat in a theatre; again there is the usual straining after "curtains" and the other tricks of the tenth-rate dramatist.

"Single Heart and Double Face" is presumably intended as a study of contemporary life amongst the trading classes (shopkeepers) of Liverpool. It has about as much real likeness to that life as the conventional designs of a wallpaper have to the flowers that inspired them.

But it is in the longer novels that we might expect to find Reade taking full advantage of the larger canvas; his heavy-handed, rather clumsy art (if it is art at all and not labour—hard labour) has not sufficient room to stir in the smaller space.

These stories are all studies of middle-class life, generally having two springs of origin, some commonplace and obvious notion, such as, for instance, the trouble likely to arise when a Catholic marries a Protestant or the difficulty in mid-Victorian times of bringing home from foreign climes a large sum of money, or something stirring the public mind, like the riots attendant upon the beginnings to trade unionism in Sheffield, or the attractions of Australia as the newest "El Dorado." The fact that Reade knew absolutely nothing of any of these matters was of no importance; knowledge could be got from the newspapers, of course. Then, as an added interest, there was no reason why he should not follow his leader and use the novel to bring before the public some of the great evils perpetrated in the handling of criminals and the terrible results of the ordinary man's shuddering fear of anything connected with the insane. Thus we have probably

Reade's best-known novel in this class, "*It's Never Too Late to Mend*," concerned with the maladministration of some prisons and life in Australia.

The only person in the novel with any pretensions to life is the parson of the gaol in which the thief, Robinson, is confined. Probably drawn from life, single-handed, the parson wages war against the evil administration of evil laws, the extreme punishment allotted for trivial offences, and the imposition of impossible tasks given to men who have been half-starved in order to render them liable to further punishment for undone work. Reade was a gentleman, and a warm-hearted one, too; and, however this may be looked at as a contribution to the art of novel-writing, it can only be considered as a wonderfully powerful exposition of a great wrong. It is not art—not a depiction of men, actions, situations with the reader left to draw his own conclusions if he can; that was too round-about and impersonal a method for Reade. It is a literal transcription of daily life in one of the nation's prisons, and of what was possible, nay, certain, under the existing conditions, which left the governor very much to his own devices. It is all written with the blood at boiling point, written as Reade could write when he forgot his non-sensical, self-made rules for fiction-making, his theatrical prepossessions, and his wrong-headed notions of his own abilities. It is astounding that Reade should have written thus:—

My plan is this :—Never to guess where I can know. I want to place Tom Robinson in gaol, so I go through every inch of the gaols at Reading, at Durham, at Oxford. I want to ship Fielding to Australia, so I get my brother Bill to tell me all about ship-work. It has never been done well for landmen.

If the tale plunges into a gold mine I must get two or three men who have actually been. Such is the mechanism of a novel by Charles Reade.

The critic can only say, alas! that it should be so.

D

And this wonderful system produces the little prig Susan Merton ("the sweetest maid in English fiction," as Colman describes her), the comical Jew, a mixture of the Wandering Jew, and a theatrical travesty of that unfortunate race, with his guttapercha tubes from his private room to the domiciles of his various subordinates. Above all, what of the immortal Jacky? Read Professor W. Baldwin Spencer's (Special Commissioner and Chief Protector of Aborigines) account of the 100,000 natives still left in Australia, their utter lack of knowledge of any arts except that of hunting, learn that they are, in fact, far lower than the Papuan, African, or New Zealander, which means they are among the most primitive peoples known; read that, I say, and then turn to Reade's Jacky, who bears about as much likeness to any possible original as the "principal boy" in the pantomime does to Robinson Crusoe.

These are strange products of a system specially made to produce *truth to life*.

In the *Saturday Review* for 1856 appeared the following critique of "It's Never Too Late":—

Every chapter is so written that we cannot stop reading. His miners talk like miners, not like gentry. He can describe. His people all talk and act as they ought to. Of *imagination in the sense of creation there is no trace*.

Reade's other principal novels in this class, "Put Yourself in His Place," "Griffith Gaunt," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Hard Cash," and "A Terrible Temptation," as I have said before, deal with contemporary middle-class life. The characters are placed before you with a certain solidity that is intellectually satisfactory, but as the story progresses Reade's limitations become more and more apparent, until whatever reality the story possessed diminishes to vanishing point.

But first let it be understood that there is absolutely no development of character. The good young girl of twenty

at the beginning of the story is the very good, very young girl at the end of it, while the villain has not one redeeming feature. Again, there is little or no attempt at description of scenery—to place the story, except where some natural feature (a precipice or whatnot) is essential to the action, and even then the description is a mere outline. The actors are also badly described, and you gain no clear idea of them. Miss Catherine Peyton in “Griffith Gaunt” is

Very tall and straight and carried herself a little too imperiously; yet she would sometimes relax and *all but dissolve* that haughty figure, and hang sweetly drooping over her favourites: then the contrast was delicious and the woman fascinating.

And that is the heroine of a considerable novel.

Or Dodd, the hero of “Love Me Little.”

He was 5 ft. 10 in., had square shoulders, a deep chest, masculine flank, small foot, high instep. To crown all this, a head overflowed with ripples of brown hair sat with heroic grace upon his solid white throat, like some glossy falcon, new-lighted on a Parian column.

This is an idealised portrait of Reade (proud of his small feet), and it is hard not to laugh.

What is left, then, for the reader? Studies of contemporary manners and ways? The only instance I have found of these is in “Love Me Little, Love Me Long,” where Miss Lucy Dodd puts on her bonnet and apron to go out to tea at Font Abbey. Philosophy? It is that of Martin Tupper to a dot. Knowledge of men and women? Yes, to a certain limited extent—limited, that is, to surface and obvious motives; while, taking it all in all, the most amusing thing in Reade, to my mind, is his assumption of a complete and vast knowledge of women and all that is in their hearts and minds, his actual contributions

to that science being such important matters as that a woman may face a huge, drunken fisherman but would not face a captive mouse, and other stock matters of the same calibre. Humour? There is practically none. Occasionally there are passages of heavy buffooning, but even these are few and far between; of real humour there is no trace.

Is it style? This is like his person, large, loose, and slack, and as that ended in dandified patent-leather pumps, so passages frequently end in stilted, affected phrases. Apart altogether from downright grammatical blunders, such as telling a man "to lay in wait," and there are plenty, it is often slipshod and careless, as, for instance, in "Griffith Gaunt," where a horse leaps over a hedge and stands thus /, and he actually draws a line at an angle of 45° to show how its forelegs were placed. Some of his finest passages are utterly ruined by incongruous epithets and phrases—a stirring description of a boat race in "Hard Cash," in which the sixteen oarsmen dash past "with glutinous lips"; a moving scene in the "Cloister," where Margaret begins to "whimper prettily" (horrid, irritating phrase). "She entered with serpentine grace," "She threw her wrist round his neck," "She threw up her nose into the air in a manner pretty to behold," and so on, *ad libitum*; which reminds one of the Latin tags scattered freely over all, the sole fruits of Reade's fellowship.

Action? Yes, you are like the characters washed under by a never-ending flow of that, and here is some of Reade's finest work. James Thompson, the ill-fated author of "The City of Dreadful Night," in the course of one of the finest English critiques on Meredith, says:—

Though Meredith seldom gives way to it he is great in a fiery record of fiery action; thus the duel in the Stelvio Pass in Vittoria has been scarcely equalled by any living novelist save by Charles Reade in that heroic fight with the pirates in Hard Cash.

That is high praise, isn't it? And it is deserved. Yet in that very same novel we are told that Captain Dodd, bringing home the hard cash (which wasn't hard cash at all, by the way, but bills) in the very throes of a tornado, the ship rolling scuppers under, and everything of the most terrible, spends his time in his cabin wrapping up his cash in oilskin, ties it to a bladder upon which he paints with white paint his name and address, and comes up and casts all overboard. Next day, the ship being not wrecked and the storm somewhat abated, a sailor spies what he thinks a man's head two leagues away among the white waves. A boat puts off with the captain in it, and the treasure is recaptured.

Which is terribly poor stuff even for Charles Reade. This is not an isolated case, unfortunately. Hardly without exception descriptions of action are marred by absurdly impossible incidents. For instance, the incorporation of the bystander, young Hardie, chief classic of his year at Oxford (*instantier et nem con*, as Reade would say), into the London Fire Brigade in order that he may rescue his prospective father-in-law from a burning mad-house, is a little out of the ordinary, let us say; while the feat by which that rescue is effected is obviously impossible. Young Hardie lands on a second-storey window-sill by swinging backwards and forwards on a 12ft. rope tied to the branch of a tree. He pushes off from the tree trunk and swings back and forth, kicking off with his feet at each swing. I'm afraid the back of his head would have to "kick off" occasionally. It is barely possible to land on a window-sill from a rope as described; you arrive at an angle of 45°, and promptly fall back, having no means of reaching the perpendicular.

Again, in "Put Yourself in His Place," in order to smash a contractor, his brickyard is entered one night unknown to anyone and the clay for 200,000 bricks mixed with needles. It takes five tons of clay to make 1,000 bricks; 1,000 tons of clay were "needled," therefore. But

the whole story is marred by faults of this kind, and to a far greater extent by the fact that Reade appears to have rushed down to Sheffield, collected the "horrid details," and apparently never dreamt for a moment that there might be another side to the picture and that men don't do these things for no reason at all. While, to add still further to the reader's task, Reade simply couldn't stop. His account of the jail in "It's Never Too Late" covers 230 pages; an account of the banking system runs to 90 pages; and the asylum account in "Hard Cash" runs to hundreds, the latter part of that novel reading like an expanded version of a trial in the Lunacy Courts, and is about as dry as dust, enlivened only by Reade's utter inability to develop the thing without some absurd expedient or other.

I have said that these novels are concerned with the middle-class life of 1850. There is one nominal exception, "Griffith Gaunt," whose story is supposed to happen in 1750, but there is not the slightest attempt to "place" it in any way, nor is there any attempt to describe the speech, manners, or customs of that period. There is, however, one remarkable feature about this novel. It is practically the only one with any atmosphere, the only one in which the story is designed to arise from the differing temperaments of the principal characters. In the earlier part there is a feeling of tragedy in the air, of approaching storm. A black cloud, big with fate, hangs over all, and recalls in some slight degree at least the impression created by "Wuthering Heights." But, of course, Reade was not capable of developing the thing on these lines. The effect slowly but surely passes away, and the story ends in his usual style of Adelphi melodrama. One of the deadly rivals of the earlier portion (the courtly and polished Sir George Neville) marries the discarded, ignorant mistress of the other (Griffith Gaunt), while the latter's bigamy is condoned by his wife, and the legal con-

sequences thereof are escaped by a trick whose ingenuity is so great as to be incomprehensible.

These novels are, to my mind at least, intrinsically poor. Whatever Reade might have done had he depended on his pen for a living, the fact remains that his work largely gives the impression of being that of a half-trained amateur, and the half-trained are the biggest nuisances on any field.

His photographs of our grandfathers in tightly-strapped trousers and "mutton chop" whiskers, and of grandmothers in bustles and ringlets, are fading fast to a uniform dull brown, in which high lights and low lights are merged in one. They are disturbed but rarely by the casual stranger or the pedigree-hunting maiden aunt.

As to the characters, Reade apparently possessed a stock company any member of which was prepared to play any part at the shortest notice. Thus Christie Johnston is Jael Dence in "Put Yourself in His Place," young Hardie in "Hard Cash" is Henry Little, Mrs. Hardie is Mrs. Little, and Catherine Peyton is Grace Carden, and so on.

Enough has been said in this hasty review to give some idea of the causes of Reade's failure to live. We come now to the last section, his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth." This first appeared as "The Good Fight" in *Once a Week* in 1859, but was withdrawn, and it reappeared in 1861 under its present title.

It is by far the most successful of Reade's novels, and this I attribute largely to the fact that it deals with life in 1450, so that Reade's peculiar methods (being the only possible methods) are more suitable than when dealing with contemporary life. His system of working up facts from books and papers (for he had not the power which he thought he had of reading and understanding men) gives an old-world air to his romance, while it makes his modern dramas almost worthless.

The story concerns a certain young Gerard, son of Elias, a citizen of Tergou, in Holland; time, about 1450. He

meets a young maiden, Margaret, with her father, an old doctor, when on a journey to compete at a painting and drawing contest, having learned these arts in the monastery and being intended for the Church.

The story of the gradual dawning of love is beautifully and simply told, true also of the early love scenes in "Hard Cash," and by most simple means Reade skilfully casts an air of verisimilitude over all. The two go through a ceremony of bethrothal (practically marriage). Gerard determines to go to Italy to take his skill to a better market there. The story is thus formed of the life at home (where Gerard's two evil brothers try to supplant him); Gerard's journey across Europe and his life in Italy, during which he is informed that Margaret is dead, and she is in turn told of his death by the brothers. Gerard in his despair plunges into debauchery, finally repents, and enters the Church. He returns to his home to find that Margaret has borne him a child. The story is then concerned with their life apart—he in the Church, she in the village,—while their child grows in wisdom and understanding, being, in fact, the great Erasmus.

Such, in brief, is the plot of this fine book—Reade's happiest inspiration. It is enormously long, but packed with a never-failing flow of incident, and if the pictures it gives of life in those far-off days would perhaps not satisfy the accurate historian, the ordinary reader may well rest satisfied, nay, delighted, with the description of stirring scenes, rude living, hearty eating and drinking, love-making, fighting, which pass before his eyes in never-ending variety, while Gerard makes his long journey afoot with his boisterous companion, the huge Burgundian cross-bowman Denys and his never-failing philosophy, "Cheer up! *Le diable est mort.*"

There is more art here than in all the rest of Reade's novels put together. Reade's imaginary pictures of his contemporaries, of Australian aboriginals, miners, what-not, are rendered futile and ineffective by the genius of

men who have actually played a part in the stirring events and far-off scenes they describe with first-hand knowledge; but here in "The Cloister and the Hearth" no such acid can be poured on his work, and it stands to-day sound and solid as on the day he made it. The book contains many capital scenes, not always free, however, from the suspicion that Reade (sometimes at least) visualised them as scenes in a theatre. Gerard's first introduction to the roadside inn of those days is a capital piece of descriptive writing, and his astonishment when bundles of rushes are cast pell-mell into the public room and the whole company (males and females) retires to bed by the simple process of lying down on them, can be shared by all of us. So also is the desperate combat with the bears in the forest, the weird scene of the gibbet and hanging robbers, and, above all, the finest piece of Reade's work I know, the recovery by Gerard of the apostate nun, Mary, from the inn, where she is leading an evil life. The novel-reader neither needs, nor can easily get, finer work of its kind. It goes with a sureness of touch that Reade has never surpassed, and is practically free from his irritatingly, improbable incidents and unfitting epithets and phrases.

The weakest part of the story is the portion dealing with Gerard's life in Italy, where he plunges into a sea of dissipation when he is told that Margaret is dead by his evil brothers. That is not to say it is poor and lacking in power and skill, but that it does not touch the level of excellence of that earlier part in which the haughty noble, with his gaudy retinue, the rude peasant, innkeeper, thief, quack doctor, returning soldier, burgomaster, archer, princess, and tire-woman pass before our eyes in a glorious succession. The close of the story is touching, and gave Reade a great opportunity. That he took advantage of it to the best of his ability is perhaps all that can be said; he was no player on the strings of the heart.

Of course, the book has some of the Reade faults, fortunately to a smaller extent.

That Gerard should be able to frighten away murderers in a lonely inn by painting a dead one's face with what must have been phosphorus is, to say the least, unlikely. That may serve as a sample of his frequent breakdowns in action. There is the usual 50-page dissertation on side issues; this time a lecture on the art of medicine as then practised. These are minor blemishes, and redeemed tenfold by the fineness of the bulk of the work, successful in a difficult field—the historical romance. It deserves to live.

Reade's other work will not, of course, bear a moment's comparison with Dickens or Thackeray. In fact, Trollope's "*Last Chronicles of Barset*" as a work of art far surpasses the similar work of Reade. For Trollope gives a clever, entertaining picture of a Midland market town in pre-railway days, a plot arising from play of character, and the actors themselves talking, acting, living in ways that appear to us natural and lifelike. Nay, I will go further. There is a novel in existence with almost exactly the same matter as one of Reade's. Compare "*Hard Cash*" with the "*Ready-money Mortiboy*" of Besant and Rice. Is there a character in "*Hard Cash*" to be compared with young Mortiboy?

One of the greatest gifts of the artist in fiction is the power to make his figures step forth from the pages of the book and act their parts before us—ay! even in some way to make us enter into their thoughts, hopes, fears; to make us like gods looking down through some peep-hole upon a small yet clearly and sharply-defined world, knowing, sympathising with, and understanding all.

Of this gift Reade had little; his figures remain close shut within his pages. Now and again they make spasmodic efforts to stir forth, but some theatrical episode, affected speech, or inappropriate phrase promptly gives them their quietus, and they return to their slumbers, which grow deeper and deeper with the passing years.

FINE ART AND DEMOCRACY.

By W. NOEL JOHNSON.

THERE are two words—Art and Democracy—in the title of this paper which have recently been forced greatly into public attention. We are all therefore familiar with them, and their meanings are more or less well understood, at least in a general way.

Although Democracy and its opposite, Aristocracy, are very widely separated, it would be difficult to mark exactly the distinct line of division between them. For, in this country, the aristocratic class gradates downwards, and the democratic upwards until they meet.

For the purpose of this paper, I include in Democracy the vast body of workers; those who have to work to live, and those who having worked, live on the accumulated proceeds of their labour. With the class who are privileged to live without the necessity of working, and who subsist on the proceeds obtained from the labours of others, I am not at present concerned.

With regard to Art, everyone knows, or thinks he knows, what it is; although from Plato to Ruskin no one has been able to frame a full and complete definition of it. I am not going to attempt to make another, or to repeat any of those which have been given us. For my present purpose Fine Art includes chiefly works in painting, but I may incidentally refer to sculpture and architecture, and to literature.

I must confess that the title of this paper does not entirely cover its materials and facts, or the opinions expressed in it; but it does cover the idea which prompted me to write it.

It is in no sense an argument. But rather a bringing together of certain facts, and some ideas and opinions which have gradually become convictions, not hastily, but

after many years of study and research. Not of Fine Art alone, but of Fine Art in conjunction with, and in relation to, the economic and social conditions which existed during some of the great and well-marked periods of its history and development. Those who care to read may build up an argument or not on the data given, this is a matter of choice; but the data themselves are indisputable whatever the argument may be that is founded on them.

Further, I shall have occasion to refer to some contemporaries; but these I shall refrain from mentioning by name. Some of them will be recognised, I have little doubt, by each reference and the context.

About the year 306 B.C. a certain painter, by name Protogenes, had a studio in a garden outside, but adjoining, the walls of the city of Rhodes. It happened that he was busy painting a picture when Demetrius planned an attack on the city. Demetrius, hearing of Protogenes, caused his assault to be delayed, fearing that if he fired Rhodes the picture might be burnt also. Not being able to fire the city on any other side, he was pleased to spare the painting rather than take the victory. Notwithstanding the nearness and noise of the camp of the invaders, Protogenes continued his work without ceasing. Demetrius had Protogenes brought before him, and asking what made him so bold as to work in the midst of enemies, received the characteristic reply, "that he understood that the war was made against the Rhodians and not against the Arts." Not even a vestige of Protogenes' work is known to remain, but it is a matter of history that Demetrius became King of Macedon: surely an honour he richly merited if the above is an index of his whole character.

I do not know of a single instance of similar respect for Art in modern times. It is a fact that Ivan the Terrible did once stop a war with Poland, but for a far different reason. It was through fear, because the Plague—the awful Black Death of the 14th century—was raging there.

But that any general should stop his guns, withhold his bullets and bayonets, because some painter-fellow was at work between him and his point of attack is unthinkable to-day.

What would become of our present art of war if a piece of board or canvas and a few ounces of paint were sufficient to stop the thunder of Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts or the knavish devilry of submarines and torpedoes? If the excellent example of Demetrius became universal artists would become the best of international peacemakers. We need only have enough of them—from the “Year’s Art” we already have 6,000—and dispose them cunningly and all wars might be stopped, and then the halcyon days of “ploughshares and pruning hooks” would become a *fait accompli*. And after this the millions which are at present spent on only two or three Dreadnoughts might be used for buying pictures and sculptures. What a grand time it would be for artists—for everyone! What a glorious future to dream about! But there are no signs—notwithstanding the number of artists—of that dream ever coming true.

About the year of grace 1295 a picture by a Florentine painter was carried in procession from his bottega to the church wherein it was to be placed, with an accompaniment of music, lighted candles, ringing of bells, and waving of banners. The people of Florence turned out in honour of the great event, and even one of the streets was named *Allegri* in commemoration thereof, so great was the rejoicing. The picture was Cimabue’s “Rucellai” Madonna, which we may still see in the same church, Santa Maria Novella, where it has remained ever since its memorable transit.

A similar story is told of Siena regarding Duccio’s great altar-piece, the “Majestas”; and there are some, not over wise, who now tell us that the Sienese story is true, but the Florentine false. They say Vasari cribbed the story from Siena and tacked it on to his life of Cimabue in honour of

his own city, not being able to bear that Florence should be outshone by Siena. I am quite ready to believe that both stories are true, and we may rest assured that Vasari, living when he did, and in touch with the greatest of the Renaissance, knew a great deal more about it than anyone living to-day possibly can. But, further, is it probable that Vasari could have published such a circumstantial account of such an event, if it was not true, without someone in Florence, and much more so in Siena, challenging his statement? I think not.

But we may let this pass: the point worthy of our notice is that the people at that time had great enthusiasm and appreciation for Art, and they were then far more a *Demos* than a *Demos-cracy*.

Such an event, I think, is not at all likely to happen to us to-day. It is only one degree less probable than the story of Demetrius. Can we imagine London, or Liverpool, or even Manchester organising a band and procession in honour of any painting or statue, however great, that has been or is likely to be produced in this or any other country? In Manchester, judging from what has been said of the present woful state of Art interest and Art patronage in the city, it would not even rise to a drum and penny whistle.

These stories certainly show that Art held a position in public estimation in the past such as we may look for in vain to-day. Art was valued, it was honoured, it was appreciated; it was wanted, for its appeal was desired and delighted in. There existed an enthusiasm for Art; a soul-longing and a soul-satisfaction, in marked contrast with the real or apparent dearth and indifference of this later age.

"If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church"—

said Orlando: to which, with the Duke, we can only reply:

"True it is that we have look'd on better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church."

But we can hardly now continue to say with him :

“ Sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd ”—

for Art seems to have lost much of its winning power and natural beauty: some of it is blatant, without meaning, and aggressive; and as for the Demos, the ministry which they desire savours more of sensationalism than of Fine Art. And need we wonder that this is so when new theories of Art and new societies with strange names succeed and jostle each other with an almost cinematic vividness and irritability, and our city's works of art are affirmed to be little better than studio scrapings and lumber? The general unrest and neuritis of the age seems to have invaded not only the vast mass of the world's workers, but also the realms of Art, Religion, and Morals.

I have noticed that in recent years a new point of view regarding Art has been adopted by some of those interested in Art matters. They have advocated Fine Art on philanthropic grounds, as something which should be patronised for the benefit of others. Philanthropy is a grand human attribute, but it seems to me that as applied to Art it is in some way out of place. No man, I suspect, spins cotton or makes steam-engines, or trades in these things, from philanthropic motives, although he does the world a service thereby. Business—as at present conducted—and philanthropy are generally unfit partners, and I imagine that anyone who allowed the latter to have the larger place in his care and attention would soon ruin his business and find himself somewhat in need of a little generosity, and possibly charity, being exercised towards himself.

I am well aware that I am here on delicate ground, and must guard against being misunderstood. I devoutly wish that all schools, hospitals, and homes for the sick and infirm might be adorned and made cheerful and bright with beautiful and interesting works of Art. But when

people subscribe a guinea or half-a-guinea a year—a mere mite to the rich—to such objects I venture to think it has a tendency to make the subscribers feel that they have done their part, and consequently it may lessen their personal buying and giving. It is noble for any man to desire that others should enjoy those things which have given him pleasure; and this noble spirit, I doubt not, has actuated many a testator in his gifts to the public. Our treasures are all the richer for their generosity. But philanthropy does not always benefit its object, nor does it always make its subject enthusiastic, in the true spirit, in patronising the things it dispenses. It may be that under some future economic conditions, less unequal in stress and in wealth, the things of beauty which man's heart and hand produce will be the common right of all to enjoy. It may be that some day the "bottom" dogs will not have to receive as doles a little of that which the "top" dogs have squeezed out of them. It may be that the workers—who at present receive only one-tenth of what their labour produces—will receive something more commensurate with the value of that which they produce. Until that time comes we cannot—so it seems to me—expect them to be much influenced by works whose appeal is chiefly emotional, or to be much interested in philanthropic efforts to afford them refined and pure intellectual enjoyment.

A further point which I have noticed is the claim that has been made for the regenerating influence of works of Art on the democracy. Some have gone so far as to say that if the masses in our slums could only be brought to take pleasure in things of beauty they would rise above their slum life, would forsake their vices, and become clean and respectable citizens. This, I fear, is a fond dream, and a dream only, under our present economic conditions. What our economic machine has evolved at present is that three-fourths of society live under conditions of pecuniary stress and the remainder in grotesque luxury. And the misfortune is that Art is considered a luxury, and there-

fore only patronised by the rich; and many of these do not patronise it at all, because they are convinced that it is useless or only a kind of frivolous amusement.

If only by some means we could remove the pecuniary stress from the three-fourths and place them in sound and wholesome conditions of health, then I believe the latent art instinct in humanity would awaken in most of them, and that they would respond to the winning influences and pleasures of Art as much, yea, perhaps more, than the rich. But at present, I fear, we must admit that the great bulk of the industrial democracy cares far more for football and betting than for pictures and sculpture.

The depressing and shrinking tendency of much of our industrial work is appalling. Let anyone go through the milling shops of one of our large engineering works. He will see a shed, maybe a quarter of a mile long, filled with men and machines. Hour after hour, day after day, month after month the men's work consists of the repetition of only three or four movements: as melancholy, as deadly monotonous, as the "stitch, stitch, stitch" of Tom Hood's poem. The only change occurs when the machine breaks down (a blessing to the worker), or requires another supply of metal. The machines are marvellous products of man's inventive power and ingenuity. In some a brass rod is drawn in on one side, and it drops out converted into bolts or nuts, shaped, threaded, and finished complete. But what does it all amount to? Simply and briefly this—that the brains of one or more men have produced a thing with a devil in it; a thing which makes the brains—as brains—of thousands of other men of but little use to them; a thing which makes the men almost as much machines as the machines they attend to, but without even the exercise of skill or the pleasure of the craftsman in making the things which the machine makes.

We might think that what these men want, as a recreation of their souls—if they have any remaining—would be the delight and study of works of Art. But,

with few exceptions, it is not so. They want excitement, not the intellectual peace of an Art Gallery. They want to be free—to shout, to sing a ragtime, to bet, to drink, to sulk, even to strike; to do anything which, for the time at least, will enable them to cast from them and forget the burden and the curse of the thing by means of which they gain a living. The best works of Art are too tender, too delicate, too emotional, and often too far removed in subject to attract those whose efforts to live are benumbing. Art can find little place among those who have lost the finer feelings of humanity, whose imaginations have languished, and who have never found the means of uniting the joy of life with the joy of work.

I must confess that I am entirely and profoundly out of sympathy with much of what goes by the name of Fine Art to-day. Some of it to me seems mad—not passively or harmlessly mad, but positively and dangerously mad. Almost anyone can splash paint about and draw straight lines at various angles. It requires no study, no special thought, and no useful exercise of the imagination to do so. And here it is that these so-called works of art become a danger to young students. Without even schooling themselves—a thing now claimed to be useless by those who go back to the Primitives—they attempt to paint and draw without any sane purpose or discipline; and they imitate the things and foolish methods which for the time are in the glare of the limelight.

If Ruskin had been living to-day what scathing words he would have used regarding modern craze and affectation! He would indeed have let loose the vials of his wrath against it. His conflict with Whistler and his "Nocturnes" would seem mild and ineffectual in comparison.

What can be gained by imitating the Primitives? Are we to pass by as useless all the advances, all the search after truth and beauty, all the glorious flowering and harvest of the great and justly honoured artists, poets, and

dramatists of the past? Are we to be guided by the instincts and childish imitations of those who lived twenty thousand or even three thousand years ago? Are we to "scrap" all the results of slow development, of evolution, and the yearning and striving after the ideal which the history of Art unfolds? If so, then we are throwing away our heritage; we are ignoring the power and process inherent in the very heart of Nature itself; and we shall end in bankruptcy—destitute of healthy Art effort and of all spur towards greater susceptibility and greater achievement.

The present craze for novelty and individuality, in my opinion, is unhealthy. It tends to force the artist to invent some trick, or to adopt a style of work or a system of colouring, that will force itself and demand attention. That is, technique is to be uppermost, and not the subject or its message.

Hippias once complained to Socrates that he was always telling them the same things. "Yes," said Socrates, "and always on the same subject." "Indeed," said Hippias, "I always endeavour to say something new, and I believe I can now say some things against which neither you nor any man can make any objection." "Good God!" cried Socrates, "what a mighty boast is here!"

Some modern Art, I think, may be said, not unjustly, to come within this "mighty boast." It is blatant, coarse, and impertinent. The self-suppression and modesty of the old saying, that "the end of Art was to conceal Art," has been throttled out of existence and cast away. Individuality in Art, as in other things, is inevitable: no two artists choose alike, see alike, or feel alike; and they vary in taste, expression, and in method. This is much more apparent in modern Art than it was in the past. It is sometimes impossible to distinguish Raphael from Perugino or Beltraffio from Da Vinci.

The enlarged sphere of selection of the last century from which artists have drawn their subjects—vastly greater

than existed either in ancient Greece or during the Italian Renaissance—has largely contributed to develop individuality.

But individuality should be natural and not forced. It is the nature and character of individuality that make it valuable, and not individuality itself. Fools and madmen are often very strongly individual, but not on that ground should they be honoured and increased.

Individuality in Art, if it is to live and afford us joy and inspiration, must be kept within the bounds of what we understand by universality. It must be true to our common humanity and to our strong, healthy emotions. That is, unless it is to descend and become only a means of titillating our nerves or of provoking scorn or laughter.

Two men who had been going the round of the "Freak" exhibitions in London last year found themselves in the Exhibition of the Old Water-colour Society. They had only been in a minute or two when one of them, looking round the Gallery and finding it was not another freak, said to his companion, "Oh! come along out of this, Jim; there's nothing here to laugh at." And "Punch" represented a husband asking his wife in one of these "strange" shows what a certain picture was (which, by the way, was marked "A Portrait" in the Catalogue), and received the reply that she thought it was "a map of the Balkans."

In a recent lecture given in Manchester on "The Need of Beauty" many excellent things were said and many points were made which provoked thought. Among other things the Athenian gentleman was described, and he was contrasted with the men of to-day, greatly to the latter's disadvantage. It was claimed for the Athenian that he was an all-round man; that he was educated and cultured in the three great fundamentals of man's nature—the intellectual, the moral, and the artistic. This is no doubt a true description, and as regards Art, it is certain that the Greeks had a sensitivity to beauty, a wholesome care

for Art, and possessed in abundance works of the greatest worth, such as have not existed since, with the same fullness and vitality: not even during the best age of the Renaissance. The temples and statues of the Acropolis must have presented a vision of grandeur and noble beauty which we can only dimly imagine from their present lost and ruinous condition.

But it does not do to take partial views. To judge a people correctly and justly we must consider not only one class all round, but the great whole all round. Neither the best nor the worst in a nation or people can be made the index of the whole.

Greek morality, from our point of view, was certainly below Greek artistic sense and Greek intellectuality. The word slavery does not quite harmonise with what we know of Greek Art and intellect; nevertheless, it is certain that the majority of the people in Athens were slaves whose lives were not even their own. It is also certain that although an Athenian gentleman would not allow his wife to see a comedy at the theatre for fear she might see or hear something impure, custom allowed *him* the society of a class of women for the enjoyment of himself and his guests with whom she would not associate. The Greek's keen sense of beauty and his intense enthusiasm for Art did not enable him to feel his own moral inequalities, his inhumanity, or that the life of his slave was as sacred as his own. Although there were slaves who were good and great, and some who became free men, yet I think we shall have to admit that to the mass of the people in Athens the tense atmosphere of Art and Intellect around them was unbreathed and unfelt; that it was not accepted as something vital and necessary to the conduct and enjoyment of life.

But the Greeks do not stand alone in showing a strange inconsistency between their Art and their conduct; between their love of beauty, and the existence of social injustice and degradation.

From the remains of Art in Pompeii, the city must have been very beautiful, and everywhere statues and paintings must have been seen, many of them having a religious purpose. But this is only one side of the account, and that the credit side. On the other, works of art were flaunted in the public streets for immoral purposes, and the walls of some houses were painted with graceful figures for the sole purpose of exciting the passions.

The Italian Renaissance shows the same thing, only in another form. Many patrons of Art of that marvellous period of intellectual and artistic culture were villains of the worst order, addicted to the grossest cruelties and the vilest personal conduct. Even the Medici, who did so much for Art, Philosophy, and Literature, could not keep their hands clean. Their lust for power and wealth blinded them to the rights of the people. Even the great Lorenzo—the “Magnificent”—robbed Florence of her liberties, and died unshrived because he could not bring himself to promise Savonarola to restore those liberties to the city again.

The Baglioni destroyed each other root and branch in a most treacherous and infamous manner, and yet we may still look on one of them in a beautiful fresco painted by Pinturricchio in Spello, in which he appears not only as a donor—and therefore as a patron of Art,—but also in an attitude of religious devotion.

When we are in Rome and look at that vast cathedral, St. Peter's, we do not remember perhaps that much of the money required for building it was obtained in a manner which we should most strongly condemn as a scandalous imposture and falsehood.

It is an old saying that “facts are stubborn things.” Regret or explain them how we may, history constantly shows these strange alliances: stranger and more startling during the Renaissance than any other period.

If Art is the great power it is said to be, and if it has the refining influence claimed for it—and these I should

be the last to deny; then surely its producers and patrons should be exemplary people. Are they? We have just glanced at some incidents which might lead us to say that they were not.

Do we find that poets and painters and dramatists are better than other men? Are they worse? No. I should say certainly not. It is true that there was, and is still, a camaraderie among them which has led to a kind of freedom and buoyancy of spirits which have favoured indulgence: but the indulgence was generally slight and harmless. There are, however, many sad instances to the contrary. On the average, I think that poets stand lower in this respect than the painters. The fact that the painter's work comes straight from his own hands to the eye of the public, while the poet's passes through the printer's, and therefore is not immediate and direct, may have something to do with this.

The best among the painters are notorious for their purity of conduct, faith, and goodness of heart: such as Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, Titian, and a vast congregation of others. On the other hand, the worst among them are bad indeed, like Benvenuto Cellini, who was a murderer, and the roué and sot Aretino.

If we may take longevity as any proof of right living—and it seems to me that we may—then the artist stands high. Among professional men the clergyman comes first, with the longest average life. Next comes the artist, not far behind; and following him comes the poet. The close conjunction of the two first seems natural and logical when we remember the long alliance between them, and that for sixteen centuries, before the Reformation and the Puritans drove them asunder, Art had been the hand-maid of religion.

But let us look at our own country and our own city. It has often been said against us regarding artistic appreciation that we are essentially a business people and care little for Art. This is more or less true of us as a whole

—as a nation. But there is a section which has been, and is keenly alive and sincerely enthusiastic about Art. Our great National Gallery alone is sufficient proof of this: and so are the collections in our large cities. But the mass of the people is a mixed quantity, and apparently cares little or nothing about the matter. This may arise partly from want of opportunity, and partly from depression, caused by the unfavourable conditions of work, and the constant proximity to the starvation line of both body and spirit.

This may require some correction, for in one direction Manchester at least may claim to be one of our most artistic cities. We have more cinematograph shows and picture theatres than any other city except London. These shows are open for nine or ten hours a day: people are constantly going in and out, and frequently they are packed to the full. But our City Art Gallery, excepting on special occasions, will be found to be almost neglected. Many and many a time have I gone in and found I could count the visitors on the fingers of one hand, and not infrequently two of these have seemed to be lovers who have sought shelter there from the public eye. The only part of the Gallery which receives anything like the patronage it deserves is the tea room. Well-to-do people will go there to drink tea, who will not mount the stairs to see the works of Fine Art. Is it likely, then, that many of those will go who not only cannot afford the tea room, but who often feel the pinch of hunger?

I suppose we must admit that it is a sound principle that those who pay the piper must call the tune: that each ratepayer has a right to vote as he chooses. But this principle in action may produce unfavourable results. No matter how good and useful our Art Committee may be, nor how much time the chairman may give to his work, they may be thrown out of office at any election. And this may be done by a democracy whose majority may not, and

probably do not know anything about Art, and may care even less.

This seems to me almost as stupid as it would be to ask the democracy to vote whether a man with an injured leg should have it amputated or not, or whether the bank rate should be raised or lowered. To do so would seem the height of madness: for such decisions are left to experts who have judgment and experience. But knowledge, experience, and wide sympathy are surely necessary if a city's Art matters are to be properly managed, and the building up of its Art collections to be pursued on right and humanistic lines: and if they are to be not only the best in themselves, but also the best for a public gallery.

Since our Art collections, apart from donations are paid for out of rates, it seems to me that the works selected for purchase should be chosen from a somewhat different point of view than that of a private collector.

One who buys with his own money, for his own pleasure, certainly may select what he likes—he is his own judge. But in buying for a public gallery, or in selecting for a public exhibition, the democracy should be kept in view, and its needs considered so far as that is possible. The works should afford healthy pleasure, stimulating enjoyment, and human interest.

In the first place, I venture to say that any works which may savour in the slightest degree of immorality only—that is without any set-off, or clear indication of an opposing element of good—should be rigorously excluded. And this should be done, no matter how good the work may be in technical execution.

I know there are some who argue that Art has nothing to do with morality: to this I shall refer presently. But any work which suggests an immoral thought, or exhibits an immoral fact, and stops at this, cannot be elevating and inspiring, no matter how cleverly it may be executed.

I have no sympathy with what is known as the modern

cult of ugliness; on the other hand, we have heard much against what are called "pretty" pictures. This, I think, is a wrong adjective to use in speaking of any work of Art that has been carefully studied from Nature. Bright and pure colours can never be more than a dim and grey representation of Nature's colours. Why, then, should a work be rather contemptuously called "pretty" because the artist has tried to be true to Nature in colour and in detail?

I would rather fill our galleries with pretty pictures than ugly ones, because the former would certainly be cheerful and pleasant to look at, while the latter would be depressing to almost all people except those of the cult.

Again, I am of opinion that pictures in which the handling is the chief element of notice, should not be bought—or very sparingly—for a public gallery. Vigour and daring may appeal to the artist, but little, or not at all to the ordinary intelligent man. He looks, rightly, for something above and beyond, and roughness and trick only distract and interfere with his enjoyment.

I have always felt that there was some danger in separating Art from morality. Some people are impatient if one ventures to mention the subject to them. Looked at from one point of view Art may not appear to come within the sphere of morals; but since Art is the product of human thought and action it would seem that they must always be in close touch with one another. As moral and intelligent beings, can any action be entirely separated from the effect that action may produce? There is honesty and dishonesty in the mere work of the Artist, quite apart from the nature of the appeal his work may make.

Leslie Stephen, admittedly, was not prejudiced in regard to this point of view. Speaking of poetry—and it applies equally to Art—he said, "Because poetry should not be brought into too close a contact with the prose of daily life, we sometimes seem to think that it must have no relation to daily life at all, and consequently convert

it into a mere luxurious dreaming . . . because poetry need not be always a point-blank fire of moral platitudes we occasionally declare that there is no connection at all between poetry and morality, and that all Art is good which is for the moment agreeable. Such theories must end in reducing all poetry and Art to be at best more or less elegant trifling for the amusement of the indolent. Morality and Art are not independent though not identical." Mr. Stephen agreed with Mr. Ruskin that works of Art are only admirable when they are the expression of healthful and noble natures, and these two words, healthful and noble, certainly imply moral elevation and purity.

From the foregoing sketch we may follow two distinct courses from the early time of Art production until the Renaissance. In Egypt, in Greece, and in Rome religion was the great and chief stimulus to the production of great works of Art, and during this period the work was executed principally by slaves who constituted the majority of the population. How far this majority took an interest in their work, or were influenced by the grandeur and beauty of the works they helped to construct it is difficult to say, but probably little.

Feudalism followed the abolition of slavery, and during that epoch religion was again the great incentive to Art. From the thirteenth century onwards we have the period which saw the rise and erection of our great abbeys and Gothic cathedrals, and it is certain that during this time the artists, whether architects, sculptors, painters, or masons, had great enjoyment and interest in the work they produced. We must remember that the Guild system was then in existence, and the uncertainty of employment, and the poverty which results therefrom, were not then the grave evils that they are to-day.

During the latter part of the Renaissance a very distinct change is apparent in the subject matter used by the artists. From being exercised mainly from religious motives it widened and became Paganised. Mythological

and historical subjects, portraiture, and landscape all found a place in the artist's work.

Previous to the fifteenth century Italy had become broken up into small and independent states, constantly at war with each other. But the masses of the people did not suffer therefrom as much as we might expect. The fighting to a large extent was carried on by hired men from Switzerland and Germany, who simply joined those who paid the best. The people meanwhile carried on their crafts and agriculture, more or less in peace, prepared to submit and obtain the best terms they could from the conqueror.

Life in Florence during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries must have been one of rare vigour and enjoyment. The very air palpitated with the life and spirit of Art. New discoveries in the Literature and Art of the past, and in the works of the ancient Greek philosophers added zest and interest to life such as we may look for in vain since that time.

The rise of our modern industrial system has placed the capitalists and the workers in a position which is new in the history of the world. Our tapping of Nature's hidden powers, adapting and pressing them into our service, while being a wonderful achievement, has produced unforeseen and terrible evils. By converting water into steam, and using that as the power for driving our machinery, we have taken the labour out of the hands of the workman and put it into the machine. From being a craftsman interested in the work his hands produced, he has become a mere guardian of, or attendant on, a mechanical contrivance. I think it is easy to see what a revolution this effected in the life of the workman, depriving him of the mental exercise and variety so necessary to the well-being of all who toil. From this the evils of congestion—the submerged masses—and all the horrors of slumdom have very largely arisen.

I must confess that if things remain as they are at present there seems little chance of Fine Art having much

influence on the democracy. One-half of the wealth produced goes into the pockets of one-ninth of the population; while the other half is divided among eight-ninths, and the eight-ninths are those who produce it.

I do not know how much money has been spent by the Manchester Art Gallery Committee during the last twenty five years, but it must amount to many tens of thousands of pounds sterling. For this we have a right to expect to see some return apart from the actual possession of the works purchased. But this it is difficult to find or to estimate. If by some means we could raise the masses beyond the present stress to a position of comfort, I believe we should soon see them taking a keen and lively interest in Art.

Religion has practically ceased to use Art for pictorial purposes in our churches. Fewer and fewer religious pictures are being produced; and if Art is to be severed from morality and natural truth and beauty, its appeal, and the value of that appeal, will become less and less. I am no pessimist; but the upset and strange ideas of to-day seem to me worse than meaningless.

All through the ages Art has been like a trumpet call: at times penetrating, clear and full: at others little more than a whisper. But it has never entirely ceased, or been wholly unheeded. Sometimes it has seemed out of tune with the age: sometimes deaf ears have been turned to its call: but again and again humanity has responded eagerly and fully.

It may appear old-fashioned, but I still believe that there is a very close connection between the true—the beautiful—and the good: and the beautiful is that which it is the chief purpose of Fine Art to disclose. The refining influences of Art are unbounded; the measures of delight it affords are unlimited; its appeal and elevating power are open to all. As a right all should be able to possess those benefits: and the Democracy has a greater right to possess them, and far more need, than any other class in the community.

ELLWANGER'S IDYLLISTS OF THE COUNTRY SIDE.

By L. CONRAD HARTLEY.

THIS short paper is but meant to serve as an introduction to George H. Ellwanger. I have not read his large work on gastronomics, "The Pleasures of the Table," nor his fishing adventures, titled "In Gold and Silver"; but three other works I have read—"The Story of My House," "The Garden's Story," and "The Idyllists of the Country-side," which last must serve as Ellwanger's card, presented by myself, with a few memoranda as to his writing and his character, and a few extracts from his essays.

When he wrote his books he lived at Rochester, in the State of New York, on the south shore of Lake Ontario, sixty miles east of the Falls of Niagara. His house is delightfully situated.

A shaded slope bounds the homestead to the southward, and a thick copse descending rather abruptly to the river, flanks the ground in the rear. Across the water a west or south wind invariably blows, freighted with coolness, and charged with that indefinable odour which the wind gathers from its passage through a wood.

There, could be no government, no despot, no politics. In garden, library, or in the woods he spends his happy days, and epicurean in the best sense, avoids all things that would give him pain, or cause him anxiety of mind. He reads much, has a great library, is a book collector. He goes from book to book, as a bee moves from flower to flower. He cherishes all things that minister to his æsthetic senses. His house is filled with rare things in armour, tapestry, carpets, pictures, bronzes, porcelains, arms, brocades, and altar cloths. A man of wealth, of

leisure, a scholar, a linguist and musician, with much knowledge of English and European literature, a student of the classics, a botanist and naturalist—with such equipment, to which may be added a sense of humour, and the desire to write agreeably, and the power to do it; what wonder that I regard him as an essayist of rare quality? Save to England, he does not appear to have journeyed abroad, but there are no confines to his thoughts, and he girdles the earth with electric speed. We adventure with him, and return laden with the spoil of many lands. Not a little of the peace and finish in his writings is due to his aristocratic bearing towards everything that interests him. He brings things into his own atmosphere—not that the unclean becomes clean in his hands; he would touch naught unclean: but that the commonest are distinguished by his acquaintance and honoured by his use. He is no student of life and manners; his philosophy of life is gained by the quiet contemplation of books and nature, rather than by contact with men: yet he takes a side glance now and then at his fellows, and sometimes looks into the inner and deeper things of life. Now, can I, by quoting from the "Idyllists of the Country-side" justify my praise of this writer? The "Idyllists" is a series of six appreciatory essays. The first is "The Wand of Walton."

Not content with Isaac, he takes from his shelves companion books, and says that a poetical idyll, "The Secrets of Angling," by Dennys, published 1613, is as good as Walton's work. He acquits Walton of the charge of plagiary, and writes:—

While Walton unquestionably did compile portions of his treatise from numerous other authors, it is no less distinctly his own. His coinage is fresh; his cowslip meadows and ladysmocks, his atmosphere of rusticity and loving-kindness are his alone.

He twits Isaac in that he was not a good fisher, though he

could write well on the subject, and chaffs him as to night-fishing:—

Night fishing, however, which might have claimed a chapter on Walton's part, is only once alluded to by him, the old author stating that though it is a choice way of angling, he had not often used it, because it is void of the pleasure the summer day affords. Besides, one can readily imagine that after an outing on the Lea and the Dove, he would prefer, to the society of the bats and the solitude of the 'stars, the barley-wine and bodily comforts awaiting him and his companions at the Thatched House, or other favourite hostelry. One may also picture him meditating over some delectable author—Marlowe, Du Bartas, Herbert or Donne—ere surrendering himself to the lavender-scented sheets of the inn; or conning perchance some chapter of Pliny or Aristotle to turn over in his dreams.

As to Walton's cookery, he says:—

Nevertheless, on reading some of his recipes for cooking fish, one marvels how it was possible for him to remain in a contented frame of mind, if he partook of the dishes himself. The young stomach of Venator, who drank in his master's melliloquent discourse with such unalloyed delight, perhaps might have digested without a nightmare some of the singular amalgams his instructor prescribes as too good for any but anglers or very honest men. Walton himself, in his advanced years, could never have eaten them save by proxy, and lived to complete the Angler.

Strange to say, he never calls attention to the simplicity and ease of diction in the Angler: that is one of Walton's charms.

The next essay is "Gilbert White's Pastoral." He writes:—

We have no portrait of Gilbert White, but one may fancy him with knee-breeches and buckles rambling among flowery footpaths, watching the white owls under the eaves of the church, or reclining . . . on some mossy cushion . . . Fond of his books, he does not see nature through them, but takes his views at first hand; his classicism being but

a garnish to his observation. . . . He is always amiable, and free from prejudices. . . . His book deserves to be classed among country idyls, if only for its reflex character in having fostered a closer acquaintanceship with outward nature,—a work that has paved the way to Jesse, Kingsley, Thoreau, Jefferies, Burroughs, and Gibson.

His essay closes:—

Re-reading Selborne one comes to appreciate it the more, and to perceive in the letters of the learned Hampshire parson those qualities that one must ever cherish in fond regard. Its fresh and simple style, its modest, unassuming grace cling to and permeate its leaves like the fragrance of the ferny lanes and shade of the beechwoods it leads to. To remember it is to enter a region of rest and quietude, with nothing more important than to watch the churn-owl's flight and hearken to the cricket's cry. And, if read in the right mood, it will, after all, seem eminently deserving of being classed among rustic idyllia, and returned to the library shelves to be enshrined with Theocritus and "the Georgics."

We now come to the "Landscape of Thomas Hardy." Ellwanger has not a word to say about Hardy's English, which, to my mind, is as nervous and vigorous as George Borrow's.

He went through all the Wessex country, and was singularly responsive to the beauty of England. He shall speak for himself now:—

And who that has ever experienced the witchery of an English June can forget an English twilight, when night and day seem only divided by a mellow film of obscurity or almost imperceptible fragment of shade? An English sky, likewise, though capricious and easily moved to shower and rain, is prodigal of its play of half-lights, with a noticeable absence of glare, enhanced the more by a marvellously colourful atmosphere that lends a heightened hue to sward, water-course, field of gorze and charlock, and purple of distant hill. Nor is its abounding animate life a less noticeable or engaging feature throughout the length and breadth of

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the land—from the vast flocks of sheep which people the downs, and herds of kine grazing amid the lush meadow herbage, to the woods and copses teeming with game, and the colonies of rooks and starlings that flit over every field and hedgerow. Nowhere is nature more exuberant, and nowhere do we find her so intimately associated with humanity. It is this latter feature, more especially, that the Wessex romancist has grasped and pictured so vividly with consummate art. And in this, perhaps, consists the keynote of his charm, embodied throughout his most carefully studied theme in a style exquisitely finished.

At Wellbridge, in the D'Urberville district, he notes an old house, from the windows of the train which had halted for an instant:—

I was singularly impressed by a grey and gabled old manor house, with its many outbuildings on the right, approached by an equally hoary stone bridge, picturesque as an abbey tower that spans the sparkling river of the Frome. The stream was fringed with iris and bulrushes, and its surface silvered with the white blossom of the water-crowfoot, as it idled through the verdant meads and glittered in the June sunshine. So striking was the grim old Elizabethan pile, and so marked the imprint of untold sorrow upon its grave and furrowed face, that, involuntarily, I thought it must possess a history; and if ghosts there be; such must haunt its mouldering corridors. Its joyous surroundings seemed a mocking irony. . . . Little did I think at the time that it is in truth haunted by the wraiths of Tess and Angel Clare, and that from here the D'Urberville coach-and-four proceeds upon its spectral rounds, although it may only be seen by one of the D'Urberville flesh and blood. . . .

The following day Ellwanger visited the house:—

An old woman, crippled with rheumatism, showed me through the deserted chambers; and mounting upon a chair on the landing near the door of Tess's room, I beheld the portraits of the two D'Urberville women, one of whom vaguely suggested the heroine to the author, and whose remote resemblance to his bride smote Angel with dismay.

Here is a description of the "Egdon Heath" of the "Return of the Native":—

A strange, mysterious region it is, this region of tertiary bag-shot sand, on which tinkle myriads of heath-bells, and where silvery mosses and brake-fern have their home. One almost expects to see the "reddleman" and his van coming down the road. But he had recently passed, of a surety, leaving his rufous strain upon many a shorn Southdown and Dorset-horn. The wild bee is busy probing amid the flowers, his ceaseless hum and the skylark's song the only sustained minstrelsy of the moorland. Your foot sinks deep into the soft cushion of the heath. . . . The heath rolls and rolls away in billows of embrowned and purple beauty, like the waves of some enchanted sea; while the pure breeze fans its cheek and draws an elfin music from its bells. . . . A passing shade causes it to frown; a gleam of sunlight illumines it with a subdued splendour of its own. It mirrors the mood of the sky; it transmutes the glory of the sun. At other times a twilight shade hovers over its undulant crest, and dusk lowers beneath its russet pall. Could its swarthy hue find its correlation in sound, it might be conveyed by the cry of the owl. Yet its normal and habitual tone sheds a sedate beauty more impressive than the blaze of poppy and trefoil hosts, or cloth-of-gold of gorze and broom. A sadness it exhales that is subtler than joy; a vague, unfathomable yearning it expresses, such as looks out through the centuries from the haunting face of the Gioconda.

In conclusion, Ellwanger visualizes the motley human creations of the Wessex Seer, and the last lines are:—

While, sharply cut upon the distant sky-line, moves the colossal silhouette of a hay-trusser, wimble in hand, stalking the lonesome high-road on his final pilgrimage to Weydon-Priors.

The next essay is "Afield with Jefferies." He writes very lovingly of Jefferies. I will quote from the concluding pages of the essay. After telling us how difficult it was to locate "Coate Farm," where Jefferies

wrote his "Pageant of Summer," he looked for the wonderful oaks described in "My Old Village." He says:—

And yet they are not wonderful trees in any sense. They were but the oaks of his childhood and his home, invested through association with the halo of romance. The eye but mirrors what the mind may see. Pan still passes by and haunts the country-side for the few who may hear the rivers "inner voice" and the song the landscape ever sings. Only the poet learns its secrets and sees behind the screen. Thus a stranger might find it difficult to analyse the magnetic charm that the house of his birth always held for Jefferies; as we can never cease to marvel at his phenomenal insight of Nature, his deep feeling, his poetic gift of expression, and his wonderful knowledge of every phase and mood of rural life.

As I returned from Coate Farm through the peaceful hamlet and slumberous fields, a mellow sunset, tinted like the ripe wheat that Jefferies loved, flooded the homestead of the great prose-poet of the Wiltshire Downs. The old oaks of the highway were quickened with its rays, the thatch of the ricks caught its warm caress, and field and mead and hedgerow were gilded with the splendours of the dying day. But within the near-by copse the yellow-hammer called in vain, and the vespers of the nightingale missed a listening ear. Softly the afterglow paled upon the distant downs, as one by one the constellations rose, and the young moon's sickle sank to meet the coming dawn. And a sigh throbbed amid the oaks and hedgerows,—a plaint of the evening breeze for him who had been with them and loved them and cherished them; even unto the glow-worm in the grass and the dewdrop trembling upon the aven's awn.

Then follows "The Sphere of Thoreau." Here, he is not indifferent to Thoreau's philosophy, nor is he wanting in appreciation of his mysticism; but the scope of his paper bids him keep as near the nature-lover as possible. I like his estimate of the Walden nature-lover. Here are a few extracts from the essay:—

A sceptic and an iconoclast, he was at least inviolate as to his personal character, and there was nothing malignant

in his scepticism. . . . He was an earnest searcher for the truth. . . . He is always stimulating . . . and is never unwholesome. . . . He starts new veins of thought into being, and might awaken the veriest oaf from apathy. His paradox is delicious; his epigram like the popping of witch-hazel pods, or the cracking of ice on Walden Pond. . . . He would seek the soul as well as the surface. . . . What arabesques of beauty he has traced in the most familiar creatures and things; and how eye and ear and sense of smell revel in the poetic impressions he has drawn. . . .

Yet for all his perceptivity, fine fancy, and wide knowledge, he was modest at heart, despite his vein of wilful exaggeration and his self-consciousness. Like all true geniuses, he was not satisfied with his work of observation, exhaustive as it was . . . he was conscious of sounds in Nature that his ears could not hear.

And now to the last essay, "A Ramble with Burroughs." Ellwanger writes:—

Similar to Thoreau, Jefferies and White, he is a born observer, with an especial eye for the birds; and like every author whose charm is enduring, he has written to please himself upon topics with which he is thoroughly at home. His critical faculty is always marked, his epigram poignant, and his humour pervasive. . . .

Ellwanger has knowledge of birds, and he criticises Burroughs, and takes him to task for an omission. He says:

Strangely, the cat-bird, whose motley spring diapason is familiar to all, has been neglected by Mr. Burroughs as a minstrel of a high degree of merit. His claims for admiration come somewhat late, it is true; and in his florison of song he reverses the accustomed order of his companions. He is with the purple aster, the gentian, and the witch-hazel, which bloom when summer's fires have cooled; and, like them, he serves to cheer the declining year. For, not in April, when wind-flowers nod to the south breeze, and columbines plume the awakening woodlands, does he lift a musical voice. Neither in the June twilight, nor sultry August noon, does he choose to reveal the true cadence of

his song. But when the grasshoppers' drone is faint, and crickets have well-nigh ceased their cry; when groves turn crimson, and fruits hang red on the bough—then the cat-bird pipes his vespers to the waning year. You may hear his pensive song in October—his tender warble to the flowers and the sunshine, the showers and the dew, the blue sky and blithe summer hours which have flown. He sings, in like measure, the mellow October days, the ripened nuts, the lengthening shadows. He chants the violet haze, the golden afterglow, the garnered sheaves and rustling leaves. The peace and serenity of the latter year flow from his throat as he pours out his autumnal psalm in low, plaintive strains, like some tender chord of Chopin freighted with indefinable yearning.

And the essay closes:—

It is a far-cry from the Dove to the Concord, from the Hanger of Selborne to the hedgerows of Wiltshire. Yet, however varied the strain or distinct the aria among those who have so fervently voiced the delights of the countryside, there exists, nevertheless, a chord of unison that places them in lasting relationship. In his own way each has reflected the soul of Nature and conveyed the spirit of Earth. To Walton his silver streams, and to White his beechen groves; to Hardy the purple heath, and to Jefferies the golden corn; to Thoreau the mystery of the night, and to Burroughs the song of the bird!

Now, in conclusion, a few words as to Ellwanger and his writing. In these essays there are many acute discriminations and comparisons: he is careful and judicial. His survey of his six idyllists is complete, his analysis is finished. It would have been so easy for him to write much about his nature-lovers that would have been interesting, but he confined himself to their love for nature and nature's wonders and beauties, and, I doubt not, enjoyed the writing as much as I enjoyed the reading: thus both have profited. I think life has been rendered easy for our essayist, but in return he makes life easier for us. His books are restful. He loves books and he loves

writing. His philosophy is sound, for he has made a loving use of his mental gifts, his wealth, and his leisure. Essay writing, apart from the critical or didactic, is nearly a lost art in these days. To those who can feel the artistry in words, can bear the cadenced periods, I commend Ellwanger. I cannot compare him with any other writer: his flavour is most distinctly his own, and often it is as delicate and fragrant as that of the blue-violet salad for which he can give you a recipe. And last, and not least, he is more English than American in his habits of mind, and is so brave a writer that the whole world is his fatherland.

* * *

"OUR HAPPY SHORE": A SEASIDE REVERIE.

(In the shadow of Bispham Cliff, Lancashire.)

I.

HOW happy should'st thou be, O *comely* Shore!
 Thy golden sand—bright auburn locks—with comb
 Of surf, translucent, set with pearls and tipped with foam;
 By faithful Tide's fond, skilful hand
 Now curled, now smoothed, now decked with chaplet-
 band
 Of jewell'd shells from fairy-land!

O happy Shore!

II.

How happy should'st thou be, O *constant* Shore!
 The shingle-hidden rocks—thy steadfast feet—
 Twice daily washed by kindly, busy waves, that beat
 Between thy pebbles; and, to dry
 The moistened boulders, thus refreshed, apply
 A seaweed napkin tenderly!

O happy Shore!

III.

How happy should'st thou be, O *stalwart* Shore!
 Thy cliff—majestic brow and stately form—
 When hurt or fevered by fierce sun or raging storm,
 Soft-kissed and healed by gentle spray
 Of watch-unwearied breakers, far away;
 Whose falls make soothing roundelay!
 O happy Shore!

IV.

Twice happy *must* thou be, O *quiet* Shore!
 Thy calmly-listening ear glad welcoming
 The messages of song, which crested heralds bring
 From far-off Courts of Minstrelsy:
 Blest strains, now grand in thundered “*reveille*”-cry,
 Now sweet in murmured lullaby!
 Twice happy Shore!!

V.

Thrice happy *ant* thou, O all-seeing Shore!
 With wistful gaze, in yearning rapture bent,
 Beyond the distant line, where, meeting, oft frequent
 Storm-billows and dark-lowering skies,—
 Which hide, from doubt-beclouded, care-dimmed eyes,
 That *Brighter* Shore—of PARADISE!
 Thrice happy Shore!!!

Manchester.

C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN.

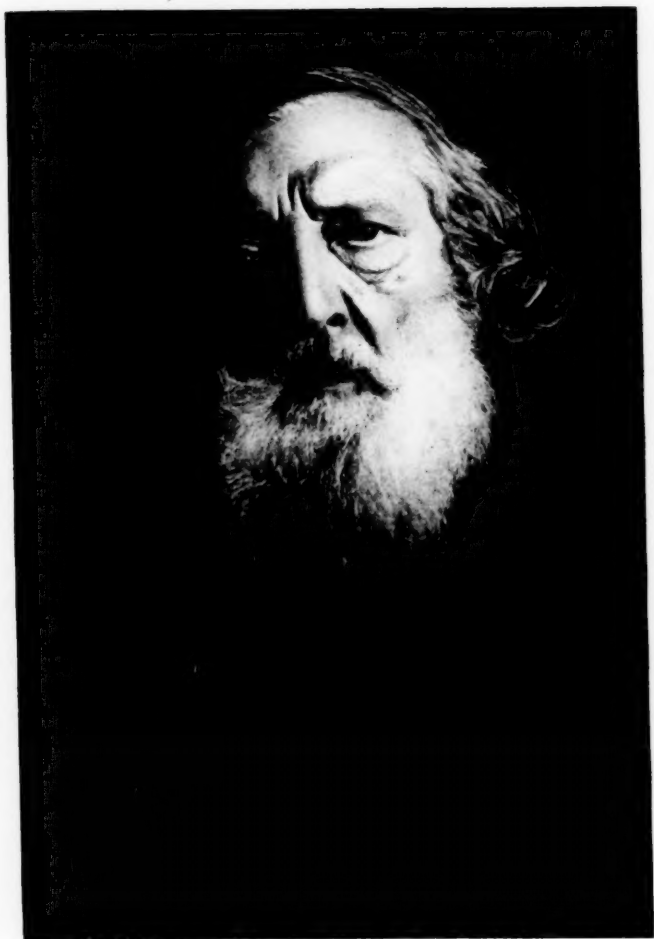


Photo taken by Marsland Jackson, photographic artist to Warwick Brookes.

Geo. Milner

ÆTAT 84,
1914.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

By L. CONRAD HARTLEY.

IT seems but as yesterday that Henley died and descended into "the silent colonies of the grave," deserving his well-earned rest. It is remarkable that no "Life of Henley" has been published, that no fawning weakling, clinging to the cloak of the poet's reputation, has sought notoriety by scribbling page upon page of fulsome adulation, and that no literary scavenger has made the wonderful discovery that Henley was possibly a worse man than any of those upon whom fell the towers of Siloam. Such critics have been kept at bay, methinks, by Henley's sincerity and courage, for he knew himself, and his words are as frank and wild as the call of the April bird. Even the essayist of adventurous mind needs no biographer, much less the poet. In the poet's works is found his life; therein he inevitably yet unconsciously reveals himself. I am not concerned with Henley's private affairs. How he carried himself in his social relations is as naught compared with the spirit of an eight-line lyric. I am not entirely indifferent to his ordinary life, for if he did not work for his daily bread, I would know whether he begged or stole it. Give me a man's essays and poems, with dates to the pieces, if possible, and I need little more. Posterity gives the final pronouncement upon a man's work, though we, of his own time, may pass judgment. But our portrait is easily blurred, for standing too near him we focus badly. We are blinded by the strong light from merely ephemeral commentary or criticism, and in our muddle-headedness we are not affected by the steady yet luminous utterances upon the things indicative of man's inner self, that tell of his relation to the eternal truths and the common inheritances of humanity.

The "Life of Henley" best known to me is in the seven volumes of his works published in 1908. There, boldly

writ, in large Henleian hand, showing a fearless ingenuousness, and instinct with the rich art of artlessness, is Henley's life. So, thank Heaven! save for a few facts as to his life, culled elsewhere, there is nothing to come between Henley and myself; and now, so far as my faith and impulse permit me, will I record the impression made upon me; I will reveal him to you as his work revealed him to me. As it is the poet's prerogative to betray himself in his every mood, so is it the essayist's peculiar right to betray himself by his selections. Like calls to like: this is an universal law.

William Ernest Henley was born at Gloucester on August 23, 1849, and was the son of a bookseller. He was educated in that city at the Crypt Grammar School, where the headmaster was T. E. Brown. In 1901 Henley wrote of Brown:—

I first knew him in 1860. . . . He opened to me myself—the true materials of self; he was the first man of genius I had ever seen: he suggested the possibilities in life: was singularly kind at a time when I wanted more kindness than encouragement. Scholar and humorist, poet, and teacher, and priest; a sociable and lavish temperament, quite excellently disciplined and equipped; a born writer and observer;—of such bountiful differences was T. E. Brown.

Brown deserved Henley's gratitude, for he was rich in good intent and practice. His influence was humanizing, of the sort that bore fruit slowly, the only influence that could work upon our dictatorial poet-essayist. It mellowed Henley's imperial way of dealing with men and things, and I wonder how often, in after life, his masterfulness was questioned or curbed by that very subconsciousness that was born of Brown's gentle reasonings. But against this influence must be set a bitter cynicism that was early manifest in his poems. So far back as 1872 we find:—

Life is bitter. All the faces of the years,
Young and old, are gray with travail, and with tears.
Must we only wake to toil, to tire, to weep?"

Perhaps the key may be found in his physical suffering. When twelve years old he was attacked by a tuberculous disease that at intervals tortured him through life. The dread of a lifelong physical handicap marred his outlook. When eighteen he was told that one foot, if not both, must be amputated. In 1873 he entered the Old Infirmary at Edinburgh, and one foot was lost. He was at the Old Infirmary eighteen months, and was visited by R. L. Stevenson and Baxter, who called, "leaving books, yellow Balzacs, quite impudently French." Henley was far from idle and was very brave, as a letter, dated February, 1875, from Stevenson to Mrs. Sitwell, testifies:—

Leslie Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a King's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air. He has taught himself two languages since he has been lying there. I shall try to be of use to him.

Longing for the struggles of life, he passionately studied everything near him. "In Hospital," a series of poems published in 1888, shows the strain upon the poet while within those spacious walls. The verses are crammed with feeling, but are marked by characteristic exactitudes. He enters the hospital "where Life and Death like friendly chaffers meet," the "place of decent meanness—half workhouse and half jail." He smiles before his operation:

Thank you. I am ready,
But, gentlemen, my partners, life is brittle:
You carry Cæsar and his fortunes—steady!

Later, is the long vigil, with its attendant nightmares and horrors, when he listened "in a passion of attention" to the "drip-drop of the cistern"—"at the very heart of midnight," and felt that each drop was his own blood. There in bed he lived from weary night into the "unnatural, intolerable day," when God's sunshine mocked him in his helplessness. But with what a loving art were drawn his sketches. Hark to this:—

Her little face is like a walnut shell
 With wrinkling lines ; her soft, white hair adorns
 Her withered brows in quaint, straight curls, like horns ;
 And all about her clings an old, sweet smell.
 Prim is her gown and Quakerlike her shawl.
 Well might her bonnets have been born on her.
 Can you conceive a Fairy Godmother
 The subject of a strong religious call ?
 In snow or shine, from bed to bed she runs,
 All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales,
 Her mittened hands, that ever give or pray,
 Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns.
 A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way,
 Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails.

Henley must have loved that demure little woman, to draw her so daintily. Has she gone out with the Victorians ? I fear me it is so. How trustworthy a sketch ! How delicate the line-work, yet how firm the hand that limned her portrait !

The long months pass, but joy comes at length. Life becomes more bearable, "the happy April morn" smiles on him through the "grimy little window" of his prison-house, and he can see how "in and out among the washing" goes "the West at hide-and-seek." How he would thrill, as he felt his old self regaining its lost territory ! Then, at last, discharged, where :—

The smell of the mud in my nostrils
 Blows brave—like a breath of the sea !

So, out into the brave world again goes Henley of the Lion-heart, now the possessor of self :—

Free . . .
 Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
 I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
 Into the wonderful world.

How wonderful and how beautiful a world, only such as he could know. He has come from death into life, but Henley ever lived dangerously near death. For him the gates into the Unknown Beyond were ever open.

From deeps of dejection, as he dwelt on his deformity, many of the poems of 1875 were written. He satirically thanks God in that he was not as other men, for was he not maimed for life? But, rising above that self in majesty of soul he penned lines that show a grim determination to master even Fate herself. His will was as that of the lost Archangel:—

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond the place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Other poems are Heinesque in that he suddenly closes with a sentiment challenging all preceding lines as ironical. Henley has versed the joys of the beach and the holiday-makers, has turned with loving thoughts to the wind, the clouds and the sunshine, yet closes:—

And the Firth as with laughter dimples . . .
I would it were deep o'er me!

A mood of the poet, say you? Yes! but it is real enough: the poet always speaks the truth as he feels it or conceives it. But, in spite of sadness and desperation, from 1875 to 1880 was the happiest period of Henley's life, for then were the great days of battle and of love. In 1875 he went to

London to do magazine work. In 1877 he edited "London," a weekly review. A zealous worker, he knew no rest. In 1878 he married, though knowing he had "his family on his back," as one has said. Henley knew our Lady of Poverty quite intimately. In 1879 "London" was abandoned, and he wrote for the "Athenæum" and other periodicals. At the Saville Club he renewed acquaintance with Stevenson; they became great friends. Here on literary afternoons Henley was in his element, accepting any gage, and spoiling for the need of a fight. He seemed to be out against everything. Still, times are when the lyrical genius of the man so handles the reins that Henley cannot get the bit between his teeth; but these happy and lucid intervals are not very many. I find him cynical, or hardened, or befouled by the city experiences. His work is uneven. In the Heinesque spirit is "In the placid summer midnight." Happier is the rondeau:—

The gods are dead! Perhaps they are! Who knows!
 Living at least in Lemprière undeleted,
 The wise, the fair, the awful, the jocose,
 Are one and all, I like to think, retreated
 In some still land of lilacs and the rose.
 Once high they sat, and high o'er earthly shows
 With sacrificial dance and song were greeted.
 Once . . . long ago. But, now the story goes,
 The gods are dead.

It must be true, the world, a world of prose,
 Full-crammed with facts—in science swathed and sheeted,
 Nods in a stertorous after-dinner doze!
 Plangent and sad, in every wind that blows
 Who will may hear the sorry words repeated:—
 'The Gods are Dead.'

No! the gods are only in exile, and I wonder that Henley never found them: to most poets they are known. His London life impaired his imagination, and he could not dream of the gods. Here is our poet in a desperate mood:

Let us be drunk, and for a while forget,
 Forget, and, ceasing even from regret,

Live without reason and despite of rhyme,
As in a dream preposterous and sublime,
Where place and hour and means for once are met.
Where is the use of effort? Love and debt
And disappointment have us in a net.
Let us break out and taste the morning prime. . . .
Let us be drunk.

But to those early years in London belong some beautiful lines, and why should he not be happy sometimes? He is now free, can live, breathe the liberal air, study man, the greatest of poems, and link himself by his immediate mood to anything that arrests his attention. The shining pavements reflect the Uranian hosts as indifferently as the river; the wind caresses him, maybe remindful of heather-scented moors; the sun is his; all things hasten to assist him and come as unhesitatingly as a maid to her lover's arms: the deathly walls in Edinburgh are far away.

Yet Edinburgh is reminiscent of peace: here are lines written in 1876:—

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.
The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun
Closing his benediction,
Sinks and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing.

Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

In such composition Henley excelled. There is no rhyme, no strict rhythm, only a sweet mellowed consonance, perfectly balanced thought with fitting words. The cadences themselves are suggestive: thus does a poet adventure even as an essayist, so alter the lines at your peril.

London hurt him, for it is no place for a poet; far better send a philosopher there. The worst part of the man was roused into activity, and he was the harder and coarser for his experiences. At home he worked at poetry, but his mood was not happy. Smarting wounds prevented his detachment from the city's carking cares, hence in much work is a wilful bitterness. The artist's hand slashes a heavy black line where a fine stroke would have served; this was Henley's great fault. Very rarely did he compromise; at times he was the veriest of Ishmaelites, and so made enemies for himself. The sabre of his wit would flash like a swift-shimmering Damascus blade through the woolliest of noddles as readily as through the hardest of critical heads, and woe betide the man who opposed him. He knew what his art demanded, had great ideals, and was merciless on the pretentious poet, artist or novelist. Often was he undone by his own will and unrest, and so missed the gate to the garden of contentment. But was he not the master of his own fate? Do not misunderstand me: our Lion-heart was no misanthrope. He, the born worker and fighter, had no time, nor had he the will, to brood over imaginary ills. He had the spirit of the Archangel flung out of heaven.

From 1882 to 1886 Henley was the editor of the "Magazine of Art," and in 1889 went to Edinburgh to edit the "Scots Observer," which was to find quarters in London in 1891. Till 1894 Henley conducted this periodical. A word, now, as to his reputation as editor. He used the

blue pencil remorselessly, but he inspired zeal, not fear, in his subordinates. They knew his spirit, saw that he worked like a Trojan, feared him in a holy way and served him unreservedly.

Lest there should be some misunderstanding he wrote in the "Observer" for April 26th, 1890:—

The old-fashioned journalist was a drunkard sometimes and a pedant generally; but he knew his place and was not anxious to rule the world. The new-fashioned gentleman of the Press is a teetotaller, a vegetarian, and a Thinker; but he is also a cad, he worships the unwomanly in woman, and he contributes articles to reviews on the subject of Government by Journalism.

It was not till 1888 that he found a publisher for his verses. He complains that he was "beaten in art," and was compelled to take to journalism. Henley was never beaten; all his craft went into his writing, whether in verse or prose. Two groups of poems were issued: the one, "In Hospital," the other "Rhymes and Rhythms." We have seen how in the "In Hospital" he was as wax to receive and marble to retain. There, it will be hard for one to follow him, for again will be required the man, the hour, the needs and the instinct. That series is cruel irony, for the strong man is a cripple. Ill as he was, he was the lover and admirer of life; and though the earth should shake and the heavens fall, he would be firm and strong even in his helplessness. Witness this testimony to his love of sheer life:—

Praise the generous gods for giving
In a world of wrath and strife,
With a little time for living,
Unto all the joy of life.

At whatever source we drink it,
Art or love or faith or wine,
In whatever terms we think it,
It is common and divine.

Praise the high gods, for in giving
 This to man, and this alone,
 They have made his chance of living
 Shine the equal of their own.

Again, in his "Ode to the North Wind":—

Life is worth living
 Through every grain of it,
 From the foundations
 To the last edge
 Of the cornerstone, Death.

Henley lived as few have lived; fully, freely, joyfully, frankly and gratefully; not always heroically, but ever giving and receiving as though night might suddenly come upon him.

In "Rhymes and Rhythms" there is power. Whether dreamy or realistic, he is bizarre. His lines are in turn loving, satirical, and weirdly romantic. Only Henley could have written this:—

A desolate shore,
 The sinister seduction of the Moon,
 The menace of the irreclaimable Sea.

Flaunting, tawdry and grim,
 From cloud to cloud along her beat,
 Leering her battered and inveterate leer,
 She signals where he prowls in the dark alone,
 Her horrible old man,
 Mumbling old oaths and warming
 His villainous old bones with villainous talk—
 The secrets of their grisly housekeeping
 Since they went out upon the pad
 In the first twilight of self-conscious time.

The satire, "As like the woman as you can," is terrible. The lyrics will be considered later. Again is shown his passionate love for life:—

Life—give me life until the end,
 That at the very top of being,
 The battle-spirit shouting in my blood,

Out of the reddest hell of the fight
 I may be snatched and flung
 Into the everlasting lull,
 The immortal, incommunicable calm.

Observe the contrast in spirit and sound of the last two lines when compared with the others.

Another grim poem is "*Carmen patibulare*," the song to the gallows-tree, with its sarcastic:—

And it's how should we rise to be pure and wise,
 And how can we choose but fall,
 So long as the Hangman makes us dread,
 And the noose floats free for all?

Both prologue and epilogue are for his wife's reading, and touch upon the death of their only child. In the prologue one reads:—

Something is dead
 The grace of sunset solitudes, the march
 Of the solitary moon, the pomp and power
 Of round on round of shining soldier-stars
 Patrolling space, the bounties of the sun—
 Sovran, tremendous, unimaginable—
 The multitudinous friendliness of the sea,
 Possess no more—no more.

In 1890 was published a selection of his critical articles from the "*Observer*" and other periodicals. His dicta are astonishing; they are the crystals precipitated after heated mental conflict. Generally he is sound, though on first reading one is inclined to question him. Here are a few illustrations of Henley's manner:—

Of George Meredith, he writes:—

He is a sun that is broken out into innumerable spots. . . . He is the master and victim of a monstrous cleverness which is neither to hold nor to bind, and will not permit him to do things as an honest, simple person of genius would. . .

To read your Meredith straight off is to have an indigestion of epigram; and to be incapable of distinguishing good from bad.

There *is* genius, but there *is not* felicity,

but

He has charm as well as power, and, once his rule is accepted there is no way to shake him off.

Of Alexander Dumas :

He was reputed a violent and luxurious debauchee; and he mostly lived in an attic—with a camp-bed and a deal-table at which he wrote. He passed for a loud-mouthed idler; and during many years his daily average of work was fourteen hours for months on end.

Like Napoleon he was a natural force let loose.

I think we might almost say the same of Henley.

Of Austin Dobson :

We are too eager to make the most of our little souls in art and too ignorant to do the best by them; too egoistic and "individual," too clever and skilful and well informed, to be content with the completeness of simplicity. . . . The singer of Dorothy and Beau Brocade is of another race.

Of Longfellow :

To Longfellow alone was it given to see that stately galley which Count Arnaldos saw; his only to hear the steersman singing that wild and wondrous song which none that hears can resist, and none that has heard it may forget.

He does not think much of Longfellow. The peace of Longfellow was far from Henley's world of fighting. The only puritanic strain in Henley was his energy.

In dealing with George Eliot he never commits himself, but I am sure that he smiled when he quoted from another critic the following lines :—

It has been said of her books that "it is doubtful whether they are novels disguised as treatises or treatises disguised as novels"; that "while less romantic than Euclid's elements, they are on the whole a great deal less improving reading"; and that "they seem to have been dictated to a plain woman of genius by the ghost of David Hume."

Of Richard Jefferies :

The style is too formal and sober, the English seldom other than homely and sufficient. . . .

The artist is he who knows how to select and to inspire the results of his selection. Jefferies could do neither. He was a reporter of genius; and he never got beyond reporting.

This seems severe, but Henley's discrimination is important.

Of George Borrow :

Three hundred years ago Borrow would have been a gentleman adventurer : he would have dropped quietly down the river and steered for the Spanish Main.

One wonders what Henley would have done had he lived three hundred years ago.

He describes Dr. Smollett as "that furious Scotchman who was no respecter of God, of man or of history."

Of Victor Hugo he writes :

"Everything he wrote is, of course, inspiring and sacrosanct," and closes with : "but I think that, supposing it were not impossible, I could make a book out of his forty-eight volumes that would live."

From a "Note on Romanticism" I select this delicious bit of irony :—

And Horace Walpole—I suppose he also did his part : though the "Castle of Otranto" is a piddling piece of supernatural, and "The Mysterious Mother" is—but how to qualify "The Mysterious Mother"? Yet without Horace Walpole we should probably have had a different Mrs. Radcliff : and Mrs. Radcliff (it is well known and established) was useful to Byron—even if she did not inspire his works. So that Horace Walpole, against his will or not, is, he also—he the Universal Faddle!—a precursor (1901).

In 1898 he wrote his essay on "Byron's World," a remarkable composition; but the more so when it is alleged that he wrote it, crammed as it is with dates, genealogies and references, without using notes. Here is a taste of Henley's humour :—

Annabella Milbanke married B. . . . I am not sure that it was not the best thing that she could have done—for Byron, for letters, for the race. But there are times when I can't help wishing that she'd married some one else. Wordsworth,

for instance. It is pretty certain that, if she had, he, the impeccable, would have had plenty of time to learn "how awful goodness is"; while as for his sister . . . O Dorothy, dear Dorothy—the very different sort of martyr you might be!

In 1896-7, with T. F. Henderson, he edited the centenary edition of Burns' works. His essay on the "Life, genius and achievement of Burns" gained him an Academy prize in 1898. Of Burns, he says:—

For the master-quality of Burns, the quality which has gone, and will ever go, the furthest to make him universally and perennially acceptable . . . is humour. His sentiment is sometimes strained, obvious, and deliberate; and it often rings a little false. . . .

But his humour—broad, rich, prevailing, now lascivious or gargantuan and now fanciful or jocose, now satirical and brutal, and now instinct with sympathy, is ever irresistible.

He had the good sense to concern himself with the life he knew. The way of realism lay broadbeaten by his ancestors and was natural to his feet; he followed it with vision and humour, with inspiration and sympathy, and with art; and in the sequel he is found to have a place of his own in the first flight of English poets after Milton, Chaucer, and Shakespeare.

To the plea that the story of his life sounds very pitiful, there is this victorious answer:—That the Man had drunk his life to the lees, while the Poet had fulfilled himself to the accomplishing of a peculiar immortality; so that to Burns Death came as a deliverer and friend.

Though he was savagely attacked, his portrait of Burns may be accepted as true.

His work as editor of the "Magazine of Art" was as faithfully performed as all else. He said he was an "interpreter." Like Heine, he had the gift of writing intelligently on art without using a lot of technical jargon.

You now have some idea of Henley's critical style. He has insight, for he is a poet. He dares much, and is guided by his instinct. There is no false sentiment about him. He is pontifical, as one has said; and when our Lion-heart roars, let no dog bark. Truly, as he wrote, the

essayist, like the poet, is born and not made. Yes! but the kind of essayist, like the kind of poet, is made and not born. His charm lies in his sincerity, his daring and his directness. George Meredith wrote:—

As critic, he had the rare combination of enthusiasm and wakeful judgment. Pretentiousness felt his whip smartly, the accepted imbecile had to bear the weight of his epigram. But merit under a cloud or just emerging he sparkled on and lifted to the public view. He was one of the main supports of good literature of our time.

In 1892 St. Andrew's University conferred the LL.D. upon him, and in the same year he published another volume of poems containing the "Song of the Sword" and "London Voluntaries," and others.

On 1st August, 1892, R. L. Stevenson wrote to Henley and congratulated him in these terms:—

I have not received the same thrill of poetry since G. M.'s *Joy of earth* volume and *Love in a Valley*, and I do not know that even that was so intimate and deep. . . . *Andante con moto* in the *Voluntaries*, and the thing about the trees at night are up to date my favourites. These are new tunes—This is an undertone of the true Apollo. These are not verse—they are poetry—inventions, creations, in language. I thank you for the joy you have given me.

This comment is warranted; the artistry is wonderful, and never have London pictures been thrown on such a rare screen. No wonder Stevenson loved the poem about the trees; it opens:—

Not to the staring Day,
For all the importunate questionings he pursues
In his big, violent voice,
Shall those mild things of bulk and multitude,
The Trees—God's sentinels
Over his gift of live, life-giving air,
Yield of their huge unutterable selves.

After describing the delights of the Day-time, he says:—

But at the word
Of the ancient sacerdotal Night,
Night of the many secrets, whose effect—

Transfiguring, hierophantic, dread—
Themselves alone may fully comprehend,
They tremble and are changed.

So the trees talk in whispers "of fears," "of the old Moon's fitful solicitude," of the "mild messages the Stars descend," of the "wet-winged Angel of the Rain," of "lean Winter," and the "goodness of the Master," and the poem closes with:—

Thus under the constraint of Night
These gross and simple creatures,
Each in his scores of rings, which rings are years,
A servant of the Will!
And God, the Craftsman, as He walks
The floor of His workshop, harkens, full of cheer
In thus accomplishing
The aims of His miraculous artistry.

In 1893 he published "The Arabian Nights." It is Henleian, a happy, measured, romantic prose. It changes rapidly in scene, is kaleidoscopic, and smacks of the futurist's nightmare. It is full of daring conceits, and an imitator will find it what Henley said of Tennyson's verses that were written when he was eighty years of age, "the very devil in disguise."

In 1894 the "Observer" was sold, and Henley resigned. He was soon harnessed to the "New Review," but had other literary work. In 1898 the "New Review" ceased, so his outlook was dark. He kept cheerful, though in poor health, and nigh penniless. Then Mr. Balfour granted him a pension of £225 per year from the civil list: a gracious and proper act, removing Henley above petty financial cares.

The plays he wrote in collaboration with Stevenson were not successful. In one of them is the prototype of that exemplar of moralities, "John Silver" of the "Treasure Island." I think Stevenson is responsible for the more murderous part of the plays.

In 1900 Henley paid a wonderful tribute to Stevenson's cousin "Bob," R. A. M. Stevenson. He wrote:—

Nothing like him has ever passed through my hands. . . .

There was in him a something mystical, which I, who was long as close to him as his shirt, never quite fathomed. Whatever it may be worth, he died in the glory of an unalterable Belief. So, if his radiant spirit endured undimmed these gradual and shameful processes of dissolution by which so many of us, poor worms that we are, are passed into the unbroken Silence, to himself he went trailing clouds of glory. So would he die happily as he had lived well.

The relations between Robert Louis Stevenson and Henley were intimate, and many are the interesting letters that passed between them, while Henley paid tribute to his friend in several poems. All seemed happy between them, and I doubt if anything disturbed their friendship. But, in 1901, after Stevenson's death, Henley wrote an article for the "Pall Mall Gazette," and this struck a note other than pleasing. The occasion was the reviewing of Graham Balfour's life of Stevenson. Henley's article is very severe, and at first I swore by all that is holy in companionship and friendship that he should never have done this thing. Later, I decided that it was right of Henley to put *his* Stevenson before the world, to present him accurately. There was a Stevenson unknown to Balfour, and Henley considered it his duty to outline that Stevenson. He knew R. L. Stevenson better than others, and could do the disagreeable and necessary work, so he thought, in a wise, tutorial way. Unfortunately he wrote the essay at a time when he was ill, was a little jealous of Stevenson's success and was soured somewhat by the "shorter catechist" in Robert Louis Stevenson. Henley lost his temper, I think, forgot that no man is ever written down save by himself, that time is the great corrector of crooked things, and that certain kinds of criticism are but as a beating of the wind.

So far as I know, this is the only unkindness meted out to anyone by Henley. That he refuted his article is quite certain, for he made his own selection for his 1908 edition of poems and essays, and omitted this deplorable review.

In restful surroundings, in Worthing, in a large garden screened by pine-trees were written his last poems, "Hawthorn and Lavender," published in 1901. About this time he did a lot of mixed work. In "London Types," we have clever sketches of the 'Bus-driver, the Lifeguardsman, the Flower-girl, and other familiar characters. His "War-Songs" need no comment: that kind of poem speaks loudly for itself, and very often blatantly and untruly. All these were written at a time of great illness, when Henley thought life was nigh over. The "Hawthorn and Lavender" series is very beautiful, though the lyrics are strangely contrasted. In the main they are sad. Once his songs were of the sunrise, but now they are of the sunset, and to his wife he says:—

Yet for the joy of their making
Take them, O fond and true,
And for his sake who made them
Let them be dear to you.

Some poems sing of the passion of life; the essential and all-enveloping love. They assert the undiluted joy in sheer life:—

For the strife of Love's the abysmal strife,
And the word of Love is the word of Life.

And they that go with the word unsaid,
Though they seem of the living, are damned and dead.

Here is another stanza:—

Arc upon arc, from shade to shine,
The world went thundering free;
And what was his errand but hers and mine—
The lords of him, I and she?
O, it's die we must, but it's live we can,
And the marvel of Earth and Sun
Is all for the joy of woman and man
And the longing that makes them one.

The same note is sounded in the "London Voluntaries" in the "Allegro Maëstoso" movement:—

There is no man, this deifying day,
But feels the primal blessing in his blood.
There is no woman but disdains—
The sacred impulse of the May
Brightening like sex made sunshine through her veins—
To vail the ensigns of her womanhood.
None but, rejoicing, flaunts them as she goes,
Bounteous in looks of her delicious best,
On her inviolable quest;
These with their hopes, with their sweet secrets those,
But all desirable and frankly fair,
As each were keeping some most prosperous tryst,
And in the knowledge went imparadised!

Some of his lyrics are very beautiful. In such poems his taste, his sense of proportion, his feeling after metrical values, and his knowledge of love and its overwhelming power would be sure to guide him. Here is one:—

O have you blessed, behind the stars,
The blue sheen in the skies,
When June the roses round her calls?—
Then do you know the light that falls
From her beloved eyes.

And have you felt the sense of peace
That morning meadows give?—
Then do you know the spirit of grace
The angel abiding in her face,
That makes it good to live.

She shines before me, hope and dream,
So fair, so still, so wise,
That, winning her, I seem to win
Out of the dust and drive and din
A nook of Paradise.

Here is another; it seems to tell of his wife's love, and also touches upon his infirmity:—

Dearest, when I am dead,
Make one last song for me:
Sing what I would have said—
Righting life's wrong for me.

Tell them how, early and late,
Glad ran the days with me,
Seeing how goodly and great,
Love, were your ways with me.

But think of the pain in this :—

Silence, loneliness, darkness—
These, and of these my fill,
While God in the rush of the Maytide
Without is making His will.

Without are the wind and the wall-flowers,
The leaves and the nests and the rain,
And in all of them God is making
His beautiful purpose plain.

But I wait in a horror of strangeness—
A tool on His workshop floor,
Worn to the butt, and banished
His hand for evermore.

There, has the brave man surrendered to the terrible
solemnities of life.

And what of the beauty of the thought in these lines?

Come by my bed,
What time the gray ghost shrieks and flies;
Take in your hands my head,
And look, O look, into my failing eyes;
And, by God's grace,
Even as He sunders body and breath,
The shadow of your face
Shall pass with me into the run
Of the Beyond, and I shall keep and save
Your beauty, as it used to be,
An absolute part of me,
Lying there, dead and done,
Far from the Sovran bounty of the sun,
Down in the grisly colonies of the grave.

How human and wistful are the lines.

He died in the spring of 1903. An accident, due to a
moving train; a bad shock to his nervous system, and the

end soon came. He has been described as "a man of massive build and great stature, charged with an immense vitality, gifted with an indomitable energy and a hearty enjoyment of the good things of life." But he was also a man of strong will, strong deeds, strong love; who was searched through and through by the intense wistfulness of his poetic nature.

So went he hence, staring at death with calm eternal eyes, and as he has written,

. as one

Whose part in the world has been dreamed out and done,
 One that hath fairly earned and spent
 In pride of heart and jubilation of blood
 Such wages, be they counted bad or good,
 As Time, the old task-master, was moved to pay;
 And, having warred and suffered, and passed on
 Those gifts the Arbiters prepared and gave,
 Fare, graceful and content,
 Down the dim way
 Whereby races innumerable have gone,
 Into the silent universe of the grave.

Henley was always near death. Ever present was the thought that he might suddenly be called upon to surrender his physical frame; he seemed to have a deep, and not ill-founded distrust of his strength, as though the shackles of the soul's cerementing might at any moment have been burst asunder.

Where is Henley's place? He is one of our few modern men who were great in letters. To use the words he has applied to Burns, he has "achieved a peculiar immortality"; and this is won despite illness, disappointment, much work that was mere drudgery, and a strain of ill-temper. He was a man of Napoleonic will and energy; as editor a despot, but never sparing of himself, for he slaved at his work. He had a great respect for his craft, and was no mere dilettante toying with the precious gems entrusted to him, the words of men. He was punctilious, but not finikin. He was not mortgaged to old usage in manner

or in subjects. He loved the unexpected, and the out-of-the-way. Though one might expect his force of character and his weighty realism to impair the required delicacy of many of his old-time measures, he did not break his texture, but his weaving had not the daintiness of Austin Dobson's silken web. He had such a perception of the beautiful and an instinctive sense of metrical values, his ear being set to a rare pitch, that he rarely failed. You may find fault with his idea, title or manner, but you can rest assured that Henley meant what he said, that only those words in that order would answer his purpose, and that all the artistry at the command of the poet had gone to the making of any given stanza. He scamped nothing whatever, either in verse or prose; and I doubt if anybody ever had a better grip of the English language. He was saturated in æsthetic ideals, and his instinct carried him through surf where many a writer would have been wrecked. Unevenness in his work? Yes! that is the poet's signature or prerogative. The poets seek after the miraculous, are the children of impulse, and live under laws unknown to us. Henley was a natural force, of strong passions, and with strange likes and dislikes. Like all good essayists, he had the great gift of selection, and could go straight to the heart of his subject. He was a faithful and passionate student of literature, and his technical mastery was complete. The poorest and least inspiring of his work is removed from the suspicion of vulgarity by distinction of style, and has the lasting virtue of an uncontrollable sincerity. He went his own way, in poetry and prose, was original, and in his work resides an unforgettable quality. He had the good sense, again as he said of Burns, to concern himself with the "life that he knew." He knew something of love, of London, and much of self.

Along with Henley's intense love for the beautiful was a fierce joy in life and its contests. This instinct was quickened by contrast as he thought of his physical equipment and his uncertain tenure of life. Henley loved life;

to him every moment of it was crammed with heroic possibilities. His philosophy of life may be stated in simple terms; he loved the beautiful and he loved life, and his poetic intensity added fuel to the fire that fed these desires. Henley was no saint; he knew that. He never posed as a moralist. He knew his own measure, and that was to know much. Had he been relatively free from pain, and spared to live a while in his easeful home after his London struggle, the gentler life would have induced nobler songs, for I think his soul might have awakened to visions that would have exceeded in beauty

The promise of the wistful hills,
The shining, shifting Sovranties of Dream.

Henley's lyrics are charming, for they appeal so directly and intimately. I wonder to what extent his wife was responsible for the immediateness of so many of the love-passages; I cannot but think she kept him very human. It is remarkable that the spirituality of the man is so very unobtrusive; there is just the sense of it in some of his best verse, but it is indirect. This paucity of spirituality is unusual in a poet who has such intense love for the beautiful. There was a deeper, and spiritual, self known only to Henley, but the key to unlock the chamber leading into the recesses of his heart hung at the cincture of God. Of mysticism he has naught, for he is inclined neither to metaphysics nor to religious enthusiasms. Rarely is seen such a marked difference between the prose and verse from a great pen. From his lyrics is given off an atmosphere that has a sense of the spiritual, while his prose is hard and incisive. The verse is warm and alive, and the prose as cold and durable as marble. The gulf between the two is spanned by the romanticism with which in some of his verses he invests the realities, where he is as pictorial and rich in colour as he is bizarre or singular. In his prose he is just as sudden and unusual, but direct and forceful, though not always convincing. He had one face for the world and another for his loved ones. The lyrical mood

was for use at home, while with stern gaze he confronted the world. He held a polemical pen for the world, and for home had a gentle yet passionate pencil instinct with love and beauty. I do not forget that there were times when Henley was dejected, and occasionally bitter, in his poems: but what a tonic he is!

There was one great fault in Henley, and it probably arose from his dissatisfaction with self. He hated cant and pretence, but sometimes he was carried away and did hurt and injustice. This hatred of pretence was so intense as to overwhelm the poet in him, and then it was that his anxiety to give a correct drawing of his subject caused him to emphasize unduly the faults of others. Virtue, carried to excess, may become a vice; thus with Henley. This excess inspired his essay on Robert Louis Stevenson, and is also the power behind much that is most pungent in his critical work: he is more unreasonable than unkind. He was witty, and was masterful, and he knew it; and the natural impulsiveness and fickleness of the poet tempted him to draw with the heavy crayon, when a more loving artist would have pencilled delicately and shaded from praise to blame. This fault, in spite of Henley's artistry, curbed his imagination. Mainly, he is the poet of the real, but it is a beautiful reality. The loveliness, the longings, the despair and pain are just as real as the full-voiced joy and love in his lyrics. Henley could not pretend. He was as far removed from the childish pretence that Shelley showed at times, as "from the centre thrice to the utmost pole." The romanticism in the "London Voluntaries" and other poems is not born of an idealism that is at the bidding of the soul, but is the child of the masculine and instant recognition of the incongruous and the feminine love for the beautiful. He said that Dumas may be impossible, but that French literature shows that he passed that way: so, there are Henley's seven volumes and English literature to show that Henley the Lion-hearted passed on his way; and in spite of pain, poverty and hard work the books attest to his undoubted genius.

MANX MINSTRELSY.

By THOMAS DERBY.

Out of this mediæval darkness we were delivered by the Reformation. But there is no literary result: "Who will sing us the songs of Zion" We had none. . . . No, it is no use, our lyre is a broken, perhaps an essentially defective thing.

WHATEVER they are at present—and here, knowing the works of few native authors, let me confess that I am not able to judge—whatever they may become in the future, the Manx people of the past, it would appear, were not, in the literary sense, a singing people: in that conclusion I am fortified by the opinion of native students of the subject. The melancholy passage which heads this paper is quoted from a preface to "Manx Ballads and Music," and was written by the Rev. T. E. Brown, himself a Manxman, and, so far as I am aware, the only poet of eminence the island has produced: of his work more anon. In his introduction to the same book, "Manx Ballads and Music," which is a sort of "Percy's Reliques," the editor and joint collector, Mr. A. W. Moore, also a Manxman, after much study of these lyrical remains, which he and others had taken down from the lips of aged people all over the Island, says: "With regard to the poetical merit of these compositions, I can only say that even in the original Manx it is, for the most part, of a very low order." That this writer is thoroughly qualified to judge is unquestionable, for in his book he gives the original Manx and also a literal translation of every song.

It seems strange that in folk-song, of all departments of literature, a people in whose veins courses the blood of many of the most notable singing nations in the world—as the Spanish, the Scandinavians, the Irish, the Scottish,

the Welsh, and the English—should throughout the ages have remained, in a literary sense, so nearly mute. That all these various races did, at one time or another, dominate the Island is amply proven in various ways, as for instance the form of government, which is Danish, and was introduced by King Orry in the tenth century; the place-names, many of them being Scandinavian, as Narrowdale, Fleshwick, Niarbyl, Sulby; the surnames of the people, so peculiar to Manxland, being derived from the Irish invaders—Clague, contracted from MacLiaigh, the Leech's son; Clucas, from MacLucias, Luke's son; Kewin, from MacEoin, John's son; Quilliam, from MacWilliam, William's son. Further evidence of foreign occupation is afforded by the beautiful runic crosses still preserved in various parts of the Island. But where are the songs they would bring with them and could not entirely take away again? Where is the Celtic magic, that inborn literary gift, which from the most remote ages has distinguished the Irish and the Welsh? Surely some of this must have been transmitted by heredity to the mixed race that sprang from them?

There have been many attempts to resolve this problem. The Rev. T. E. Brown attributes it to the fact that "the Manx had no bardic class, no royal or feudal traditions—the serfdom under the Stanleys, a tyranny benevolent it may be in some directions, but which did not include culture of any kind," and literature, even when touched with the bright flame of Celtic magic, requires cultivation. Further, he blames the repressive attitude of the Church, which followed the rule of the Stanleys. He says:—

I can imagine nothing more crushed and broken than the spirit of the Manx people as they passed under the Ecclesiastical tyranny, which, indeed, had never, under any secular régime, ceased, vampire-like, but with the best intentions, to suck the blood of our forefathers. Feudalism was a fruitful source of poetry. But we never had feudalism. What we had was serfdom. The American slaves could sing; they are a light mercurial race; and I would not

give our poor old "Kirree" (an ancient ballad) for all their facile gushes of sentimentalism. We were Celts, that never had fair play, we brooded, smouldered, did not come off. Even the dash of Norse blood failed to fire us; and, while the Russian serf has continued to sing or sob, through all the centuries, melodic miseries now available as "pick-me-ups" for Teutonic *dilettanti*, we have been silent."

Well might they be silent, for apparently the benevolent schemes of the governing powers, the Stanleys or others, left out of account, not only what we call culture, but even the *Three Rs*. It is said, for instance, that "no book was published in the Manx language before the end of the 17th century." And, in Ecclesiastical Records, Bishop Barrow in 1663 writes:—

There is nothing either written or printed in their language . . . neither can they who speak it best write to one another in it, having no character or letter of it among them.

The good bishop was wrong here, for in 1610 Bishop Phillips completed the Prayer-book in the Manx language, and this was published some years ago by the Manx Society.

But a truce to this talk about the benighted condition of the little Manx nation in the long past, for otherwise the reader may come to the conclusion that the minstrelsy of Manxland contains nothing of interest to anyone not native-born. That would be an entirely wrong conclusion, for even in the words, literally translated, and quite unpolished, in all their angular, archaic diction, there is plenty to interest the student, for they treat of strange customs, weird superstitions, and fairy lore, in which, I suppose, Mona is particularly fertile, notwithstanding a somewhat sceptical native proverb:—

Where folks believe in witches,
Witches are,
And where they don't, the de'il
A witch is there.

And, indeed, as to the quality of the poetry, or rather versification, perhaps it may be said that if it were more perfect as literature it might be less so as folk-song.

I shall venture, even at the risk of trying the reader's patience, to quote a few verses of one of the ballads as literally translated by Mr. A. W. Moore. If it should fail to please it will, at all events, show what slight merit may arouse the enthusiasm of a cultured mind, for this is the piece mentioned by the Rev. T. E. Brown above as "our poor Kirree."

"NY KIRREE FO NIAGHTY."

TRANSLATED :—

"THE SHEEP UNDER THE SNOW."

After winter of snow,
And spring-tide of frost,
The old sheep were dead,
And the small lambs alive.

CHORUS (*twice after each verse*) :—

Oh! get up shepherds, and
To the hill go ye,
For the sheep deep as ever
Are under the snow.

This said Nicholas, Raby,*
And he at home sick,
'Beneath the snow are the sheep,
In Braid-farrane-fing.

I have sheep in the hollow,
And goats on Slieau-rea,
Wild sheep in Coan-ny-Chistey
That will never come home!

The men of Lonan rose up,
And of Kirk-Christ too,
They found the little sheep
In Agneash hollow.

* Of Raby.

The wethers in the front,
The rams in the midst,
The ewes heavy with lamb
Coming after them.

Then follows the strange finish :—

I've one sheep for Christmas,
And two for Easter,
And two or three others,
For the time of death.

Perhaps a primitive people leading a farming life, and deeply interested in all that pertains to flocks and herds, might extract pleasure from such a ballad, but one would not be surprised if the weird incoherence of that last verse killed off even such an audience.

So much for the words. Now let us look at the music. This is almost as strange and weird to our ears as the verses, but then it is a perfect example of its kind—a rather melancholy kind, certainly, but thoroughly characteristic of *Manx* music, which is composed on a scale containing intervals almost entirely foreign to us.

THE SHEEP UNDER THE SNOW.

Words by W. H. Gill.*

Air Traditional.

andante con moto

d = 66



The snow's on the moun-tains, the snow's in the

* A Manx musician who says this "is, perhaps, the most distinctively Manx of all our songs. . . . It is tender, wild, dreamy, and altogether highly poetical."



gill; My sheep they have wan-der'd all o - ver the



hill. Up - rise then my shep-herds, with haste let us



go Where my sheep are all bu - ried deep un - der the snow



bu - ried deep un - der the snow.

There's something uncanny about that tune. I want you to like it, to feel that in some peculiar way it is interesting, but, seriously, my advice is don't learn it. If you do you will never get rid of it: that tune will haunt you, and you will go about your ordinary affairs



Bum - bum - bum - bum - bum - ing

like a chromatically-attuned Bumble Bee until your friends even whisper dark hints of brain-fag and nervous breakdown.

Among the Manx themselves the most popular song is one called "Mylecharane," but whether this is due to the

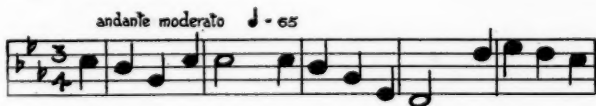
story or to the tune I cannot say, as the authorities I have read are silent on the point; and for me neither the story nor the words in which it is told have any real interest except in so far as they embody a curious prejudice, thus: "Mylecharane, an old man who had a lovely daughter matrimonially inclined, one day found a chest of gold. The daughter knew nothing of this, but in the course of time the neighbours began to call him a miser. Her lover is too poor to marry, and she tackles her father as to his hoard, which he at once fishes up from the sea or the bog, where he has hidden it, and straightway pours into her lap a great store of gold." That seems all right and proper, but this is where the curious prejudice comes in, for Mylecharane's generosity was condemned as a vicious precedent (one cannot believe that prospective sons-in-law endorsed this view), and he and his name were promptly cursed, and have ever since been held in abhorrence. Here is the ban—a literal translation by A. W. Moore, M.A. :—

My seven bitter curses on thee, O Mylecharane
Lonely didst thou leave me;
For thou'rt the first man who to woman gave dower,
And lonely didst thou leave me. *

The tune of "Mylecharam" is of the same rather outlandish class. Its quaint phrasing and almost tearful melody is strongly appealing.

Words by W. H. Gill
Suggested by the original Manx.

Tune Traditional.



Old My-le-cha-rane lived up on the broo, Where Jur-by slopes

* Note the curious and very antique ballad-form of the refrain in the second and fourth lines.



down to the wold;

His croft was all golden with Cush-ag* and



furze, His daugh-ter was fair to be-hold

It would be ungrateful to make much of the acknowledged fact that among the Manx melodies linger many echoes of the tunes of other countries, for in adapting them to the musical mode most prevalent in Mona they have in some cases developed unsuspected beauties. The fact is there, however, and though Ireland and Scotland have supplied material, the larger tribute has fallen upon our own minstrelsy. But let us make no unctious pretences in this matter, for it is notorious that this kind of crotchet-cribbing has prevailed for generations amongst the English, Irish, and Scottish peoples; so, without more ado, and taking it for granted that in most of us there is something of the antiquarian, I quote one or two examples.

Many readers will remember the Irish song called by the great collector Edward Bunting "Thou Blooming Treasure," but better known as "Savourneen Deelish," with Campbell's words, "The Exile of Erin":—

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill."

The Manx appropriation is called "The Ploughman's Song":—

"There's seasons for ploughing, there's sowing, and there's
reaping time,
A time for each heart-beat, a time for ev'ry breath."

* Ragwort.

A few phrases only of the Irish melody appear to have been taken, given a sort of Gregorian twist, and turned out a by no means unpleasing hybrid.

Here is one from nearer home, taken over, and given a new rig. It was often sung to Edwin Waugh's "Sweet-heart Gate." Its proper title is:

"THE MANCHESTER ANGEL."

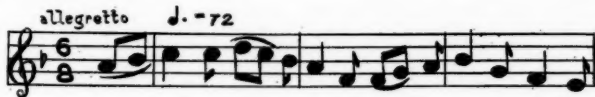
In coming down to Manchester
To gain my liberty,
I saw one of the prettiest girls
That ever my eyes did see.
I saw one of the prettiest girls
That ever my eyes did see.
At the 'Angel Inn' in Manchester
There lives the girl for me.

By the way, this tune is also sung, with slight variation, to "The Lincolnshire Poacher."

The song referred to is called "Happy as a King," and if it be an adaptation the appropriation is amply justified by the pleasing result:—

HAPPY AS A KING.

Words by W. H. G



And do you want to know, my boys, The for I am so



glad? If you were in my shoes, my boys, You'd nev-er more be



sad; I'm hap-py as a king, my boys, What-ev-er ills be-

C



tide; Go to the church and ring, and ring, my boys; She says she'll be my bride!

Many of the Manx tunes have originally been dances, and in regard to one of them it is very much to be regretted that it has not remained so, for the use to which it has been put in the Island, I suppose for many generations, is nothing less than an outrage. It is called "Hunt the Wren."

In some unaccountable way the wren has become a sort of symbol of the first Christian martyr, St. Stephen, and annually, on the 26th of December, the thoughtless lads and lasses of the countryside turn out into the fields, armed with sticks and stones, and relentlessly pursue the poor, harmless little bird from bush to bush until they have cudgelled the life out of it. They then decorate a long pole with greenery, attach the mangled little wren to the top, and, forming a procession, sing in triumph this song, which, so far as the words are concerned, is as uncouth as their barbarous custom. As they march round the village or the town (and, according to a correspondent in the *Manchester City News* a few years ago, such a procession was met in Douglas) they sell the feathers of the wren, which are supposed by the superstitious to be a talisman against ill-fortune, and, indeed, it is said "Manx herring fishers dare not go to sea without one of these birds taken dead with them, for fear of disasters and storms." Probably the Manx herring fishers have by this time become too modernized to entertain so absurd a belief. Still, the custom of hunting the wren survives, and, I suppose, is carried out in its entirety, even to the mock funeral of the wee carcase in the parish churchyard after all its feathers have been sold.

The tune is a first-rate country dance, of the type of "Come Lasses and Lads," or many of the earlier morris

dances, which were popular in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Chorus *allegretto Vivace* ♩. = 100

"We'll the wren," Rob-in Bob-bin. hunt the wren," Rich-ie Robin.
 hunt the wren," says Jack o' Land," hunt the wren," says ev-e-ry one.
 the "We'll

"Where, where?" Rob-bin Bob-bin, where, oh says Rich-ie the Rob-in.
 oh says the "Oh where?"

"Where, oh where?" Jack o' the land, "Where, oh says ev-e-ry one.
 says where?"

And so on through twenty-three barbarous verses.

In the year 1820 a book containing ten songs and three dances was published in London with the title, "The Mona Melodies. A collection of Ancient and Original Airs, of the Isle of Man, arranged for the voice, with a pianoforte accompaniment by an Amateur. The words by Mr. J. Barrow, Dedicated by Permission to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent." (Queen Victoria's mother.)

It is a matter for deep regret that this enterprise was not followed up by musical enthusiasts, for it was not until

seventy-six years afterwards, that is, in 1896, that the next collection of Manx melodies was published, and then we got "Manx National Songs," arranged by a Manx musician, W. H. Gill, and published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., to whom we are indebted for their permission to reproduce six melodies in illustration; and "Manx Ballads and Music," edited by A. W. Moore, M.A., C.V.O., the Speaker of the House of Keys, the latter a sort of antiquarian literary collection containing the original Manx words with a literal translation. In that interval of seventy-six years there must have been scores, probably hundreds, of songs, lost through the dying out of the older generation, whose memories were the only repositories of them.

I have given this bibliographical note, as not only interesting in itself, but, as in some measure, explaining the reason why the larger collection, that of Boosey's, contains only one song by the Manx Laureate *par excellence*, the Rev. T. E. Brown, M.A., the fact being that he died the year after the book was published, namely, in the year 1897, aged 67.

Brown was peculiarly equipped, not only by his poetical gifts, but by his curious facility in quaint and humorous dialectal literary expression; he might have developed into a Manx Burns, and have given to the world a body of Anglo-Manx songs worthy of the native music that has come down to us. He knew that that was what was wanted—a Manx Burns—but, for himself, he was probably ignorant of the fact that, lurking in out-of-the-way places in the island, were vocal gems waiting to be rescued from threatened and irrevocable loss, and waiting also to be suitably wedded to words worthy of them: and, in fact, he was always yearning to do something lyrical and dialectal. But the curious thing is that, when he became lyrical, he drifted into literary English, and when he wrote narrative poems, he drifted into the Anglo-Manx dialect, and the result was "Fo'c's'le Yarns," folk tales

in rhyme, certainly the most entertaining stories in verse that I have read for years, notwithstanding that they are too long drawn out; one of them, "The Doctor," which deals with the more or less hum-drum events in a country practitioner's life, runs to 4,500 lines—half the length of Wordsworth's "Excursion." I, at least, regret his devotion to "Fo'c's'le Yarns," and would have had him more literally adhere to the sentiment of his own "dedication":—

"To sing a song shall please by countrymen;
To unlock the treasures of the Island heart;
With loving feet to trace each hill and glen,
And find the one that is not for the mart
Of commerce: that is all I ask.
No task,
But joy, God wot!
Wherewith "the stranger" intermeddles not—

Nathless, for mine own people do I sing,
And use the old familiar speech."

And in his "Prologue" he is still thinking of the dialect, as is seen in these lines, which he addresses:—

TO THE FUTURE MANX POET.

"O Poet, somewhere to be born
'Twixt Calf and Ayre before the century closes
Cain, Karran, Kewish, or Skillicorn.

And I will help to dress
The awful beauty of your nakedness;
And from that moment you shall be
The Poet of the Isle, a Poet glad and free.

So may the gods enlarge
Your wings to flight, immortal as the charge
You keep to sing the perfect song
Pent in your mother's inmost heart, and pent so long!

No mincing this. Be nervous, soaked
 In dialect colloquial, retaining
 The native accent pure, unchoked
 With Cockney balderdash.

But come, come soon, or else we slide
 To lawlessness, or deep-sea English soundings
 Absorbent, final, in the tide
 Of Empire lost, from homely old surroundings,
 Familiar swept. O excellent babe, arise,
 And, ere a decade fall from forth the skies,
 Unto our longing hearts be born,
 Cain, Karran, Kewish supreme, supremest Skillicorn! "

The poet, you see, was to be Manx even to the name. And certainly whenever the Manx Burns appears he will find, in the Anglo-Manx dialect, a vehicle for the expression of the emotions and passions that move humanity, not inferior to that of the Scottish doric, used to such purpose by the Ayrshire poet. Brown has, at least in my opinion, proved that to demonstration.

Brown's only song in this collection is in the dialect, and is called

THE MANXMAN AND THE KING.

♩ = 120

The King can on - ly love the

Queen, and I can do the same, the



same; I loves my dar - ling Li - - -



zer, And that's the for* I came, I came.

It is a sort of Manx philosophy of life, showing that the really desirable things as Contentment, Love, Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodgings are open to King and Peasant alike.

I venture to quote two little songs of Brown's to show that in literary English he could write lyrics that almost sing themselves: all the same, I am sorry they have not been set to old Manx music.

SONG.

"Weary wind of the west
Over the billowy sea—
Come to my heart and rest!
Ah, rest with me!
Come from the distance dim
Bearing the sun's last sigh;
I hear thee sobbing for him
Through all the sky."

So the wind came
Purpling the middle sea,
Crisping the ripples of flame—
Came unto me:
Came with a rush to the shore,
Came with a bound to the hill,
Fell, and died at my feet—
Then all was still.

* The for—the reason why.

SONG.

Look at me, sun, ere thou set
 In the far sea;
 From the gold and the rose and the jet
 Look full at me!

Leave on my brow a trace
 Of tenderest light;
 Kiss me upon the face,
 Kiss for good night.

I have been sorely tempted to give a selection from the "Fo'c's'le Yarns," but will not do so, as, except in that large sense in which all that a poet writes is understood to be song, we cannot class them as "Manx Minstrelsy."

One more example, which I consider most beautiful, though it is surcharged—at least, to English ears, whatever the native Manx may think of it—with a characteristic note of Celtic musical melancholy, may be given.

The title of this is "Gwendolen," dealing with unrequited love.

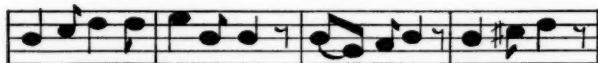
GWENDOLEN.

Words by Chas. Dalmon.

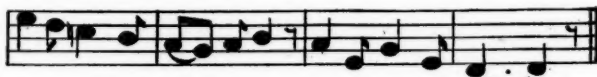
Air "Sooree" (courting).



Ros-es tap her win-dow pane—Gwen-do-len, my dear!



Ros-es tap it once a-gain — Gwen-do-len, Gwen-do-len!



Your true love is wait-ing here, Gwen-do-len, my dear!

I will close with a verse of "The Manx Fisherman's Evening Hymn," the melody of which absolutely throbs with the devotional spirit; it refers to a Manx custom which, unlike the "Hunting the Wren," we should be glad to know was still observed. The Manx Society's publications record that, "Before shooting the nets, at a sign from the master of the boat, every man upon his knees and with uncovered head, implores for a minute the blessing and protection of the Almighty."

MANX FISHERMEN'S EVENING HYMN.

Hear us, O Lord, from Heaven thy dwelling place.
Like them of old, in vain we toil all night.
Unless with us Thou go, who art the light;
Come, then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face.

NOTE.—Students of Manx lyrical literature will find much to interest them in "A Book of Manx Poetry," chosen and edited by William Cubbon, librarian of Douglas Public Library, 1913.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF SOUTH AFRICA AND CECIL RHODES.

By THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

OF the great continents Africa is the most interesting from the point of view of natural phenomena and nature history. That at least is my experience from some acquaintance with each of them. I do not say that its scenery is the grandest and most beautiful, but that the variety and general interest in this continent is greater than in the others. One is closer here than elsewhere to untamed nature.

At the end of the year 1888 I went out on a professional visit to the Transvaal. After a brief stay at Cape Town where I arrived shortly before midsummer, viz., on December 14th, I took train to Kimberley, a distance of six hundred and forty-seven miles from the Cape. Kimberley at that time was the railway terminus.

I might speak at length of the many extraordinary scenes and things of which I was witness. Of the Karroo of the High Veldt; of the miles upon miles of anthills, three to four feet in height and about three and a half feet in diameter, in Griqualand West. Of the thunderstorms encountered and their effects, of the gorgeous cloud scenery of the Transvaal—nothing to equal it have I seen elsewhere. But the two great natural phenomena that most impressed me were the sand-storm and the mirage. In the sand-storm tons upon tons of sand are raised to a great height in a spiral column by the wind, and this opening out at the summit is spread over and descends on a vast area. I witnessed several of these when travelling by coach from Kimberley to Johannesburg. Sitting in the Queen's Hotel, where I stayed at Kimberley, I was in the midst of one of them. It came with surprising suddenness.

Outside, in the street, a shout was raised, "Sand-storm!" and in the hotel a rush was made to close doors and windows, but too late, for in an instant the floors, the tables, the shelves were covered with a layer of fine sand fully an eighth of an inch thick. The inmates of the hotel, you may be sure, did not escape the downfall.

The mirage is even more extraordinary. Approaching Beaufort West by rail, I witnessed for the first time this marvellous phenomenon in the distance. I had often read of it, of course, and was always inclined to believe that the descriptions by travellers in the desert were exaggerated. Now I realised that such were not so. The scene witnessed was as perfect in appearance as any reality. You might have been approaching a seaside watering-place, and were it not that you knew you were threading through the heart of a continent, with hundreds of solid ground miles to right and left and thousands ahead of you, you would refuse to believe that the sea coast was not in full view. There was the lighthouse on the promontory, the ships in the offing and in the harbour. Even the bathing vans on the beach, or what resembled them, were there. No doubt imagination lent its aid to the vision. I knew I was being deceived—that the great conjuror, Nature, was at work; yet in spite of this knowledge I almost believed that what I saw was real—how could I deny the evidence of my own eyesight! The usual explanation of the phenomenon is not quite convincing. Surely the mirage, as has been conjectured, is a sky or cloud reflection of an actual scene far away.

At Kimberley I visited the De Beers diamond mines, for which I had been given a permit. These with their surroundings were greatly interesting to me. I was initiated into the process of mining the bluish-coloured rock, or shale, or indurated clay containing the rough diamonds. This being hauled up the incline from underground, is dumped from the trollies, spread out on the square miles of ground in the vicinity, watered and turned

over by gangs of Kaffirs, each gang being in charge of an English overseer or boss. The weathering and watering of the rock causes disintegration or softening after many days. The crumbled or softened material is then taken to the works at the mine head and spread out on tables, the larger diamonds hand-picked from it, and the residue washed to secure the smaller ones. The rough diamonds are then sorted according to quality and size and put up ready for export.

I was allowed, first, the privilege of dipping my hand into a bucket, full almost to the brim of the precious stones, and scooping up as many as my gowpen would hold; then the handling of the said bucket and its contents. I hardly dare venture to say, lest you might think I was exaggerating, how much wealth, or the means of wealth, was for a few moments within my clutches! It was all very interesting and tantalising.

My brother John, two years younger than myself, and now residing in Vancouver, British Columbia, was one of the early diamond diggers in South Africa. I wrote to him recently asking for some particulars of his life as a digger. He went out at the end of the sixties or very early in the seventies. The first diamonds there were discovered in 1867. In those days the name of Kimberley had not been given to the place. It was known as "New Rush," and included De Toit's Pan and Bulfontein. Later it was named after the Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary from 1870 to 1874.

On board the steamer going out was a fellow passenger named List, with whom he entered into partnership. Arrived at Cape Town, it took them eleven days to reach the diamond fields. They purchased a claim, but before they had been at work many days, List had an attack of typhoid fever, and after a long illness, he died, my brother too fell sick. During the sickness he sold his claim, thinking it would be "jumped," not knowing that the rule which admits of jumping does not hold in the case of a

man being unable to work. That claim, he afterwards learnt, turned out good. A tradesman in the place had a portion of a claim about twenty feet square, and he asked my brother to work it for him for one-third the share of the finds and the sale of the diamonds. To this he agreed, and, with the assistance of two or three "boys" (the Kaffirs are all called "boys" whatever their age) began the digging. Seated at his sorting-table one day, one of the boys came up from below and with many signs of satisfaction planked a fine stone down on the table. The precious gem was very welcome, as may be believed. Another of his finds was a beautiful straw-coloured stone, but the most precious, but for a fatal flaw on one side, was a pure water diamond of large size. All these, and the smaller stones he sold to advantage. He took the claim down to water, a depth of about forty feet. Eventually he became disgusted with the work and determined to clear out of the fields, more especially as a man had been drowned in the well from which he drew his water supply for culinary purposes—not knowing of the circumstances until two or three days after. The life, too, living in a wretched hut or shanty, was unbearable.

I was under the impression that his Kaffir assistants were in the habit of secreting the larger diamonds for their own use, handing in only the smaller one; but he states that he does not think he lost a cent by the Kaffirs thieving. That is strange in view of the stories that are told. But perhaps the trade of illicit diamond buying had scarcely developed in those early days. His experience of the Kaffir was favourable on the whole, and he adds that they are not devoid of humour. At one time he was reduced to the services of one man, and the two—master and man—took their turn at digging. When he thought that his Kaffir assistant was loitering at the pit bottom he would urge him to get on with the filling of the bucket by calling out, "Come on, man, come on!" So, when it came to be the master's turn to do the digging, the Kaffir at the top

would shake the rope violently, and shout, "Coom an, coom an," and explode in laughter at his cleverness.

All this primitive system of mining came to an end when the De Beers Company, engineered mainly by Cecil Rhodes, took over and amalgamated the diamond properties. But the immense open pit, about six hundred yards in diameter, made by the thousands of early miners, is still to be seen. Inclined shafts are now sunk into the blue ground as I have explained, and the annual yield of diamonds averages close on £5,000,000 in value.

I had engaged a seat in the mail coach that was timed to start early the following morning for Johannesburg. In the afternoon, however, I received a telegram from Mr. (now Sir) James Sivewright at Cape Town, requesting me to postpone my journey farther north, as he was just starting for Kimberley, where he wished to confer with me on certain matters. Accordingly I relinquished my place in the coach and forfeited the fare, £7 10s., which I had paid, the company refusing to refund the amount.

On the following day Sir James arrived, accompanied by the Hon. William Ross (Speaker in the Cape House of Assembly). After our special business was concluded we dined together at "The Club," of which my friends were members. We three had a small table to ourselves, and at an adjoining large table were Cecil Rhodes with six or eight friends. I was interested with this group. Rhodes occupied the chair at one end of the table, and his associates sat to the right and left. It was a jovial party, the conversation as a rule unrestrained, and hilarity and jocularity abounded—though there were intervals of serious talk. Rhodes, in his lordly way, would assume an air of gravity and discourse in more subdued tones. Then the hilarious note was again struck and badinage and laughter prevailed. Rhodes was thirty-five years of age at that time—heavy in build of body and in countenance, rather than handsome. Sivewright wished to introduce

me to the great man, but, in my retiring way, I said, "Never mind."

During dinner the De Beers Kimberley Band came along making music with a fine marching tune, and halting before the Club premises played a selection of Scottish airs, at the conclusion of which Rhodes ordered refreshments to be served to them, and from one of the open windows thanked them for their courtesy, and away again they marched to lively music down the long avenue leading from the Club. The whole proceedings were pleasant and exhilarating to a degree. For the time being I lost all sense of feeling that I was a wanderer in a far land.

Some years afterwards I saw Rhodes again, this time in London. His great reputation had grown greater in the interval. It was during the sitting of Parliament, when I yearly spent a good deal of time in the Committee rooms at Westminster. In one of the rooms some South African business (I don't remember what) was before one of the Commons' Committees, and hearing that Rhodes was in the witness chair, I went into the room and listened to him giving evidence.

The Committees generally sit from eleven till four o'clock without a break, and it is not at all unusual for the members, as well as the gentlemen of the Bar, to indulge, without interrupting the proceedings, in a few sandwiches and some liquid refreshments. In all my many years' experience I had never seen or heard of a witness, whilst in the chair, take such a liberty—and for obvious reasons. What then was my astonishment to see Rhodes munching sandwiches piled on a plate on the table beside him, and washing them down with copious draughts from a large pewter tankard—munching away and giving his replies to the questions of counsel with his mouth half full of food!

Rhodes, as we know, was not wanting in assurance. In this curious incident I thought there was exhibited a lack of respect to the tribunal and the associations of the place. There was an ostentatious display of familiarity in his

behaviour that was both amusing and objectionable. The Chairman of the Committee did not protest. Perhaps he was a weakling, or he thought that some latitude should be allowed to an "Empire Builder." Some of the more punctilious chairmen would have resented this unseemly display of conduct even from such a distinguished individual as Cecil Rhodes, and I think they would have been right. Rhodes was one of the most unconventional of men, but there should be a limit to that trait, whereas he carried it to the extreme. It is what I might call a colonial failing, and when manifested as I saw it, is not admirable. Rhodes was only forty-nine years old when he died in 1902.

AN IMPRESSION.

By J. H. SWANN.

THE mellow sunshine of early evening in July was adding greater glory to the Norfolk cornfields and meadows, and was making the dusty road as though a highway to the land of poets' dreams. Away from the small market town with the shattered tower of its church rising like a broken rock above the clustered houses we were walking in search of an ancient wayside cross. It was a quiet land into which we came when the last of the houses of the town had been passed: the evening peace was shed over nature and the occasional rush of a motor-car in a travelling cloud of dust was but like a stone dropped into the stillness of a lake: the circles widened and soon all was calm and smooth again.

In due time we found that which we sought. Just as we came to an extensive stretch of woodland in which the evening shadows were lying, another road crossed that on which we were walking, and it was in one of the angles so formed that we found the old-time memorial. Though called a cross, it was really a delicate-lined shaft tapering almost to a point and fixed in a base-stone. Green moss—Nature's embroidery—was on its worn grey surface. There was no inscription to be seen, but for centuries it had stood there to remind the passers-by that on the wide stretch of green sward between the road running to the right of the main highway and the dark belt of trees beyond there had been a fierce fight between revolted peasants and royal troops headed by a bishop, and terrible slaughter of the former had ensued. It was during the peasant revolt of 1381,—a revolt against serfdom and great social inequality, against suffering through lack of necessary food and clothing. "They are clothed in velvet and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are

covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oatcake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labour, the rain and the wind in the fields."

Back from the holidays, we left the station in a North Manchester district. Going on the way home, conscious of that slight aspect of strangeness which the familiar wears after two or three weeks' absence, we passed a small crowd listening to a clear-voiced speaker, and as we went by these words came:—"A decent young fellow and married, and he told me that when he was in full work he could only make seventeen shillings a week."

With these words there came also a vision of the fringe of a dark wood, a quiet expanse of green fields, a dusty road, a beautiful, slender, time-worn cross, and over all the softened glory of the sunset light. The fourteenth and the twentieth centuries had met.

BRITISH DRAMA OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By D. E. OLIVER.

PRIOR to the first production of Ibsen's "Doll's House" in this country in 1889 and of "Ghosts" two years later, the highest achievements of British dramatic art were the late-Victorian plays of Henry Arthur Jones, Arthur Wing Pinero and Oscar Wilde. Despite the howls of execration and vituperation from the dramatic critics of over five hundred British journals evoked by the first representation of "Ghosts," Ibsen's influence proved so potent as to effect an almost revolutionary change in dramatic theme and craftsmanship. William Archer, one of the ablest dramatic critics and writers of our day and generation, rendered this country an inestimable service when he translated into our tongue those great plays of Ibsen which gave the impetus needed to evolve a drama worthy the name of literature. About this time a keen desire became manifest among a small group of English playwrights to impart to our drama something of the force and character which distinguished the work of certain European dramatists. In Scandinavia besides Ibsen, there were Bjornson and Strindberg; in Russia, Tcekekoff, Gogol, Gorki and Tolstoi; in Germany, Wedekind, Hauptmann and Sudermann, and in France, Brieux; all of them producing a body of dramatic literature with which we had nothing to compare. When, however, this small group of writers began to emulate their Continental confreres they found an obstacle to the attainment of their desires in the person of an obscure official resident within the purlieu of St. James's Palace. Fielding and his contemporaries in 1737 turned from the theatre in disdain on the institution of the censorship.

Lord Chesterfield's prediction that Walpole's Act would "prevent every man of a generous and free spirit" from writing plays was fulfilled. Beyond the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan nothing worthy of a permanent place in dramatic literature was produced from 1737 until the early nineties of last century. During the intervening one hundred and fifty years, with these two exceptions, the dramatic output consisted of theatrical pieces compiled by versatile actors or needy theatre hacks, absolutely devoid of originality or literary worth, and being for the most part adaptations of contemporary French farce, comedy and drama. It is true we have the plays of Reade, Lytton, Browning and Tennyson, but it would be a difficult feat nowadays to induce the average playgoer to "sit out," much less read, "It's Never Too Late To Mend" or "The Lady of Lyons." Of Browning and Tennyson it is no disparagement of their genius to deny that either possessed the power of good dramatic writing. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" would scarcely bear revival or reading nowadays, and it needed an infinitude of hacking and all the histrionic genius of Irving to gain for "Becket" its short stage vogue. The dearth of great dramatic literature in mid- and late-Victorian times is, however, not wholly attributable to the deadening effect of the censorship. The ugliness of social life during the Victorian era is responsible in some measure for this absence of high dramatic work. England at this period was evolving an industrialism which culminated in her becoming the workshop of the world. What is termed the "industrial revolution" swept away a deal that was beautiful in life, bringing in its train the inevitable concomitants of factories and filth, coffin-ships and jerry-houses, long hours of monotonous toil for miserably inadequate remuneration, feverish stock exchange speculation and shady public company promotion; in short, a social and economic system which eventually destroyed the personal relationship between master and man; and substituted an im-

personal bond, aptly described by Carlyle as the "cash nexus"—with its horde of speculators, shareholders, directors and salaried managers. The resultant social conditions were then (at least during the greater part of the nineteenth century) hardly conducive to the creation of an enlightened playgoing public: the essential stimulus to develop the latent talent of "mute inglorious" dramatists. Macready, it may be remembered, persistently searched for good original drama, worthy of the stage and a place in literature; but all in vain.

To revert to the censorship. John Palmer writes, in his book "*The Censor and the Theatres*":—

When a small group of English dramatic writers, knowing what was being accomplished elsewhere, began seriously to turn to the theatre, which Fielding and his contemporaries had contemptuously abandoned, immediately they discovered that Fielding was right. Art, philosophy, sociology, economics, morality, religion—they found almost at once that an honest and original thinker adventured here at his peril. The Censor's rod, which had for years remained quietly in pickle in the absence of any great or original dramatic literature, was suddenly produced, and fell with amazing thunder on the casques of the adverse, pernicious enemies of truth and morality as interpreted by the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays.

This conflict between the dramatists and an effete and stupid official censorship should be borne in mind when we attempt to appraise the quality of present century drama; nor, indeed, must we overlook the fact that abroad the drama, by virtue of state and municipal endowment of the theatre, is regarded as an art worthy of public recognition and support, whereas here we view it solely as a source of amusement and consequently allow it to remain the sport of commerce. Happily the censor's licence cannot prevent the publication in book form of a stage-banned play. The dramatist in this respect fortunately possesses the same freedom enjoyed by the novelist, the liberty of expression being denied him only when he cherishes the hope (and

what dramatist does not?) that his work may be interpreted in flesh and blood upon the boards of the public theatres. True, the proportion of censored to licensed plays is infinitesimally small, but, as William Archer truly remarked,

The Censor keeps serious drama down to the level of his own intelligence, and probably lower, and does not even pretend to keep the lighter drama up to the level of his own morality. [Evidence, Censorship Joint Parliamentary Committee, 1909.]

Thus certain present-day playwrights who desire to dramatise life as it is, and not to gloss over social iniquities in a vein of hilarity, are compelled to pursue their calling with one eye on the censor. Notwithstanding this difficulty British dramatic art flourishes, a fact largely due to the present immense vogue of publishing plays, often in attractive form, with explanatory prefaces and elaborate delineatory notes, enabling the ordinary reader to grasp the dramatic significance of the published as apart from the enacted play. Great would be our delight had we an edition of Shakespeare's plays with prefaces, notes, stage directions and character delineations from the pen of the author. "What charms, what conjuration and what mighty magic" would then amaze us!

Sydney Grundy in a recent pamphlet criticising John Palmer's book "The Future of the Theatre," laments the influence and prestige of the literary drama, and boldly asserts that

To a real dramatist it matters no more how his drama reads than how a hen crows.

Nothing is surer than that almost the whole of nineteenth century drama lacks the essential qualities of good literature. Admirably effective as stage plays they make poor reading, and apart from the theatre have no existence. Scarcely one of us would care to peruse, as a literary exercise, "Caste," "A Pair of Spectacles" or "The Gay Lord Quex," to name three typical examples of mid- and

late-Victorian drama. The plays of Shaw, Harkin and Masfield, however, possess, in addition to dramatic potentiality, a literary charm notably absent in the three plays of Robertson, Grundy and Pinero. Mid- and even late-Victorian drama is dead because it is not readable, indeed the greater portion is not even purchasable except in the buff-coloured pamphlet form of French's acting edition. Good drama then is always readable; that is its first passport to fame or to such a degree of permanence in literature as the mutability of taste and fashion decree. Although our modern dramatic school became articulate during the last decade of the nineteenth century and some of Shaw's plays were written at that time, his dramatic work belongs indubitably to the present century. Several of his most important plays were first produced under the Barker-Vedrenne regime at the Court and Savoy Theatres during the years 1904-7. At the former theatre we learn from a statement made by Mr. Huntly Carter, in his book, "The New Spirit in Drama and Art," that of nine hundred performances given at the "Court" no less than seven hundred and one were of plays by George Bernard Shaw.

Difficult is the task, within the compass of a brief paper, to sketch even in baldest outline the essential features of Shavian drama. The genius of this extraordinary man is already the theme of a goodly array of substantial volumes. Shaw's plays appear to me the embodiment of twentieth century methods and present-day thought as applied to social and economic problems. Under cover of a brilliant, though discursive dialogue, the outcome of a singularly catholic and penetrating intellect, with a range of wit and humour, caustic, ironical, cynical and genial by turns, he probes deep down to the seat of social and economic disorder, showing men and women to be little more than creatures of heredity and environment. Looking back from the vantage ground of the present day we realise that nineteenth century politics was mainly a game of bluff—nothing really vital divided the parties. The activities of

statesmen centred around diplomatic chicanery, the advocacy of tinkering political measures concerning State-structure, the repeal of effete laws and only in an infinitesimal degree to the promotion of legislation calculated to mitigate the horrors of our social and industrial life. While similar matters unduly monopolise the political field to-day, immediately behind and pressing urgently forward is the vital question involved in the resolve of the toiling millions to secure an equitable share of the means whereby to live in decency and comfort. During the greater part of the nineteenth century the proletariat were scarcely conscious of their economic subjection, dimly regarding it as inevitable or divinely ordained. The educational fruition of Forster's Act of 1870 was hardly appreciable until the nineties, and even then the toiling and propertyless millions had for two decades been carefully schooled to order themselves lowly and reverently before their so-called betters and to rest content in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call them. It is not uncommon, in these comparatively enlightened times, to find many of both orthodox political parties who view the poverty of the workers as self-created or as unremediable under the present economic system. The usual foolish charges are flung at them in the shape of sweeping accusations as to their drunkenness, thriftlessness and idleness—often by those who themselves “toil not, neither do they spin,” and again by others whose social and industrial success in life is mainly due to favourable environment and to the ministrations of dame fortune whose golden bounty rarely comes the way of the poor. The quality of present-day drama is the outcome, I venture to suggest, of that greater social consciousness prevalent in the world of to-day. Most reflective men and women are coming to realise that an economic system based on individualism (I mean of the laissez-faire and Spencerian school) has served its purpose, and must gradually yield to a state of society under which the workers shall enjoy the

full reward of their labour, an essential condition in order to share the blessings of a fuller and nobler existence.

Shavian drama embodies twentieth century social and economic aspirations. Shaw is not primarily either a delineator of character or even a psychologist, but rather a dealer in personified ideas. Ibsen revealed the soul of men and women in conflict with the conventions and forces of the day, or to express the same idea in different phraseology, psychological and ethical fantasy expressed in terms of modern life is the real technical lesson of Ibsen's plays. Shaw, and in a less degree his school, depict life in the same sense, but explain its relationship to our common social and economic system. Nineteenth century drama treated life as a simple thing. Its melodrama can best be expressed in the following terms: hero, heroine, villain, adventuress, Hawkshaw the detective, wedding-bells, curtain. Such of its comedy not concerned with the eternal triangle of wife, husband and the other fellow, or the husband, wife and the other lady; dealt mainly with the teacup and saucer domesticity of the Tom Robertson school. Twentieth century drama represents, first, the reunion of art and letters as a dramatic medium; secondly, it reverts to Shakespearean drama, in so far as it emphasizes the complexity of life and character; and, thirdly, it reveals the relationship of beings to systems. The term psychological is applied rather carelessly nowadays, sometimes meaning one thing and occasionally the other, which reminds me of a story of two friends, one a lover of pictures and the other not caring about art, who were both viewing a certain picture in an art dealer's shop. "What do you think of that?" said the artistic devotee, pointing to a classic study labelled "Psyche." After regarding it intently for a time the friend replied that "it was the queerest way of spelling *fish* he'd ever seen." Some worthy critics of our modern realistic drama, whose artistic souls appear for ever to dwell in "cloud-capped towers, gorgeous places and solemn

temples," brand as "fishy" much that we poor mundane mortals term psychological. In a certain sense most plays are psychological. One might even apply the term to the famous Melvillian masterpiece "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning," for the unfortunate maiden doubtless chose the "primrose path to everlasting bonfire" because under existing conditions she realised that virtue's reward is, alas! more often than not a life of bitter struggle for the barest means of subsistence. This too is the lesson of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The difference between the two plays is, in the Melvillian drama situations are everything, and in the Shavian these are strictly subordinated to characterisation and ideas. The one sees the effect, and the other, knowing the effect, reveals the cause. In "Arms and the Man" Shaw riddles with destructive criticism the romance of war, showing it to be what it really is, a thing of bullets and chocolates. The military caste needs a shock in these days of "Zabern affairs" and conscriptionist advocacy. With Krupp scandals, armament rings and seventy million estimates, "Arms and the Man" provides a powerful antidote. In "Widowers' Houses," Shaw's first-hand knowledge of London's social problems acquired by personal observation and practical service as a St. Pancras borough councillor furnishes a most pregnant lesson as to the inevitability of slumdom under existing conditions. The moral of "Candida" does not depend upon the solution of the question as to whether the heroine would have been happier in forsaking her parson-husband for the "other fellow"—a time-worn theme—but rather is it linked with the problem of the injustice of our denial to woman of that political equality with man which more than any other cause keeps her in economic bondage to him, compelling her in very sooth to make marriage a trade. "John Bull's Other Island" is described by Sir Edward Russell as

a miraculous achievement of what may be called wayward national insight; an intellectual tragedy which purports to

reveal a people's characteristics in riddling them; and to suggest the incurability of grievances by exhibiting the inexhaustible perversities of the aggrieved. [*The Theatre and Things Said About It*, p. 27.]

The clash of national temperament, however interesting, is not the only theme of this play. Its purpose lies deeper, inasmuch as in the language of Keegan it efficiently reveals the efficiency of capitalistic exploitation to efficiently impoverish the worker to the ultimate advantage of the exploiter. In "The Doctor's Dilemma" we have an amusing satire upon the medical profession in which he shows how the community exists for the benefit of the faculty and not the faculty for the advantage of the public. "Of all the anti-social vested interests," says Shaw, "the worst is the vested interest in ill-health." Can we deny the time is ripe for the municipalisation of Harley Street and its Manchester equivalent St. John Street, when it is a fact that at least seventy-five per cent. of sickness, disease and accidents arise from insanitary conditions, insufficient and improper food consequent upon poverty and from an industrial system which places dividends before lives? Shaw says:—

My plays are built to induce, not voluptuous reverie but intellectual interest, not romantic rhapsody but humane concern. [Preface to *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.] The great dramatist has something better to do than amuse either himself or his audience. He has to interpret life. [Preface to *Three Plays by Brieux*.]

Shaw then is primarily a teacher, using the dramatic medium to expound his philosophy, sociology and economics. He goes to life for his themes and not to the theatre. One may state, with fair approximation to truth, that the distinguishing quality of present century drama is sincerity. In the language of John Galsworthy—

A man here and there has turned up who has imagined something true to what he has really seen and felt, and has projected it across the footlights in such a way as to make other people feel it. This is all that has lately happened on

our stage. And if it be growth, it will not be growth in quantity, since there is nothing like sincerity for closing the doors of the theatres. For, just consider what sincerity excludes: All care for balance at the author's bank—even when there is no balance. All habit of consulting the expression on the Public's face. All confectioning of French plays. All the convenient practice of adding up your plots on the principle that two and two make five. These it excludes. It includes: Nothing because it pays. Nothing because it makes a sensation. No situations faked. No characters falsified. No fireworks. Only something imagined and put down in a passion of sincerity. What plays, you may say, are left? Well, that is the present development in our drama. [*Hibbert Journal*, April, 1913.]

There is then but one way to lasting fame in the dramatic art, as in all other arts—sincerity to oneself and one's ideals. Teach the public by ignoring the public, avoid conventionality, shun that dead level of public opinion which, however advantageous from the commercial standpoint, crushes the soul of the true artist.

To thine ownself be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

The literary quality of Shaw's plays is generally admitted to be of the highest. No one can read them without enriching his mind. To study them is, to me, a never-failing source of delight and profit. One need not agree with his philosophy of life, we may gird at his opinions, shudder at the trenchancy of his wit, be appalled by his utter disregard of our conventional morality, but of his masterful command of our language, the fertility of his imagination, the brilliancy of his dialectic and the novelty of his expression, there can indeed be but one opinion. It is not infrequently remarked that many of his characters are interminable talkers; occasionally, as Disraeli once said of Gladstone, they become intoxicated by the exuberance of their own verbosity. When, however, we reflect that Shavian characters are not ordinary men and women but abnormal embodiments of fantastic or ideal types, we

can then see that elaborate discussion becomes essential to the unfolding of character in such philosophical and sociological drama, and "there's example for 't." Is not Hamlet a verbose philosopher? Yet who will deny that his interminable talk is not essential to the dramatic revelation of his complex personality? When, however, Shaw ceases to embody his philosophy of life in a character, and makes use of his observant powers, his delineations of men and women reveal all the craft of a great artist. His Cockney types are to the manner born, as witness the inimitable creations of Lickcheese, Felix Drinkwater and 'Enery Straker? And then we have that superb humorous conception, the lovable old waiter in "You Never Can Tell." I cannot refrain from quoting what appears to me a sample of dialogue, hardly equalled in dramatic literature for delightful sincerity and exquisite humour:

WAITER (philosophically): Well, sir, you never (to Crampton) can tell. That's a principle in life with me, sir, if you'll excuse my having such a thing, sir.

Perhaps you haven't noticed that you hadn't touched the seltzer and Irish, sir, when the party broke up. [He takes the tumbler from the luncheon table and sets it before Crampton.] Yes, sir, you never can tell. There was my son, sir! Who ever thought that he would rise to wear a silk gown, sir? And yet to-day, sir, nothing less than fifty guineas, sir. What a lesson, sir!

CRAMPTON: Well, I hope he is grateful to you, and recognises what he owes you.

WAITER: We get on together very well, very well indeed, sir, considering the difference in our stations. A small lump of sugar, sir, will take the flatness out of the seltzer without noticeably sweetening the drink, sir. Allow me, sir. [He drops a lump of sugar into the tumbler.] But as I say to him, where's the difference after all? If I must put on a dress coat to show what I am, sir, he must put on a wig and gown to show what he is. If my income is mostly tips, and there's a pretence that I don't get them, why, his income is mostly fees, sir, and I understand there's a pretence that he don't get them! If he likes society, and his profession brings him into contact with all ranks, so does mine, too, sir.

If it's a little against a barrister to have a waiter for his father, sir, it's a little against a waiter to have a barrister for a son: many people consider it a great liberty, sir, I assure you, sir. Can I get you anything else, sir?

And again, at the end of the comedy, touching the betrothal of Gloria and Valentine:—

CRAMPTON: Then, Mr. Bohun, you don't think this match an unwise one?

BOHUN: Yes, I do: all matches are unwise: Its unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's unwise to die.

WAITER (insinuating himself between Crampton and Valentine): Then, if I may respectfully put a word in, sir, so much the worse for wisdom. [To Valentine, benignly] Cheer up, sir, cheer up: every man is frightened of marriage when it comes to the point; but it often turns out very comfortable, very enjoyable and happy indeed, sir—from time to time. I never was master in my own house, sir; my wife was like your young lady: she was of a commanding and masterful disposition, which my son has inherited. But if I had my life to live twice over, I'd do it again, I'd do it again, I assure you. You never can tell, sir; you never can tell.

Present-day drama owes much to Granville Barker. His record as a producer, as the founder of the modern school of repertory players and as a dramatist is unique in the annals of our stage. Without his aid Shaw's plays would in all probability have been "born to blush unseen and waste" their "fragrance on the desert air." We are now concerned, however, with his work as a dramatist. Archer informs us that Barker is above all things a psychologist.

It is his instinct to venture into untrodden fields of character, or, at any rate, to probe deeply into phenomena which others have noted but superficially, if at all. [*Play-Making*, p. 290.]

"The Marrying of Ann Leete" is a tedious play, not altogether lacking in charm, but save for the admirable realisation of life in an eighteenth century mansion as depicted in the opening scene, is devoid of serious interest.

In "The Voysey Inheritance," however, we come to solid ground. It presents a wonderful picture of modern middle-class life, vividly illustrating the devious workings of fraudulent trusteeship. The naturalness of the dialogue and admirable characterisation of the various members of a strikingly dissimilar family reveal a knowledge of life marvellous in its fulness and convincing in its sincerity. "Waste," the famous censored play, deals with types which we must imagine are to be found in aristocratic circles. Here we see leading politicians engaged in the mysteries of Cabinet making. The hero, one of the aspirants to Government honours, whose presence in the Cabinet is to work marvels, in a fit of passion misconducts himself with a silly married woman. The intrigue is made public by the subsequent death of the woman, owing to a surgical irregularity, which leads to his exclusion from the Cabinet and to his death by suicide. This points the moral conveyed by the title, the waste of an intellectually brilliant politician, because an inexorable social custom decrees that personal scandal must not touch one who aspires to Government honours. The play is a fine, serious piece of work, replete with psychological analysis and the dramatic issues are developed with unflinching and remorseless thoroughness.

The "Madras House" reveals the influence of Shaw by the dialectical-discursive form in which the play is written. Mr. Edward Storer deems Mr. Barker unequalled by any modern dramatist in the characterisation of comedy types.

The description of . . . the Huxtable family (consisting of husband, wife and six unmarried and marriageable daughters) is one of the most ironic and merciless reflections on a certain phase of modern existence that can be found in contemporary literature. Mr. Barker here lays bare a whole social disorder or discomfort—the almost complete lack of society among such types as the Huxtables. Prevented by want of time, absence of initiative, and snobbery from any attempt at organising a society of their own class, such poor beings starve socially and . . . perish mentally from lack

of interests and ideas in a community abounding in plenty.
[*British Review*, Nov., 1913.]

As a foil to the Huxtables we have the studies of Philip Madras and his father Constantine. The sex idealism of the former is set in antithesis to the sex-realism of the latter. The polygamic notions of the father who becomes a Mohammedan are contrasted with the semi-Platonic notions of the son, whose point of view is stated in the oft-quoted sentence, "I do hate that farmyard world of sex . . . men and women always treating each other in this unfriendly way." It is a thought-provoking feminist comedy in which Barker's profound intellectuality is more pronounced than in the preceding plays.

John Galsworthy stands pre-eminent as a realist. His plays are sombre but fascinating in their sincerity. He uses his drama to force the spectator to face unpleasant facts. "Strife" depicts the revolt of labour against capital, and the prejudices of capital against labour, with a lurid realism appalling in its intensity. "Justice" exposes the harshness and stupidity of our criminal code and prison system and incidentally turns a vivid light upon the horrors of our marital laws. This play is said to have influenced Mr. Winston Churchill to change for the better our cruel penal system, particularly the abhorrent and futile punishment of solitary confinement. Unless we include the almost defenceless criminals, prison conditions interest few outside the "Howard Association," and if reforms in this respect, and indeed in most other directions, had to wait until they were demanded by a sufficient volume of public opinion, we might still be doing to madness and death more unfortunates who are in the majority of instances victims of a cruel social system. In "The Silver Box," in which the characterisation is admirably life-like, Galsworthy skilfully and conclusively proves the verity of an adage—old as jurisprudence itself, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. The more recent plays of Galsworthy, "The Pigeon," "The

Eldest Son" and "The Fugitive," strike a more subdued though not less sincere note. "The Pigeon" has effective scenes of rare finish, the character-drawing of the soft-hearted old artist Wellwyn is touchingly perfect. "The Eldest Son," a similar theme to that of "Hindle Wakes," but doubtless owing to its aristocratic setting not so convincing as the masterpiece of Stanley Houghton; finally, the present-day problem of woman's revolt against a loveless tie is tragically depicted in "The Fugitive." Galsworthy's drama is purposeful, his technique marvellous in its simplicity, while for lucidity, crispness and unequivocalty of dramatic diction he is unrivalled among the dramatists of to-day.

Although not first and foremost a dramatist, Masfield has given us a tragedy in "Nan" that for literary charm and dramatic power deserves a permanent place in literature, and will doubtless hold sovereign sway o'er theatre audiences for generations yet unborn. The admirable work of Houghton (whose untimely death was a great loss to the drama of the future), Monkhouse and Brighouse, and other Manchester dramatists has been ably and exhaustively treated by Mr. Tinsley Pratt. Of J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, William Boyle, Lennox Robinson, T. C. Murray and others of the Abbey Theatre school whose plays deal with the history, legends, folk-lore, customs, religion, temperament, hopes and aspirations of the Irish race, one can only say in passing that the little one could say had better be left unsaid. An Englishman may be thrilled with the poetic beauty of "The Riders to the Sea," and loudly laugh at "The Workhouse Ward," chuckle with glee at "Hyacinth Halvey," and shudder at the brutal realism of "The Cross Roads"; be charmed with the wit and sentiment of "The Piper"; all these sensations and delights are his in richest measure, but by St. Patrick! let him leave to an Irishman this task of

dramatic appreciation, for it is one which even God's Englishman is impotent to perform.

A word or two concerning the plays of the late St. John Hankin may fittingly end this paper. His three comedies, though lacking in humanity and truth, are nevertheless admirable works of art. They are brightly conceived and very cleverly executed. "The Return of the Prodigal" treats of the embarrassments of an upper middle-class family arising from the fact that one of their number displays no aptitude for a practical or money-getting life and who insists on his right to play the drone in the social hive. "The Cassilis Engagement" deals with the heroic effort of a mother to save her son from an unsuitable marriage by welcoming with open arms the prospective bride and vulgar mother-in-law, which leads to the disillusionment of the lovers and to the termination of the engagement. "The Charity that Began at Home" shows how a mother and daughter, Lady Denison and Margery, fall under the influence of a social idealist named Hylton, who preaches as part of his creed of humanity that there is *no* real hospitality in inviting the pleasant people whom we like, and that the true philanthropist will make up his house-parties of unpleasant folk whom nobody else will have. One can readily imagine the comic possibilities of such a house-party.

The charm of Hankin's comedies lies in the raciness of his dialogue. It is apposite, terse and brilliant. Indeed Dr. W. L. Courtney considers Hankin's dialogue to be almost as good

as that which Ibsen possesses in some of his most characteristic pieces. [*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1913.]

In spite of his vein of cynicism and pessimism Hankin's influence among the English intellectual school of dramatists is most marked.

John Palmer, in his "Future of the Theatre" (p. 105), writes:—

As the author of the "slight" play; the comedy of provincial manners; the comedy of what Elia would have called

"middle interests"; the comedy of life, not at its crisis, but from day to day, Hankin was to this extent a pioneer in the closing of the rift between the English theatre and English life. Hankin, moreover, with Wilde and with Mr. Bernard Shaw, definitely restored the connection of the English theatre with English letters.

During the nineteenth century the dramatic mirror rarely reflected the "age and body of the time" for reasons stated in my introductory sentences. Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker, Hankin, Houghton and others of the "thinker dramatist" school have produced a body of drama that, despite the limitations of stage convention and a harassing censorship has treated sincerely, searchingly, and sympathetically those problems of a psychological, sociological, philosophical and economic character which have dominated the world of thought during the past thirteen years. Nineteenth century dramatists were prone to think too exclusively in terms of the theatre and not sufficiently in the terms of actual life. On the other hand, present-day drama is far less theatrical and infinitely more natural. The impulse towards naturalism in our drama is due to Ibsen's influence over Shaw. Dramatic naturalism is sometimes confused with photographic realism. The playwright who merely records the facts of life as his sole objective is not, in the highest sense of the word an artist. The great dramatist passes the actualities of life through the alembic of his mind, distilling the spirit of drama from the crude substance of material fact. Everything in the past century was against great and sincere drama. The triple evil of "stardom," "long-run" and "commercialism"—three in one and one in three—presented an insuperable obstacle to the creation of drama worthy of the name of literature. With the abolition of the censorship, that "bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth," may we not with confidence predict that long ere this present century has run its course our drama will yield a harvest no less rich than that garnered in the days of great "Eliza and our James."

“MR. FRASTON’S CONSCIENCE.”

By W. D. COBLEY.

IN the kitchen of No. 10, Miranda Terrace, Mrs. Fraston sat knitting. The firelight, dancing on the burnished steel fender, and the well-scoured contents of the old-fashioned dresser, showed her to be a plump little woman of fifty-five or thereabouts. Her still comely features proved her possessed of sufficient shrewd commonsense despite a certain air of simplicity. She was wearing a black gown of some shiny material, so tight that it was matter for wonder how she ever got into it. Her soft grey hair was neatly divided in the centre at the front, and ended behind in a bun-shaped confection. Altogether a typical mother; motherly in fact depicts her to a dot. And, thank goodness, there are many mothers like her still in this England of ours.

Her two daughters sat sewing at the table. They were just average healthy girls of the lower middle-class, and it is only right to admit a very fair average in all senses of the term.

“Come, Sarah, light the gas, I can’t see what I am doing,” said Mrs. Fraston at last.

It was a bad sign,¹ duly noted by the girls that the old wooden rocking-chair was still, not gently rocking on the bright rag hearth-rug in time to the good lady’s thoughts.

One of the girls rose, lit the gas and drew the blind, for the early spring day was, in fact, closing in fast. The light showed the kitchen’s spotless cleanliness.

Mrs. Fraston sighed audibly, as she sat buried in thought.

It is all very well to have a husband whose conscientious scruples made him a matter for pride when contrasted with the free and easy lords and masters possessed by other

ladies of one's acquaintance, but when those scruples threaten the loss of £200, well——

From her next remark it became apparent that the bright side shown to the outside world had a reverse side of by no means equal lustre.

"Don't you girls ever think of taking up with an obstinate man. You never know where you are with him, or what he'll do next."

The girls duly promised, with a toss of the head that put all such undesirable objects as men into their proper places.

"Eh! the trouble I've had with that man time and again! I'll never forget the time the bedroom curtains caught fire. The insurance company sent quite a gentlemanly young fellow, who just looked into the room, came downstairs, and said that if £5 would suit us it would suit the company. And if your father didn't go and say £2 10s. was ample, and the young fellow laughed and went away, and that was all we got. And after all it cost nearly £4 to make the place straight again, even though I pushed the burnt part of the linoleum under the washstand.

"And the fuss he made when we were all put into a first class that time at Rhyl. Even when the ticket collector said it was all right he would insist on paying, letting everyone know we were 'thirds.' I never felt so vexed in my life, not to mention the expense.

"The very year we were married didn't he go and buy a great lot of bulbs and not a flower came up, only a nasty little leaf here and there. What he said at the place where he got them I don't know, but he must have said a lot, for a man came up to look at them. Eh! how he laughed!"

The lady forgot her troubles at the recollection and smiled once more at the oft-told tale. The rocking-chair rocked gently. "The silly man had put them all in wrong side up."

The girls smiled dutifully for the hundredth time, glad to see their mother forgetting her worry for a moment.

"Come, girls! You'd better be getting father's tea, he can't be long now," said she, glancing at the clock.

The girls rolled back a corner of the red and white checked cloth, showing the clean white deal below, and spreading a white cloth, busied themselves in collecting the necessary materials for their father's evening meal.

The preparations were hardly completed when they heard the front door open, and, after a short pause for the hanging up of coat and hat, John Fraston stepped in, rubbing his hands and stamping his feet with a very badly-assumed air of unconscious cheerfulness. He was a small, commonplace, little man, looking like a non-commissioned officer in the army of commerce, which as a matter of fact he was, being the cashier, or head book-keeper, to a small firm of merchants in the city. As happens sometimes, he had come to have something of the facial expression of his wife.

"Well, girls!" said he, patting them on the shoulder, kissing his wife's forehead, and stooping to warm his hands at the fire; "I've a bit of news for you. Young Jones tells me that the club is going to give a dance at the Hall next month, so you had better be hunting up your muslins and furbelows."

For a moment this momentous news lifted the cloud, whose presence was all too palpable, but it quickly settled down again, as it rarely settled in that cheerful room.

It was only when tea was finished and cleared away, and the two girls had departed to call on friends, that Mrs. Fraston ventured to approach the subject that both yet knew was the only one they were thinking of.

"Well, John," said she at last, "have you thought any more about it?"

"Nay! I can't say I have, at least not to change my mind. I'll not be beholden to any one for money got by drink-selling and gaming."

"Well, but John you used to think a lot of your uncle Sam, when you were young, you know you did, with his cricket and football. Besides what about Christmas hampers, and things for the girls? You took them quick enough."

Mr. Fraston had not been married for more than twenty years for nothing, and made no reply.

That night as he lay awake, the arguments for the acceptance of this legacy from a lately deceased uncle of sporting tastes and alcoholic activities, occurred to him again and again—the music lessons for the girls; the specially expensive holiday; the addition to the stocking-foot against a rainy day. These seemed so strong that he determined to burn his boats behind him by visiting the solicitors next morning, and definitely refusing the legacy, and fell asleep.

But in the cold light of day these overnight resolutions have a knack of not materialising into action. He decided there was no hurry, it took weeks, months to wind up an estate, it would do any time.

But unfortunately he had underestimated the effect of the estrangement from his wife. There was something lacking in life, something very essential to his peace and comfort, the absence of which preyed upon his mind and left him without that cheery optimism that alone lifted him above his fellows and made him a likeable enough little man.

It was while taking his simple mid-day meal in the corner specially reserved for him by long custom that the great idea came to him. He could stand his wife's disappointment no longer, under these conditions home wasn't home at all. Yet it was hard to sacrifice a reputation among the neighbours for doing the eccentrically right thing—the quixotic thing—in face of such a glorious opportunity of adding to it. Besides he *did* dislike to take Uncle Sam's money. Hadn't he heard sermon after sermon preached against gambling and drink, and didn't he know they were the curse of England?

Could he lift the black cloud that had come between Maria and him and yet retain in all their integrity his conscientious scruples? Could he do anything that would put matters right temporarily at least, and only come to light later when feeling would not be so strong?

Suppose he definitely refused the legacy, but paid over to his wife the £200 from his savings without saying anything, at least for the present?

Filled with this idea, he hastened back to the office. Alas! on examination his bank book (as is the habit of those disappointing volumes) showed less than its owner had hoped. There was but £160 odd standing to his credit all told. That solution was hopeless.

He returned home that night miserable and depressed. His wife noticed the changes the last week or two had made in his appearance, and unable to keep up a complete defence, made openings at least by many little extra attentions to his comfort. This redoubled his determination to right matters, but how?

So worried and nervous did he get that he actually made a serious blunder next afternoon, crediting an old customer's account with thirty pounds less than they had paid. It was years since he had made such a blunder, and the rest of the staff (two young clerks) knew about it before the day was out.

As day succeeded day John Fraston grew more and more nervous, the banging of a book or door made him jump.

When the idea first came to him it is impossible to say, it must have been somewhere at the back of his mind for days. But when it first came openly forward he leant over his books to hide his hot and prickling face, and then looked round through the little glass partition at his fellow clerks in a strange surreptitious fashion. How easy it would be just to "borrow" forty pounds or so. It could be repaid month by month from his salary and by personal economies of many kinds. The auditors would not be here again for many months. It could easily be done.

And alas! a day or two later it *was* done. That night, cash in hand, he hastened home, and, amidst the cheerfulness caused by his announcement, he forgot his troubles for a little time. For a time yes, but only to have them return with added force. His wife, putting down his haggard looks to his struggles to do what she wished, redoubled her efforts to make him happy and comfortable, only to add fuel to the flames of his anguish.

Yet heavier pains were in store for him, however. One morning, a day or two later, the bell rang in the private room. He rose slowly, knocked and entered. He found the two partners, father and son, together, the old gentleman seated at his desk, the son standing with his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"Take a seat, Fraston," said his chief, looking at him over the top of his spectacles; "we want a few words with you, and by the way, you are not looking yourself just now. Nothing wrong at home, I hope?"

"No, sir," said Fraston.

"Perhaps the work here is getting too much for you, and that brings me to what I wanted to say," said the old gentleman with a smile. "Can you have the books ready for the auditors by Monday, do you think?"

The blow was so sudden, so unexpectedly overwhelming, that Fraston lost all consciousness of his surroundings, all power to move. By some fortunate chance or other he remained stiff and upright on his chair.

He had no idea how long he remained thus, probably it was but a few seconds, for Mr. Debham was still speaking when his senses returned, and gradually he began to gather the meaning of what was being said.

"—profits are not what they used to be, and we think," turning to his son behind him, "that it is wise to take in a young and active partner with a view to extending our country trade. We have made such arrangements, and the sooner we begin the better. You had better look out for

another assistant in the office, and this will of course mean an increase to your salary."

How he got out of the room John Fraston could never remember, but long after his juniors had gone he sat staring at his neatly-kept books. The kindly "Good-night" of father and son as they passed him left him sitting miserably in front of the figures he did not see.

He slept little that night you may be sure. He must act quickly, but how? His brain was in a whirl, and it was long before he decided that he must see his uncle's solicitors and attempt to obtain his legacy at once. He rushed round to them the following morning, only to find it would be weeks before he could receive anything. Further miserable pondering over his lunch sent him to the solicitors once more, and after much talk and at heavy interest he obtained an advance of fifty pounds.

With desperate energy he set to work to rectify his books, staying that night long after the others had left and refusing young Debham's kindly-meant offer of assistance with to him quite unnecessary emphasis.

At last, notwithstanding his throbbing head, he managed to make all neat and straight, locked the cash balance in the safe and departed for home.

His condition had long been causing his wife anxiety, and she also had arrived at a momentous decision. As he entered their room that night she came to meet him, and laying her hand upon his arm said:

"John, I had no idea you'd take this thing to heart so. We've managed all these years without it. Send the money back."

And then John Fraston broke down, soon he was sobbing out his story and receiving comfort from one of the greatest gifts of heaven to man, second only to that greater gift that "*passeth all understanding.*"

But that is not *our* business.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

A MEMORY OF MALHAM.

By J. REDFEARN WILLIAMSON.

HOW strange it appears that thirty years
Have passed like a tale soon told,
Since the afternoon of a day in June
Died away in a flame of gold;
And we, tired out with roaming about
At the festive board sat down
To dine and joke with the hostel folk
Ere we turned to the smoky town.

Fragrant and rare was the upland air
That faintly blew from the West:
And thin and high in the fathomless sky
The swan-white clouds were at rest.
And the lonely fells wove their ancient spells
As we basked in the sun's bright levin:
And our cares took flight in the radiant light
That beamed from the farthest heaven.

But the years have flown to a realm unknown,
And the world seems sad and gray
That I cannot renew, as I fain would do,
The bliss of a bygone day,
When pleasure was young as a song first sung,
And life was a lovely dream
As our hopes kept time in a rhythmic chime
To the music made by the stream.

Yet O, be sure, as you follow the lure
To the land of moor and mere,
Though in body I may be leagues away,
In spirit I shall be near;

I shall see you ride through the countryside,
And hear the fluctuant breeze
Go whispering by with a wistful sigh
In the softly-swaying trees.

I shall surely hear—low-voiced but clear,
The rippling Ribble glide
Past leavy bowers and rioting flowers,
The midsummer's pomp and pride.
I shall see you rove in Malham cove,
As we threaded it long ago!
And hear the call of the waterfall
That plays in the pool below.

And a clutch at my heart brings back with a start
A desire—while you wander free
Where the curlew cries, and the hill-springs rise,
That you'll spare some thoughts for me
Ere the long day ends, and the night descends
And the dim fields fade from view,
For never a day goes its destined way
When mine turn not to you.

A CUMBRIAN GALA.

By B. A. REDFERN.

Sometimes, with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,

.....
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday. Milton—*L'Allegro*.

A BOUT nine miles—as the crow flies—from the sea-coast of Cumberland, a small stone-built hamlet nestles in a verdurous bay of the mountains. It stands a little apart from the high road—once a great Roman way—which runs through a valley of surpassing beauty and variety of scenery.

Behind the small inn of the hamlet there is an ancient water-mill, some score or so of climber-clad cottages in bright garden patches, a few lichen or moss-grown out-buildings, with inclined road-ways or steps to their upper floors, and a shop which is also the Post Office and the local Exchange.

A many-voiced beck finds its way along a darkly-embowered dell, as it falls in numerous cascades from a moorland tarn some thousand feet above the valley. As it nears the hamlet, it turns sharply into a rocky ravine, hissing, gurgling, or roaring, whilst it forms swirling pools, eddies, and sluices, before shooting the rude stone bridge. And then it rushes—with what seems almost a conscious delight—into the light of day to spread itself over the shallows of the opening dale.

After a short course through the rush-fringed meadows this beck joins the main stream of the valley, which as it rolls on to the sea, receiving tribute from every cleft and gully, soon becomes a noble salmon river. Half-way to the coast a rocky fell rises, in the middle of what has now

become a veritable dale, and the river turning southward by its base, anon makes its way westward by a baronial castle, ancient woods, towering crags, spreading parklands, (in which there is a herd of fallow deer) and golden sandhills, to what, a score of centuries ago, was an important port and station of the Cæsars, but where now one sees only the silted course of an estuary, with a salmon weir, and a decayed but picturesque village, on its banks.

The islanded fell, which at its western end descends gradually to the village, sends out a spur of rock, which is crowned by a quaint beacon tower on the seaward point, and this headland is ranged by roe deer. The fell is about five miles long, and its highest point is less than seven hundred feet above sea level; but it is a microcosm of mountain delights which has been an inexhaustible happy hunting ground of the writer for half a century.

The annual autumn sports of the dale are usually held at the hamlet referred to, and on a late occasion, when on my leisurely way to them, I stayed a while resting on a moss-grown wall and listening in a happy day-dream to most enchanting music made by the rustle of leaves, the hum of insects, and the murmurs of the waters in the main stream—which here runs close to the road,—when there came upon my ears a more sharply accented sound which I at first mistook for that of some animal in distress; and almost before I could rise and turn in its direction, there came through the echoing woods seven or eight strong, beautiful hounds, which were evidently following a hot trail.

They crossed the road in full cry—some on each side of me—giving me, much to my satisfaction, no notice whatever, and then I heard the successive splashes as they plunged into and crossed the stream. I hurried to a point of vantage beyond the leafy screen which shut them from view, and then saw them well up on the mountain side, as they threaded their way, each only seen at intervals amongst the rocks and ling. Soon they made their

appearance on the sky-line, and, as I learnt afterwards, were then following a trail which led them towards the terrible screes of Wastdale.

Then a delicious quietness fell upon the scene, a silence broken only by the chattering of a squirrel, who possibly thinking I was responsible for the latest disturbance, scolded me as I strolled along, until the absence of trees on the road border compelled him to stay behind. The road was more solitary than usual, and I was wondering why, when I heard the beating of a drum, the sound of a pistol shot, and anon the outburst of a brass band. Softened by distance, the music came pleasantly on the ear, and hurrying my pace a little, I, after a few minutes, caught sight of a gay flag. There was evidently something going on in a field to my left hand, where the last of the cultivated lands met the rugged foothills and I had found the gala.

Leaving the road by a narrow "loanin'," which soon became the main, and for this occasion only, the busy, street of the hamlet, I arrived at the scene of the sports. Groups of big dalesmen, slow and deliberate of mien and movement, but evidently full of interest in the proceedings, were here and there in the field. Many youths and more boys—including all those dwelling in the dale, and some who had come from others—were ubiquitous and noisy as usual; and the girls were strolling about on the borders of the ground with their arms about each other's necks, also as usual.

Of women there were only a few, but each of them was notable. One was a short, stout, waddling old dame of stolid demeanour, who carried a dog-leash, and who was seemingly well known to all persons within the enclosure, from the well-groomed aristocratic county member, and the two clergymen, down to the dogman-starter or whipper-in, who was attired in faded velveteen. The latter was evidently "hanger-on" of some hostelry, and yet was in the select circle on this occasion, and the old lady accosted

him or any other member of it, in just the same tone and manner with equal acceptance.

"Na, na, Mudder! yan's t' Laidy," said the dogman to her. "Yar Buster's behin.' But it's noan auver yit, ye ken."

We were now all moving towards the wall of the field which was nearest the fell—why I knew not—when suddenly out of the bilberry and bracken beyond there rose a hound which sprang upon a rock, stayed for a moment looking at the crowd, and then jumped back into cover.

"Whit' Laidy," "It's t' Laidy," shouted the crowd.

"Ay, ay, but it's nea manner o' use. Hur'll noan come in," said the dogman.

And the crowd shouted afresh, "Buster," "Buster," as another hound topped the wall, and in this case sprang into the enclosure, followed at intervals by others. "Ruby," "Jasmine," "Bellboy," "Mischief," and so on in succession shouted the boys, as each appeared, but White Lady, shy dame as she was, would not approach the crowd. As had been predicted she was "best hound," but not the winner of the hound trial prize, because, instead of coming in, she had slunk round into the road, and after all was over, waited for her master at the gate. The stout old lady ("Mother Buster," as the boys called her) stood receiving the congratulations of her numerous and humorous friends until they left her to leash up and fondle her prize winner.

Next came the "Guide Race," in which some half-dozen finely-built young fellows competed for the prize. To win this it was necessary to reach, by any means or course, the "Maen" or cairn on the summit of a buttress of England's highest mountain, and having rounded it, to reach the sports judge first of the pack. The ascent was a most arduous and difficult one, and the descent was seemingly very perilous; but there was no flagging or delay at any point, and the progress of the race was followed with

absorbing interest. Within a few minutes, filled with excitement for the spectators, the competitors had all arrived in different stages of physical condition, and were being ministered to by their friends.

During the interval which followed this event, I found myself leaving the ground in company (tell it not in Gath!) with a clergyman, a member of the Manchester Licensing Bench, two "statesmen" (Cumbrian variety) and a local news sub-editor, on the way innwards. As we passed a large barn or granary we saw the winner of the "Guide Race" sitting on the moss-grown steps binding up his scarified legs, with his bleeding hands, but he recked not of his wounds any further when he heard of our mission, and he joined us with a springiness of step which proved that he had not broken any bones. For the next few minutes the field was left to the young folk, whilst the resources of the small inn were being greatly strained by guests who served themselves, and the host, penned up in a corner of the bar, beamed a qualified approval.

When the "statesmen," with their bondsmen, and the bandsmen—looking somewhat less "profound" than heretofore, returned to the ground, they found that several "brasses" * competitions were proceeding at its sides, whilst a roped ring was being formed for the wrestling in the middle of the field. Round this arena the boys seated themselves under the ropes, shouting "chaff" or challenges to each other across the ring. Their elders closed up behind them, and shortly there entered two youths in thin jerseys and breeches, along with a certain county magnate, and two or three others of lesser degree who had hunting crops or notebooks in hand. The youths were weighed on a portable machine, found to be "under 10½ stone," warned as to the conditions of the competitions, and then,

* "Brasses" are small quoits made of that metal. They are about the size of an ordinary tea saucer, and players attain an accuracy of aim with them which is not possible with the larger iron variety of these playthings.—B. A. R.

after they had shaken hands they leant towards each other, some two or three feet apart, as they quartered around cautiously, with loosely swinging arms, but gradually approaching each other. Then each laying his head on his opponent's left shoulder, placed his open hands respectively over the shoulder and under the arm of his *vis-a-vis*, lifting his own feet or scraping the grass with them, as if to get firm footing at intervals, whilst both actors in this embrace swayed about from side to side. Their fingers seemed to be moving continuously on each other's back, as if practising massage or playing the violin, but nothing further seemed to happen for a brief space during which the spectators held their breath, and in the silence one could hear the distant cry of a lapwing or the bleat of a lamb.

But presently, quick as a flash, something had happened. One of the wrestlers had "clinched," and there was a mighty heave of shoulders, some dazzlingly quick footwork, all the bystanders shouted, some swore, and the excitement increased with each movement of the actors, until at last it was expressed in a great yell as one of the youths was seen to be lying with his back firmly on the grass.

Then the other combatant helped him to his feet, they again shook hands, and another couple of contestants of heavier weight was called into the ring. Thenceforward until the end of the day the wrestling was carried on by young and old, big and little, light and heavy, old stagers and debutants, with much enthusiasm.

Meanwhile there were foot races and other contests proceeding, such as may be seen at southern assemblies of the kind, including a most interesting sheep dog trial, which can only be carried out properly in a pastoral district.

There was, however, one kind of competition which I have never seen elsewhere than in the "North Countree." It was a singing competition without instrumental accom-

paniment, and on this occasion it was a farce, the humour of which chiefly lay in the unconsciousness of the actors. Each singer had to stand on a potato crate in the middle of the ring, and the judges, prize winners of former fêtes, stood in a row, serious as so many Lord Burleighs, listening chiefly to music-hall refuse, without any music, but with what was considered appropriate action, by "rusticalls," who had in most cases fortified themselves to a greater or less extent against their native modesty. The first singer forgot the words of his last verse—one of many—and after some hesitation and head-scratching, said he would "gan' ower t' first verse agean to clim' back," but finding that even that had now slipped his memory, he unwillingly got off the box. Another competitor was called for, but ere he began No. 1 remembered the missing lines, and insisted on being heard. He was, however, whirled into obscurity by his friends, whilst No. 2 took up his stand and his "stave" on the crate.

The newcomer was a sturdy, impudent, brass-throated groom, who gave voice to a piece of vulgarity, the refrain to which was, "Ther's allus room fer a gur-r-l," and when he reached this, placing one knee on the crate, he slapped the other, thus pointing out the "moral of his lay," as he beckoned to one or other of the buxom beauties in his audience. A very big (and slightly "elevated") statesman, on the recurrence of this refrain, came out from the crowd crying, "Gang oot, ye wastrel," and approached the vocalist, who, after one look at his proportions and his crabstick, and another at the frowning faces of the judging jurymen, got down from the rostrum, which he overturned with a Parthian kick, and then left the field hurriedly. The next candidate essayed to warble "The Farmer's Boy," which he did with great solemnity, and a most wooden expression of countenance. The only movement he made beyond that of his lips was to wipe the sweat from his bald head after each verse, with a red handkerchief which in the intervals reposed in the hat at his feet.

Next came a man of rusty visage, evidently a workman from the iron districts, who sang with great zest and vigour some words of which "A soldier and a man" were often and clearly distinguishable. He was applauded each time these appeared, and when at last he stepped off the potato crate "e'en the ranks of judging men could scarce forbear to cheer."

After this there were other competitors, chiefly callow youths who had made acquaintance with the rubbish of minor stages at Millom or Whitehaven; but it is creditable to the judges to note that the "soldier and a man" carried off the prize. Meanwhile "climbing the greasy pole" for a leg of mutton had been attempted unsuccessfully by some "fellows of the baser sort," and then came the "twilight on," when even the "brasses" contingent could play no longer.

But now the brass band, and especially the drum, which had been missing for a long spell, became once more strongly in evidence with "Do ye ken John Peel," and I found that by this time many of the daleswomen and girls had been added to the crowd. "Take yer partners fur th' Lancers," was the last thing I heard as I left the scene of the sports, and on the high road I turned to see and hear from a kindly distance the signs of rural revelry in this nook of the mountains. As I passed on to my temporary home, through a land vocal only with the "sound of many waters," I was overtaken at intervals and hailed noisily by reckless horsemen or drivers, but after a few minutes these ceased, and had it not been for the hoot of a stray owl it seemed as if the world had been "left to darkness and to me."

As a whole, the fête—the dalesmen pronounce this as "feet," by the bye—was wholesome and enjoyable, but it had some unpleasing features. The hound trail (or trails, for there had been one for "puppies" before I reached the ground), the guide race, the sheep dog trial, the wrestling, not to speak of the flat races and the jumping,

were worth going a long journey to see and were salutary for all concerned; but unfortunately there was much organised betting on these events not only by bookmakers but also by dalesfolk amongst themselves. In latter years there have appeared boards, slates or canvases displayed with the names of competitors and betting prices, and the owners of these do a thriving and certainly a "roaring" business.¹ Much money changes hands on these occasions, which, whether he wins or loses, benefits not the dalesman. And again, the standard of the singing and dancing is much lower than was that of the first half of last century.

The healthy though rude natural simplicity which once marked the conduct of these sports, is now gradually disappearing, and the old ballads or country dances are no longer popular in the North Country. But still there is much that affords wholesome pleasure to performers and spectators alike in these fêtes, and the town-dweller should avail himself of any opportunity he may have of attending these assemblies of "statesmen" and their minions before they have wholly degenerated into the vulgarised shows at which a few highly-paid professionals—local or national Helots—make sport for the million.

1. Here is a copy of one of these which appeared at a West Cumberland fête when the hound trail was about to take place :

1/2 Wyndham	10 Scawfell	10 Glenwood	Bets on
3 Honeymoon	20 Powerful	20 Sailor	Puppy Trail
8 Pelican	10 Kruger		declared off.
			Cross-Trail,

Not to know "Wyndham" is or was in a Cumbrian unthinkable. His owner, John Nicholson, is a "statesman" whose "intake" on Stainton is marked by a stone summer-house, which is a prominent feature of the landscape for many miles, and he is as well known in West Cumberland as Lord Lonsdale is further North.

THE LEGACY.

By J. J. RICHARDSON.

I had the story first-hand from my friend Galway. It is quite a simple one, and I claim no merit for it beyond that of its truth. Galway vouched for this when he told it me, and he is a man whose word can be relied upon. The story interested me as a poignant bit of life, an episode with a touch of tragedy in it, and I tell it as near as I can in the words it was related to me. In fact you may consider that it is my friend Galway who is speaking.

It is so long ago since the events happened that my telling you of them cannot, I think, be regarded as a breach of confidence on my part. A knowledge of the legacy was common property in our family though the sequel was known, I believe, only to myself. The lady who received this legacy—Miss Mumford—has been dead many years, and, moreover, her name when living was not Mumford, so that all possibility of identification by the curious is out of the question, or I should remain silent.

Why the affair impressed itself so firmly on my mind was that had it not been for the advice I gave Miss Mumford, and my insistence upon her adopting it, she would never have made her unexpected and painful discovery. Not that this, in my opinion, reflects in any way upon the soundness of the advice I gave her. Under similar circumstances, as far as I then knew them, I should still suggest the same course, much as I now regret that I was the innocent means by which her enlightenment came about.

Miss Mumford at the time of which I am speaking had been for more than thirty years the faithful housekeeper of an old bachelor uncle of mine. He was a man possessed of means, but his tastes were quiet and home-loving. He was

of a curiously reserved temperament, but of a hospitable disposition, and nothing pleased him better than to entertain his intimate friends and relatives. But he would never return their visits. This peculiarity of his, besides keeping him much in his own home, threw a great deal of extra work and increased responsibility in the management of his household upon Miss Mumford. At this she never grumbled. It was not in her nature to do so. She devoted all her energies to making my uncle's home all that he could wish for in the way of domestic economy and efficiency, and that he had appreciated this was shown by the fact that on his death, at the age of eighty, his will was found to contain a legacy of two thousand pounds to Miss Mumford, "in recognition of her years of faithful and intelligent service."

This came as no surprise to our family. Miss Mumford was the only one astonished at her good fortune. To her it was entirely unexpected and somewhat bewildering, for she was a woman whose disposition, however careful and saving, was devoid altogether of any approach to the mercenary spirit. As she told me afterwards she had never anticipated any such gift from my uncle as she considered she had always been well paid for her services and had done nothing more than what was her duty. That her interpretation of what was her duty was so much stricter than the great majority of servants would have thought justifiable never, I am sure, crossed her mind.

My earliest recollections of Miss Mumford are as a woman who was quite middle-aged, but possessed of considerable good looks, and those by no means of a common type. Her features were good and with a decided air of refinement, whilst her complexion might have been the envy, and doubtless was so, of many young girls. Her figure and her carriage had almost a note of distinction about them. That she had never been married was a circumstance surprising to those who knew her, and one often commented upon. I have heard it suggested, though

I know nothing to warrant such a supposition, that she had suffered a disappointment in her early days and still held sacred the memory of the fickle, or perchance dead, lover. This, at least, is a romantic view to take, and as such it has its attraction for many minds, but it is more than probable that the reasons of her being an old maid were an innate pride and a quality of rare bashfulness, which prevented the necessary advances of a likely lover. There was in her manner a natural primness, a kind of innocent reserve, not merely a restraint acquired through the exercise of disciplinary powers over herself and over the servants in my uncle's household.

I remember when as a lad I used to visit my uncle, that her air of refined dignity impressed me as something quite austere and made me hold her in very considerable awe. It was only after she had given herself a lot of trouble to rescue me from the possible unpleasant consequences of some boyish scrape, the nature of which I cannot now recall, that I came to regard her with kindly, nay almost affectionate feelings, and as the years went on I learnt more and more of the goodness of her nature.

Therefore, I was not surprised when, on the receipt of this legacy, she came to ask my advice as to its investment. I knew that she had no near relations and few friends, and my advice, under these circumstances was that she should buy an annuity with the money and thus free the remainder of her days from any possibility of monetary worries. She quite readily agreed to do this, but as she knew little of business asked me to take the matter in hand. I did so, and when it became necessary to have her certificate of birth I found she was uncertain as to her age, but thought she was sixty, and doubtful as to her native place.

I explained to her that it would be necessary to have the certificate of birth before any further steps could be taken, and the difficulty of obtaining this seemed to her so formidable that she would have gone no further in the

matter had I not urged her to do so. It was during our conversations that I learned something of her childhood's days. She had no recollection of her father and said her mother had always spoken of him as dead. Of her mother her memories were the sweetest and pleasantest imaginable. She had always been the kindest and best of women, ungrudging in her care and anxiety to do all she could with her limited means for her child. They had been passionately devoted to each other in their lonely life; for her mother had never made reference to her family and seemed quite estranged from them. This, no doubt, had caused mother and daughter to cling together and to increase the reverence Miss Mumford, quite unconsciously, displayed for her mother's memory. It was one of her keenest regrets that her life had been passed for so many years far from the little Devonshire village where she had lived and where her mother was buried.

It was to this little village that I suggested she should go and make inquiries as to her birth, and after some little persuasion on my part she consented to do so. I did not see or hear from her for more than a month. Then one morning she walked into my office and I was at once struck by her altered appearance. I felt sure that she must have been ill. Her manner was strange and perturbed, so different from her usual reserved placidity, and she was evidently suffering from a nervousness that prevented her saying what she wished. Then she burst out: "I wish, Mr. Charles, that your uncle had never left me that money. I have learnt something in Devonshire in the village where I was born, that I would willingly give it all not to know. I have put off day after day coming to see you and even now I feel I cannot tell you, but here is the copy of my certificate of baptism."

I took it from her trembling hand and opening it saw there was no mention on it of her father's name.

"THE SANDWICH-MAN."

By WM. BAGSHAW.

IN slow procession street by street,
He shuffles on with ill-shod feet,
His downcast eyes the gutters scan,
The Sandwich-Man.

With wisp of scarf and ragged shirt,
And gaping boots begrimed with dirt,
He plods along as best he can,
The Sandwich-Man.

Or garbed in some incongruous dress,
He wanders through the city's press,
A clown without a clown's élan,
The Sandwich-Man.

For thoughtless commerce turns to-day,
Men into zanies, if it pay!
Careless what ridicule may ban
The Sandwich-Man.

Sometimes the passers smile or sneer,
And shallow fools will turn and jeer,
Blind to that hopeless visage wan,
The Sandwich-Man.

Perchance his loadless thoughts can roam
To happier days, childhood and home,
When joy companioned for a span,
The Sandwich-Man.

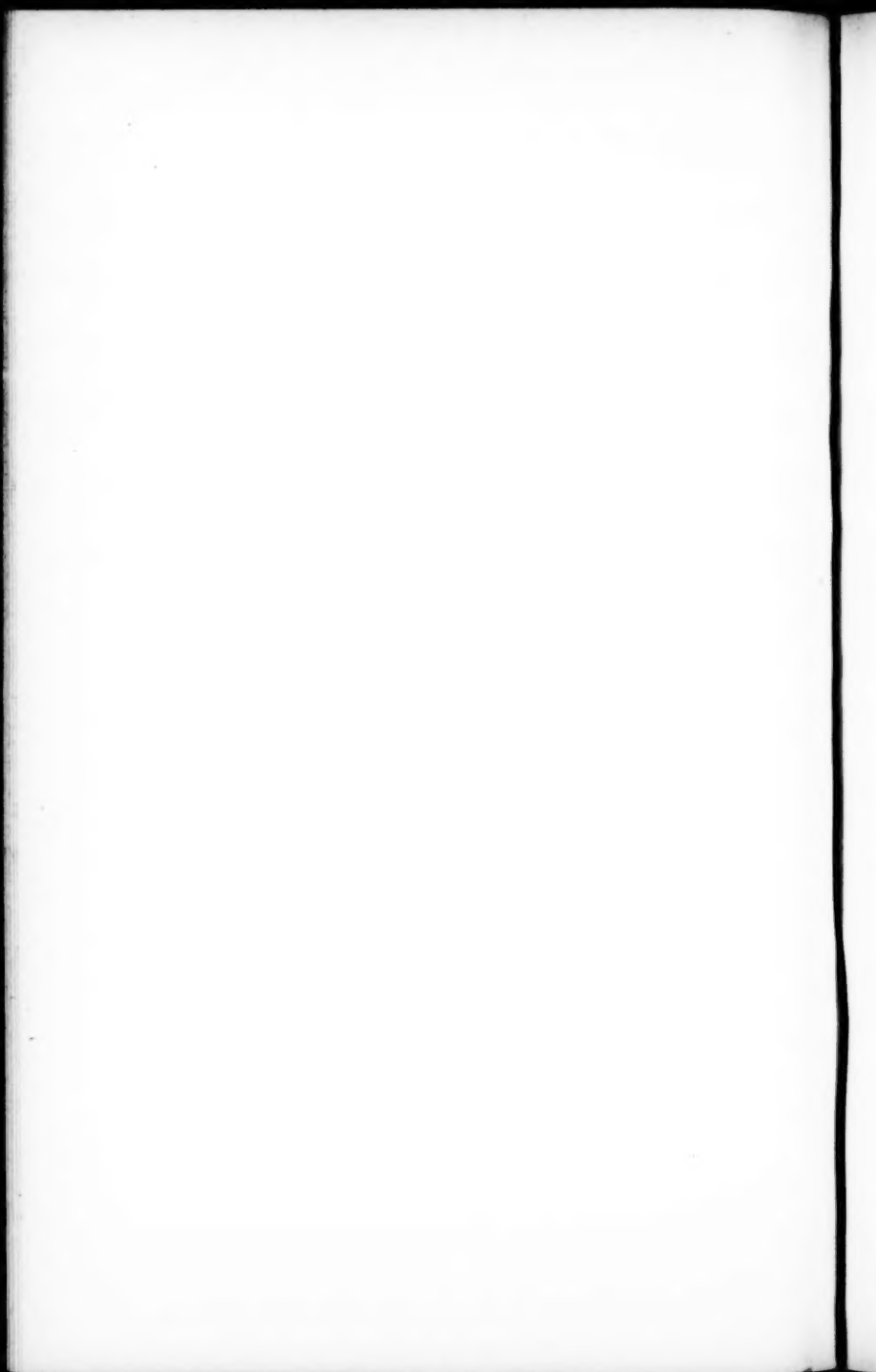


Report and Proceedings

FOR THE SESSION, 1913-1914

WITH

RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS



Report and Proceedings

OF THE

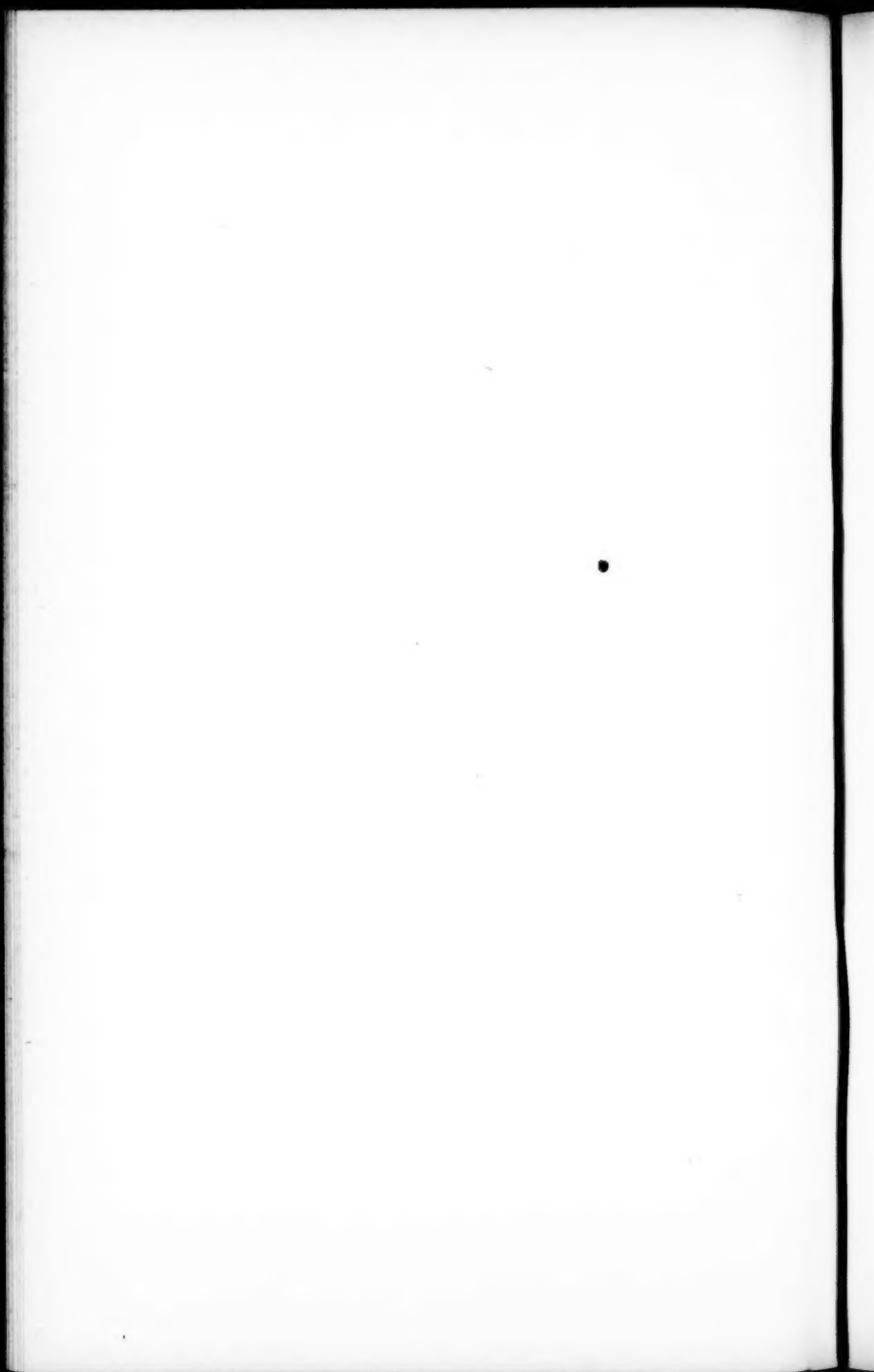
Manchester Literary Club

FOR THE

SESSION 1913-14

WITH

RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS



COUNCIL FOR 1913-14.

President :

GEORGE MILNER.

Vice-Presidents :

JOHN ANGELL.
EDGAR ATKINS.
W. E. A. AXON.
W. BUTTERWORTH.
J. F. L. CROSLAND.
THOMAS DERBY.

REV. A. W. FOX.
SIR H. H. HOWORTH, Kt.
THOMAS KAY.
THOS. NEWBIGGING.
B. A. REDFERN.
CHARLES W. SUTTON.

Honorary Treasurer :

THOMAS CHARLES GRUNDY.

Honorary Secretary :

W. R. CREDLAND.

Honorary Librarians :

WILLIAM BAGSHAW. | ERNEST McCONNELL.

Other Members of Council :

J. D. ANDREW.
J. H. BROCKLEHURST.
WALTER EMSLEY.

A. H. M. GOW.
JOHN H. SWANN.
J. CUMING WALTERS.

J. R. WILLIAMSON.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL ON THE FIFTY-SECOND SESSION.

BEFORE the beginning of the Session just closed a special circular was addressed to members of the Club and other persons with the object of emphasising its value and attractions and the desirability of increasing its membership. The response numerically was not so good as had been hoped, but the quality of those who became members was everything that could be wished. Their ability and willingness to enter heartily into the work of the Club were quickly displayed, and it is with great satisfaction the Council can report that, particularly during the second half of the session, the papers read and the debates which have succeeded thereupon, have been equal to the best traditions of the Club. Mr. Thomas Derby's paper on "Manx Minstrelsy" provided a much enjoyed Musical Evening, and the two Review Nights were as usual prolific in original and varied contributions.

The Council report with profound regret the death of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, M.A., one of its Vice-Presidents, and one of its oldest, most valued and most honoured members, and that of Sir W. H. Bailey, Kt., also a Vice-President and long-time member, who was greatly respected and esteemed. Mr. Walter Butterworth and Mr. J. E. Craven have been selected to fill the vacant Vice-Presidentships.

Twenty-one ordinary meetings were held at which twenty-one papers were read, and fifty-nine short communications made.

The following is a list of the papers :—

1913.	
Oct. 13.	William Cobbett.....THOS. NEWBIGGING.
" 20.	Puffs from my Pipe, II : Bon Gaultier.....REV. A. W. FOX.
" 27.	Manx Minstrelsy.....THOS. DERBY.
Nov. 3.	Benvenuto Cellini : Artist and Adventurer.....WALTER EMSLEY.
" 10.	Occultism in Literature.....J. CUMING WALTERS.
" 17.	Pabulum for the Minds and Morals of Juveniles LAURENCE CLAY.
" 24.	Hokusai : Artist and Man.....JOHN HILDITCH.
Dec. 1.	Fear : a Psychological StudyL. C. HARTLEY.
" 8.	Notes on the Development of the English Novel HERBERT TAYLOR.
" 15.	Ballads Old and New.....J. R. WILLIAMSON.
1914.	
Jan. 5.	Charles Reade and his Novels.....W. D. COBLEY.
" 12.	William Ernest Henley.....L. C. HARTLEY.
" 19.	Haunts of the Eagle : a Nature Study.....REV. A. W. FOX.
" 26.	Some Literary Torsos.....W. R. CREDLAND.

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|------|-----|---|-------------------|
| Jan. | 5. | A Cumbrian Gala..... | B. A. REDFERN. |
| " | 5. | The Swan Song of 1913..... | J. R. WILLIAMSON. |
| " | 12. | Paris..... | ALEX. HADDEN. |
| " | 19. | Japanese Ghosts..... | JOHN HILDITCH. |
| " | 26. | Sir Wm. H. Bailey, Kt. : an Appreciation..... | ARM. STANSFIELD. |
| Feb. | 2. | An Autumn Holiday, from Coniston to Grasmere..... | J. J. GLEAVE. |
| " | 2. | Beyond the Clouds : Sonnet..... | J. A. GOODACRE. |
| " | 2. | Before thy Clear Child-eyes : Poem..... | L. C. HARTLEY. |
| " | 2. | Classification..... | J. H. SWANN. |
| " | 2. | A Dream : Verses..... | WALTER EMSLEY. |
| " | 2. | Our Happy Shore : Poem..... | C. T. T. BATEMAN. |
| " | 2. | An Expensive Rabbit..... | J. LEA AXON. |
| " | 2. | The College Gardens, Oxford..... | THOS. DERBY. |
| " | 2. | A Dream..... | JOHN HILDITCH. |
| " | 2. | Epigrams, and an original Poem..... | J. R. WILLIAMSON. |
| " | 2. | Concerning the British Schoolboy..... | J. H. HOBBS. |
| " | 2. | A Petrification, and its probable meaning..... | J. E. CRAVEN. |
| " | 2. | Sonnet on the Sonnet..... | WM. BAGSHAW. |
| " | 9. | Mr. Fraston's Conscience : a Story..... | W. D. COBLEY. |
| " | 9. | A Norfolk County Impression..... | J. H. SWANN. |

Feb.	9.	Sonnet.....	Rev. W. C. HALL.
"	16.	Ellwanger's Idyllists of the Country Side.....	L. C. HARTLEY.
"	23.	A Great Journalist : Daniel Defoe.....	J. J. RICHARDSON.
Mar.	2.	Once Famous Clubs.....	A. R. SCOTT.
"	9.	The Advantage of Incorrect Expression.....	EDGAR ATKINS.
"	9.	Origin of the Story The House that Jack Built....	E. McCONNELL.
"	9.	The Quixotic Widower : a Comedy.....	S. C. HANNING.
"	16.	A " Cubist " Poem.....	W. D. COBLEY.
"	16.	Mort de Quelqu'un, by Jules Romaines.....	WM. BAGSHAW.

The papers and short communications, numbering together eighty, may be classified as follows : Philosophy 7; Art and Music 4; Biography 8; Criticism 9; Poetry and Drama 29; Travel 7; History 8; Humour 8.

LIBRARY.

The Library contains 890 volumes, principally of books written by members of the Club, with the addition of some works of reference and a number of volumes by local authors or which have some local interest. Among the gifts of books, pictures, etc., to the Club during the Session have been " Brazil in 1912," presented by J. C. Oakenfull; " The Education of Mr. Surragge " and " Four Tragedies," presented by Alan Monkhouse; " The English Stage," presented by D. E. Oliver; The Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society, 1912-13, presented by the Society; " Handbook for Gas Engineers," 8th ed., 1913, presented by Thos. Newbigging; " Wind-seekers in the Hebrides," " The Spirit of Walt Whitman " and " The Poet and the Poetic Principle," presented by L. Conrad Hartley; Photographic group of some members of the Club, presented by Walter Butterworth; " The Statutes Merchant and Statutes Staple locally illustrated," presented by C. T. T. Bateman; a Water-colour portrait of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, presented by Thos. Kay; Documents connected with the Trial of John Jasper, presented by J. Cuming Walters; Twelve copies of " The Vegetarian Messenger for January," 1914, presented by Ernest Axon; and a Photographic group of Edwin Waugh and John Heywood, presented by Thos. Kay.

EXCURSION.

On Saturday, June 21st, 1913, the Annual Excursion took place. The party drove from Hathersage to Eyam along the banks of the Derwent. The church at Eyam and the rectory grounds were visited, and also Cucklett Dell. The drive was continued through Middleton Dale and on to Baslow. In the

afternoon the party drove to Haddon and returned in the evening from Grindleford. The weather was delightful and the trip was greatly enjoyed.

CONVERSAZIONI.

The Session was opened on Monday, October 6th, 1913, by a *Conversazione* held in the large hall of the Grand Hotel, and was closed by a *Conversazione* held in the same room on Monday, March 30th, 1914. In addition to these entertainments Mr. Thos. Derby's paper on "Manx Minstrelsy" was illustrated by the singing of a number of Manx Songs, the accompaniments on the piano being played by Mr. James Lowe.

CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

The Christmas Supper was held on Monday, December 22nd, 1913, in the large Hall of the Grand Hotel. Mr. Geo. Milner presided, and there was an unusually large gathering of the members and their friends. Under the direction of Mr. Ryder Boys the customary ceremonies were observed, a charming feature being the singing of a selection of carols and other pieces by a number of choir boys. Mr. Walter Emsley represented "Father Christmas." After supper Mr. J. F. L. Crosland proposed the principal toast, "The Club and its President," to which Mr. Milner replied. The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Mr. Tinsley Pratt and responded to by Councillor M. Watson. Songs and recitations were given at intervals during the evening.

IN MEMORIAM.

The losses by death during the Session have been William Wright, H. B. Wood, Sir W. H. Bailey, Kt., and W. E. A. Axon, M.A.

MEMBERSHIP AND FINANCE.

The Club has lost twenty members by death, resignation, or being struck off the roll, and thirteen new members have been elected. The number of members is now 195. The Treasurer's Statement shows a balance in hand of £50 14s. 11d.

MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB.

The Honorary Treasurer (T. Chas. Grundy) in account with the Manchester Literary Club for the Year ending 16th March, 1914.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	42	9	3			
11 Subscriptions received:						
Ordinary Members	155	18	6			
Corresponding Mem-						
bers	7	17	6			
Arrears	22	1	0			
Entrance Fees	12	12	0			
				198	9	0
11 Picnic to Hathersage, Bastow, Haddon Hall, 26th June (20) ..	10	9	0			
11 History of the Club, 15 copies sold				7	6	
11 Tickets for Christmas Supper (123)	29	0	0			
11 Bank Interest	1	0	3			
				281	15	0
History of the Club. £21 1 0						
Previous sales	10	14	4			
				10	6	8
15 copies sold, 1913-14					7	6
In stock	£9	19	2			
				£281	15	0

		£		s.		d.		£		s.		d.	
By Administration :													
	Rent	20	0	0									
	Postages	3	11	6									
	Insurance (£500)		12	6									
	Murray's Dictionary		7	6									
	Advertising	4	1	0									
	Stationery	9	12	3									
	Cleaning bookcase and books		5	0									
									38	9	9		
19	Publication :												
	Annual volume	105	0	0									
	(No. 39)												
	Editor's fee, Man- chester Quarterly	10	0	0									
	Editor's fee, Proceed- ings	10	0	0									
	'City News' Reports and clerical assist- ance		5	0	0								
									130	0	0		
11	Conversazioni :												
	Closing Evening, 31st March, 1913 :												
	Collecting and re- turning pictures		17	6									
	Hire of Piano		15	0									
	Refreshments		6	16	8								
									8	9	2		
19	Opening Evening :												
	6th October, 1913 :												
	Collecting and re- turning pictures		14	0									
	Refreshments		6	1	8								
									6	15	8		
19	Christmas Supper	28	15	6									
	Hire of Costumes		3	3	0								
	Choir Boys		2	2	0								
	Piano and Harmonium		15	0									
									34	15	6		
19	Picnic to Hathersage, Bastow, &c. Purchase of Volume "A garner- ing" by late John Mortimer		10	6	9								
	Brougham at funeral of Dr. W. E. A. Axon								10	6			
19	Bank Charges, com- mission		5	2					1	5	6		
	Cheque book		0	2	1								
									7	3			
									231	0	1		
19	Balance at Manchester and County Bank		50	14	11								
									£281	15	0		

Examined and found correct,
LAURENCE CLAY, F.C.I.S. } *Auditors.*
W. WHITEHEAD. }

17th March, 1914.

T. CHARLES GRUNDY, *Hon. Treasurer*

PROCEEDINGS.

EXCURSION.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21st, 1913.—The Annual Excursion of the Club was made on this day.

The party though not large was a very happy one, and the weather was most delightful. From Hathersage the company drove to Eyam, for a considerable distance by the beautiful banks of the river Derwent. At Eyam the rector, the Rev. F. L. Shaw, kindly conducted the party through the church and the rectory grounds, giving a charming and informing chat on the antiquities and chief details of interest connected with the church and village; Cucklett Dell was visited, and then a drive through the picturesque Middleton Dale brought the excursionists to Baslow and to dinner. Afterwards more driving was indulged in, nearly all the revellers going to Haddon and back. From Grindleford they made the return journey to town, satisfied that they had seen more magnificent scenery, been more primed with knowledge, and altogether had had a more jolly time than falls to the lot of trippers generally.

OPENING CONVERSAZIONE.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1913.—The fifty-second annual Session of the Club was opened by a *Conversazione* held on this evening in the large hall of the Grand Hotel. On the walls was displayed a small but choice collection of pictures contributed by Mr. Walter Emsley, Miss Emily Redfern, Mr. G. E. Aitken, and Mr. E. E. Minton; in addition to which Mr. J. Smithies exhibited a few beautiful examples of art metalwork. A highly enjoyable programme of music, songs and recitations was provided under the management of Mr. Thomas Derby. Violin solos were played by Miss Bertha Haviour; Mr. Joseph Hurst sang and recited Lancashire ballads and tales; Mr. J. E. Chatfield gave several recitations; Mr. G. H. Ditchburn sang magnificently; Miss Dorothy Lowe sang a song or two very charmingly; and Mr. James Lowe assisted in masterly fashion as accompanist at the piano. Printed on the back of the programme were these lines written by Mr. Thos. Newbigging :—

I.

Blest are the hours we spend in sunny days
By stream, and sea, and on the upland height—
With broom, and gorse, and heather all ablaze—
Breathing the winds of heaven with delight.

II.

Not less enjoyment find we in the place
To which we turn for cheer amid the throng
Of city life, to revel in the grace
Of books, and comradeship with speech and song.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided, and on rising to speak, looking remarkably well despite his 83 years, was received with a most cordial greeting. He said: I notice that many people are writing about the depressing effect of the return to work after the holidays. I do not share that feeling nor sympathise with it. To me the return to work is exhilarating, whilst at the same time all the pleasure of the holiday is perpetuated. The important feature is the seeing again of old friends and realising that we are to begin working once more with the "old gang" of good fellows. Let us keep in mind that literature is the one sole thing we have to consider, and concentrate our thoughts upon it. How does current literature compare with that of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? I should like to hear a good paper on that particular subject. It would be worth while contrasting the characteristics of these centuries one with the other. I lay stress upon the point that this Club has not only to consider literature but to produce it. I should like to see the Club sending out each session some substantial piece of literature bearing the Club's imprimatur. I don't think we are discharging our functions if we do not do something of this kind. As things go, London has, of course, the monopoly of issuing the best books, but I should like to see Manchester competing for the same thing, and I think we could accomplish it.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1913.—This was the first ordinary business meeting of the new Session. Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair.

Mr. J. C. Oakenfull, the author, presented a copy of "Brazil in 1912"; Mr. Allan Monkhouse presented a copy of his

comedy, "The Education of Mr. Surragé"; Mr. D. E. Oliver presented a copy of his work, "The English Stage," and the Manchester Statistical Society presented a copy of their "Transactions" for 1912-13.

Mr. J. H. HOBBS read the following short paper:—

AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE IRWELL.

Once upon a time there was an epitaph. There were other epitaphs about the same period; but these do not concern us.

This epitaph—the one that does concern us—recorded the virtues of a very shrewd man, who, after a life of exemplary toil—and shrewdness—died, as even shrewd men must, and left a nice fortune to his dependents. These people out of gratitude for so opportune an act, and such graceful behaviour, erected his tombstone, and devised the epitaph we refer to; which brings us to the subject of our discourse—Once upon a time there was a very shrewd man.

Now besides being a very shrewd man, he also was a very industrious man; and a very careful man. Being industrious he made money; which you'll agree was a very wise thing; being careful he saved money—a much wiser thing; and being shrewd he laid it out to such advantage that his estates grew greater and greater—which of all things was the wisest.

His industry was beyond question—the epitaph laid stress on that. Of his carefulness there could be no doubt; for he always used a penny where twopence would have done; as to his shrewdness, the fruits of his busy and exemplary life bore unimpeachable testimony: from which you may derive a good example, a useful moral, and a certain competence when you grow old—as you are almost sure to do in time—if you live long enough for the purpose.

Although as a young man his industry knew no bounds he was compelled, as middle age came upon him, to give up being industrious in order to become more careful and shrewder. His increasing riches required all his attention for there were other shrewd men about him whose envious eyes were cast upon his wealth. He had great estates on which with much magnanimity he found employment for many people—men, and women, and children—all of whom he had taught the great virtue of industry.

He had a big house. He had pictures in beautiful gilt frames. Costly carpets woven by deft fingers of those who had learned the virtue of being industrious, covered his rooms.

Gold and silver plate of exquisite craftsmanship graced his sideboards; and altogether the house and its furnishings were the talk of the neighbourhood. Now the more people talked about his treasures, and his gold and silver, and his costly carpets and his pictures in beautiful gilt frames, the more he thought that his neighbours were envious of his goods, and the more urgent did it become for him to devise schemes to secure his possessions from evilly disposed persons: and so it came to pass that he pondered anxiously upon these things; and he lamented deeply that men should have been created with envious minds: and, secretly within himself, he reproached those in authority that they did not deal more strictly with men whose minds were envious and who cast longing eyes upon the things that others had worked hard to acquire. As he sat heavy in thought a bright idea came into his head. He didn't know where bright ideas came from, or how they got into his head. Such investigations would take time; and he had little enough time to attend to his great estates and his business. So he accepted the bright ideas as he did the law of gravitation—and his rents: wise ordinances of providence designed to maintain an orderly relation between things. This particular bright idea urged him to call in the local blacksmith and give him orders to fit extra strong locks and bolts to the doors and iron bars to the windows and man-traps at various spots about his grounds.

The blacksmith—a sturdy honest fellow who had acquired the virtue of industry early in life—carried out his instructions faithfully.

The shrewd man slept easier in his bed that night: but the next day another bright idea crept into his head as he looked with satisfaction upon the heavily barred windows.

He would have the builder up and make sure that no flaws in the main structure should escape notice. Then another bright idea presented itself. He would send for the local armourer and instruct him to devise a coat of mail, that he might protect himself, for he realised that no shrewd man, possessing the great estates he possessed, and with such grave responsibilities as lay before him of instructing the people in the virtue of industry, should go unprotected. Well the builder came, and said it was tempting Providence to store such costly treasures in so insecure a building; and the armourer said he marvelled that the shrewd man should go about so lightly clad—it was tempting Providence to expose his unprotected person in the way he was doing. Why Providence should be

tempted nobody suggested : but the shrewd man complimented the builder, and the armourer, on the brightness of *their* ideas and assured them that he would advance them whenever an opportunity should occur. Between them they fortified the shrewd's man house and the more vulnerable parts of the shrewd man's body. Henceforth bright ideas came more quickly and were brighter than ever. It was as though he had struck a new vein. Compared with the old vein from which he had been in the habit of extracting bright ideas in the past it was a vein of dazzling richness. The bright ideas from the old vein were poor dull things beside the brilliant ones that now came from the new.

He saw new ways of encouraging the people, who would be idle but for the work he found them, to become more and yet more industrious. He found new methods of increasing output and reducing cost; and discovered new markets for his merchandise, and more profitable employment for his surplus wealth. He appointed stewards and overseers to manage his estates, and direct into the right channels the energies of the people whom he had taught to be industrious : for it is a poor thing to be industrious if your energies are not directed into the right channels. His agents were sent to the four corners of the earth to search out rare things for his house; and officers of the household were appointed to take proper care of the things collected. His servants were many and handsomely liveried, so handsomely liveried that they were held in high respect and much awe, by those who had not the good fortune to wear the shrewd man's livery. They were a great spectacular success and contemporary fashion papers likened them, though without deliberate intention, to the lily; for, as they justly observed, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto these." Now when he had got his affairs into so orderly a state he had more time on his hands than he knew what to do with, so he sat down and reflected, or ruminated, or did whatever shrewd men do when they find themselves with more time on their hands than they know what to do with. His worldly affairs were prospering right and left : but what of his mental and spiritual estates? Those estates were not as tangible as others he had acquired, and therefore were likely to be overlooked.

A bright idea—one from the new vein—came into his head. He must appoint officers to administer his mental and spiritual estates. These departments he feared had been neglected in the stress of the more pressing need of teaching men and

women—and children—the virtue of industry. Yes, he must place his soul and his mind upon a strictly business-like basis, and then he would be free to devote his time to other objects. So he called in the two of his many officers who had the most time on *their* hands; and gave them instructions: one to see that his soul was properly attended to; and the other to undertake the refurnishing of his mind in the latest and best style.

The bills he received for the refurnishing of his mind made him uneasy; and he wished he had set the officer appointed for this purpose to dust the great hall; which, he observed, sadly needed it, and put the money out to more profitable uses. But the mind officer explained to him that mind-furnishing on the modern plan was a costly matter at first, but cheap in the end, because a properly furnished mind worked more smoothly, and lasted longer than the other kind. He listened, and the mind-furnisher thrived greatly, and became a very important person indeed; but the great hall, where the costliest treasures were, still went undusted.

And again it came to pass that the shrewd man had more time to spare than he knew what to do with, and again he sat down to reflect, or ruminate, or do whatever shrewd men do when they have more time than they know what to do with. He sat for some time pondering deeply but no way could he see of employing his spare time, and he sent for the chief officer of his mind department, but that gentleman sent word that he was busy on an entirely new scheme for refurnishing the shrewd man's mind on quite a novel plan and could not be bothered just then, and the shrewd man wished more than ever that he had set the chief officer of the mind department to dust the great hall, which grew more and more neglected; and a fit of depression came over him. The day was hot and sultry, and to revive his spirits he walked down to a bridge which spanned the river that carried his merchandise from his great storehouses and works to other lands. From this favourite point he obtained a pleasing vista of the many buildings in which the people whom he had taught the value of the virtue of industry pursued their—or rather—his tasks. The sight of so much stir and commotion always revived him and toned up his system; for he knew that, so long as there was plenty of stir and commotion down the Waterway, his affairs were prospering; and his industrious dependents were fulfilling the destiny for which Providence, through his shrewdness, had ordained them.

Upon the bridge a solitary figure lingered. Busy feet were

hurrying to and fro about the shrewd man's affairs but only this one lingered. The strange sight of a person not imbued with the spirit of industry startled the shrewd man. He rubbed his eyes to make sure they were not misleading him: but the figure remained. Looking upon the busy scene on the water below the while a faint smile broke across his placid, and quite unindustrious, face.

The shrewd man spoke. "Thou'st tired friend?" Shrewd men spoke like that in those days. "Nay," said he who lingered. "Why then dost thou idle here?" said the shrewd man somewhat shortly. "Here or anywhere will serve an it so please me," said he who lingered. Now men who were, or ought to be, imbued with the spirit of industry did *not* speak like that in those days, and the shrewd man was visibly annoyed and he asked himself if he could believe his ears. "Hast made enough money to satisfy thy wants friend?"; the shrewd man was determined not to be put off. He who lingered turned a little and eyed the shrewd man with a half amused, half curious look and slowly answered "Aye," he said, "I have half a groat and nought to spend it on"—"Aye," he repeated, "I have enough to meet my wants—hast thou?" "Thou'st insolent," said the shrewd man, whose face coloured in anger. The lingerer turned away again. Obviously the conversation had little interest for him. He spat upon the water, an act of vulgarity and indifference which was very uncommon in those days. But it was useless to put the shrewd man off in that way. That at any rate was what the shrewd man told himself. The lingerer was an obstinate wayward fellow—an idler—a worthless mortal who knew not the virtues of industry, nor what a prize contentment was. People who were not occupied had too much time to ponder and think, and he knew from his own experience that pondering and thinking were not good, unless bright ideas came as a result: and with his unfailing supply of bright ideas there was no need for anyone else to think. Therefore he would admonish this lingerer—not in anger, but in the calm persuasive way of one who knew the follies of lingering. And he spoke of the virtue of industry, and how hard work brought out the character of a man and helped him to live a contented life, and enabled him to bring up his family successfully and respectably. But he who lingered smiled as he looked at the shrewd man from the corners of his eyes and, as it seemed, deliberately spat again into the stream below. Such obduracy irritated the shrewd man; but he would persevere—the greatest obstacles that he

had ever confronted had always been removed by perseverance. "Perhaps friend," he said slowly, and fixing his persevering eye upon the lingerer, "perhaps friend, thou hast no stomach for work?" "Aye, stomach enough when I take a fancy that way," came the reply. "Thou appear'st not to be taking a fancy that way just now," said the shrewd man still persevering. "Thou'st right at last," calmly responded he who lingered, and smiled, and spat. Now, strange as it may seem, a bright idea failed the shrewd man just at the moment when most 'twere needed. Otherwise he could not have grown excited in the way he did on this day of all others. For we must remember that the day was oppressively warm and he was so cased in with his protective coat of mail that his breath came reluctantly. The shrewd man told the lingerer in no measured terms what he thought of idlers generally, but we need not pursue the investigation further. He stopped—that is the shrewd man—from sheer exhaustion, which is fortunate for us, because otherwise it would take much longer to get through this story. All the while the shrewd man was talking he who lingered moved not a muscle, but maintained his quiet glance upon the busy waterway below, and smiled, and spat, at intervals. Even now all might have been well if the shrewd man had given up persevering. "Wilt thou not answer me?" he asked growing furious with rage. And straightway the lingerer, without moving his eyes from the waterway, answered "Go to 'Ell and don't bother me." That was his answer.

Now when people talk like that it's difficult to carry on a discussion with them. That of course is only *my* opinion. The opinion of the shrewd man is not available. Whether it was the heat of the day, the weight of the precautionary coat of mail he wore, or the unusual nature of the interview on the bridge, or a combination of all three, we shall never know. The opinion of the jury was somewhat beside the point. They said, with a lack of imagination not unusual in juries that it was a case of natural causes; and one cannot dispute with juries. The shrewd man's epitaph cannot throw any light on the matter now because the epitaph is no longer legible. For the tombstone which it graced was put to what an unimaginative contractor said was the more useful purpose of metalling a short cut over the shrewd man's resting place.

Mr. THOMAS NEWBIGGING read the principal paper on "William Cobbett."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1913.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. Thomas Newbigging presented a copy of his "Handbook for Gas Engineers," 8th edit., 1913.

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT read a short paper entitled "What is wrong with the Drama?"

The Rev. A. W. FOX read the principal paper having as title "Puffs from my Pipe, II, Bon Gaultier."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1913.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER was in the chair.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse presented a copy of his volume, "Four Tragedies."

Mr. WALTER BUTTERWORTH gave some interesting personal reminiscences of Miss M. E. Gaskell, and some conversation also took place relative to the formation in Manchester of a permanent memorial to the Gaskell family.

Mr. THOMAS DERBY read the principal paper on "Manx Minstrelsy." The paper was illustrated by the singing of a number of Manx songs by Mr. Derby, accompaniments being played on the piano by Mr. James Lowe.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1913.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, took the chair.

Mr. L. Conrad Hartley presented copies of his books "Wind-seekers in the Hebridean Seas"; "The Spirit of Walt Whitman," and "The Poet and the Poetic Principle."

Mr. HENRY BODDINGTON read a short paper entitled "William Dover: a Buckinghamshire Worthy."

Mr. WALTER EMSLEY read the principal paper as follows:—

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI, THE ITALIAN GOLDSMITH.

I have the privilege of bringing to your notice the life of a superman. A man who, on his own authority, compressed into his life more adventure, more vitality, more excitement, more fortune and misfortune, more success and more despondency than falls to the lot of one man in many many millions. A man who, born in humble surroundings raised himself by force of character and inborn genius to be the intimate friend and companion of Popes, princes and potentates. A murderer—many times a murderer—a libertine—a drunkard—an evil tempered,

relentless, unscrupulous scoundrel—an artist—a poet—a musician, and one of the world's greatest men. A man whose work is to-day—he lived four hundred years ago—looked upon by people best fitted to judge, as being unsurpassed of its kind. And finally, in writing an account of his life, wrote one of the world's greatest books. It is not often that such a subject comes in the way of the writer of a paper, and I consider that I am very fortunate in the fact that, hitherto, no one has brought the unique career of Benvenuto Cellini to your notice. He is the author of one of the best self portraits ever penned. The story of his life teems with intimate self revelation. I know of no other book wherein a man exposes his innermost thoughts to the extent that Cellini does. He never spares himself any more than he spares another. His story is spontaneous and probable as related by himself. It is thrilling, exciting, and at times deeply religious and pathetic. Surely there is not in existence another volume of its kind.

The original manuscript still exists, although it was lost and recovered several times like a thing bewitched. It is now in the Laurentian library at Florence. It was kept in the Cavalcanti family for generations in the seventeenth century. On the blank page at the beginning of the MSS. is written the following :—

“ This singular book was ever held in high esteem by my father, Signor Andrea Cavalcanti, of happy, and to me, most precious memory. He never would let anyone copy it, holding out even against the oft repeated entreaties made to him by His Most Serene and Reverend Highness the Prince Cardinal Leopold of Tuscany.” The manuscript was begun by Cellini himself, but having decided that it was the cause of his losing valuable time, he dictated it to a boy of fourteen years old who was an invalid. He says in a note to the life :

“ I took no little pleasure in the thing. I worked all the more diligently and was all the more productive.” He is of the opinion that all men of merit should write the tale of their life with their own hand after they have passed their fortieth year—he was fifty-eight when it occurred to him to write the story of his life.

He says in the opening paragraph : “ Many are the adversities I can look back on such as fall to the lot of man ; yet I am freer from the same than I have ever been till now. In truth it seems to me I have greater content of mind and health of body than at any time in the past. Some pleasant happenings, I recall, and, again, some unspeakable misfortunes, which, when I remember,

strike terror into me, and wonder that I have, indeed, come to this age of fifty-eight, from which, by God's grace, I am now going on my way rejoicing."

Benvenuto Cellini was born at Florence, the city of flowers, on the second of November in the year fifteen hundred. His father, Abdrea Cellini, was a mason and something of an architect. At the time of Benvenuto's birth his parents expected to have a daughter, his mother having acquired the habit of producing daughters. When to their delight a son was born to them the father could not cease from saying "He is Welcome," and so in Holy Baptism he was given the name Benvenuto, that being the Italian equivalent for "He is Welcome."

One of his first recollections is curious as showing the strange beliefs of the time. It seems that his brother had seen what he describes as a lizard dancing in the midst of the fire. The mother calling the other members of the family to view the strange sight, his father fastened the curious happening into Benvenuto's mind by giving him a sound box on the ear, telling him that the lizard was a salamander which had never been seen by anyone before. He then kissed the boy and gave him some farthings.

A little later on he was compelled by his father to learn to play the flute, an instrument that the elder Cellini was an expert on. The boy hated the thing and never practised unless he was compelled, although his father said that if Benvenuto would practise sufficiently he might become the foremost player in the world. You will notice that everything that Benvenuto takes in hand is spoken of as though it were superlative of its kind, nothing is ordinary, nothing is commonplace. When he praises, he praises extravagantly; when he condemns, he consigns to the lowest deeps. He speaks of his father as one of the greatest of men, a wonderful maker of musical instruments, organs, spinets, violas, lutes and harps, "all of them beautifully and excellently finished." He was an engineer, and was the first to work well in ivory. He had a quiet vein of poetry in him also and something of the divine gift of prophecy. This trait in Benvenuto's character sometimes makes him suspect of bragging, a vice which Cellini himself says is natural to autobiographers.

At the age of fifteen the boy placed himself, against his father's wish, in a goldsmith's shop. The goldsmith, an excellent craftsman, a right honest man, high minded, and liberal in all his dealings, seems to have taken a fancy to young

Benvenuto, and, the boy dearly loving his work, made rapid progress so that in a few months, to use his own words, "My work came up to that of the good, nay, that of the best young practicians of the Art." In the evenings he would play the flute for his father's pleasure so that he drew tears and sighs from him as he sat listening. Benvenuto's father was a loyal and much attached servant of the Medici family, one of the most famous families in history, and it is one of the greatest charms of this autobiography to find oneself rubbing shoulders, as it were, with many world-famous people—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Fra Fillipo and many other great people as well as many famous Popes and Monarchs. Benvenuto lived in stirring times, as we shall understand later on.

After a time Pope Clement, one of the Medici family, offered to help Benvenuto to study music, greatly to the delight of the elder Cellini and the great disgust and chagrin of Benvenuto. The boy was packed off to Bologno to learn music from a famous master there, and soon began to make progress in what he calls the "accursed art." He was still working at his trade of goldsmith and was making a little money. However, after a quarrel with his father Benvenuto left home. He was about sixteen years of age at this time, and found employment with a jeweller at Pisa. He stayed here for some time, his father writing to him urging him to stick to the music, which made the boy so angry that he refused to visit his father, because he hated the "accursed flute" so much. "And it seemed to me that I was in Paradise the whole year that I was in Pisa where I never played at all."

After a severe illness, he made such progress in his work that he was able to send money to his father, although one would have thought from Benvenuto's glowing description of his father's many talents, that his parent would have been able to do quite well without any assistance from the son.

And hereabouts Benvenuto describes his meeting with Piero Torrigiani who is principally famous for the fact that he had the burden on his soul of having broken the nose of the greatest artist the world has produced—Michael Angelo. Torrigiani describes the incident as follows:—

"Bonnarroti (that is Michael Angelo) and I when we were lads, used to go to the church of the Carmine to study in the chapel of Masaccio. Now Bonnarroti had a habit of teasing all the rest of us who were drawing there; and one day in particular he was annoying me, and I was more vexed than usual; so I stretched out my hand and dealt him such a blow on

the nose that I felt the bone and cartilage yield under my fist as if they had been made of crisp wafer. And so he'll go with my mark on him to his dying day." To those who are familiar with Michael Angelo's portrait this is most interesting. One of the first seeming tragedies described by one author turns out to partake more of a farcical character than anything else. He had a violent quarrel with an acquaintance which was caused by the acquaintance pushing the load of a beast of burden on to Cellini. Benvenuto in a violent rage turned on the practical joker and felled him to the ground. The friends of the injured man seemed to be about to resent this attack and Benvenuto threatened them. They being afraid, went and complained to the "Eight" (the criminal magistracy of the City) who reproved him severely. This so enraged Benvenuto that he picked up a stiletto and rushed to his enemy's house, stabbed his assailant and left him on the ground. At this all the injured man's friends armed themselves with any handy weapon and prepared to defend their companion. Benvenuto thereupon rushed at the crowd and knocked down four or five of them, dealing dagger thrusts at random, they responding with hammers and cudgels. "Only my cap was left on the field, and that my enemies bore off, though they had fought shy of it before. Then they looked among their company for the dead and wounded; and lo, every man of them was safe and sound." Which was more by good fortune than good management, and this gives a foretaste of Benvenuto's violent temper, which later caused him endless trouble. He got out of this particular trouble by escaping in the disguise of a monk.

As showing the simple direct style of Benvenuto's writing I cannot do better than quote the following adventure. "Even though I break off a little from the story of my professional career, I must, since I am writing of my life, tell shortly something of other matters, though not in minute detail. Well, one St. John's morning I was dining with some of my compatriots of diverse professions—painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths. Among the notable men were Rosso, the painter, and Gianfrancesco, a pupil of Raffaello of Urbino. There were others too. I had assembled them at our meeting place very informally, and we were all laughing and jesting as men will do when they get together to rejoice on such a great festival. Now there happened to pass the house a feather-brained, blustering youth, who was a soldier belonging to the company of Signor Pienzo da Ceri. Hearing our noise he made mock of us, and cast insults on our Florentine nation. Since I was the

host of all those distinguished men, it seemed right to take the insults to myself. So, quietly, without anyone seeing me, I went and accosted the fellow. He had one of his loose women with him, and he was going on with his ribald jesting to make her laugh. Going up to him, I asked him if it was he who had been bold enough to speak ill of the Florentines; and he flashed back: "Yes, I'm the man." Hearing which, I up with my hand and struck him in the face, saying, "Well, and I'm the other man." In a trice each of us had out his sword; but our fight had no sooner begun than people came between us, though most of them took my part rather than his, convinced by what they heard and saw that I was in the right. Next day a challenge from him was brought to me, which I received very gladly, saying this was a thing I could put through much more speedily than anything pertaining to my own business. So, without delay I went off to take counsel with a veteran called Bevilacqua, who had the name of being the finest swordsman in Italy—for in his time he had fought more than twenty duels, and came out of them all with honour. This worthy man was a great friend of mine. I was known to him as a goldsmith, and besides, he had been mediator between me and others in certain serious quarrels. So now with right good will he said: "Benvenuto my friend, if Mars had challenged you, I'm sure you'd come out of the business with honour; for in all the years I have known you, I have never seen you enter a quarrel without right on your side." So he undertook my affair. Then we went armed to the appointed place; but no blood was shed. My enemy sought for peace, and I came out of the thing with credit." This simple unaffected and direct style of expressing himself is sustained all through the story. There is never the remotest possibility of misunderstanding the meaning he desires to convey and Benvenuto's composition may be looked upon as a model of clear and precise writing. The thought has often crossed my mind while preparing this paper that Cellini's life has not been dramatised. What splendid material for this purpose! Popes, kings, princes, nobles of all degrees of virtue and of vice, intrigue—court life—pageantry, high born ladies and courtizans all appear and disappear. Life in the famous European courts and life in the confines of a prison. Murders, jealousies, wickednesses of every kind are met with in these papers and are treated in a matter of fact and outspoken manner. It seems to me that there is material for a dozen plays to be found in the book.

Having fled from Florence he took shelter in the hut of a

poor friar until the excitement had passed away, finally making his way to Rome where he found work in the shop of one Maestro Santi where he distinguished himself in many directions and appears to have become a proficient player on the cornet. At one of the performances Pope Clement declared that he had never heard music more sweetly played, or more harmoniously. The Pope was so pleased with Benvenuto's performance that he prevailed on the cornet player to join the musicians in his service. This he only consented to after long deliberation, followed by a dream in which his father threatened to curse him if he refused the offer. "Waking up in sheer fright I ran and had my name put down; and then I wrote to my old father, who, out of his excessive joy, fell into a sickness which brought him to the verge of death. But before long he wrote to me that he, too, had had almost the same dream as myself."

Here, in Rome, he for the first time opened a shop and commenced business on his own account, getting as much work as he could accomplish. The writing is particularly interesting as showing the life of the times and the many strange remedies in common use for the healing of sickness and disease.

About this time Benvenuto being then twenty-three years of age, a terrible pestilence broke out in Rome which caused the death of many thousand persons. Our goldsmith in order to avoid contact with other people used to go out in the country and shoot pigeons. What a marvellous man he was to be sure! Hear him. "Many a time I returned laden with fine fat pigeons. I never liked loading my gun with more than one ball, so that it was by real marksman's skill I brought down so many. My gun I had made myself, and inside and out it shone like a mirror. With my own hand, too, I made the finest powder, discovering wonderful secrets, which to this day are unknown to anyone else." So that he had become a crack shot, an accomplished gun maker, and the inventor of a wonderful gunpowder. So full of interesting happenings is Benvenuto's life that the temptation is constantly asserting itself to quote notable passages, and it is with the greatest difficulty that I refrain from doing so. A story is related of one of his escapades with jovial friends and loose women which nearly cost Benvenuto his life, but as it is rather too broad for this occasion it must be passed over. It is only occasionally that he mentions his pleasures, most of the volume being taken up with work and methods of work, of how he became the best engraver of medals and coins in the country, and of curious and

out of the way persons and things he comes in contact with during his long and varied wanderings. He was, like all great men, a close observer of everything and everybody he came in contact with and he is constantly recording how, to use an Americanism, he "licked creation" in many directions. He quarrels violently with anyone who differs from him, especially in matters concerning Art, and appears to make enemies sooner or later with all and sundry. From goldsmith and musician we now find Benvenuto turned soldier in the Pope's service, for at this time the whole world was in arms. He says: "There have been times when I have been more inclined to the profession of arms than to the one of my own choice, and with such good will did I give myself up to it now, that I did better in it than in my own art." Of course he is not long before he has charge of a number of men and this part of the narrative is taken up with tales of daring deeds and bloody conflicts in which, of course, Benvenuto is the wonder of the world as a fighting man. And the description is studded with the names of famous men in connection with his prowess. The Pope thanked him in person for what he had done, and "presented me with twenty-five crowns, excusing himself that he had no more to give me," which does not seem a very rich reward for the terrible time Benvenuto had in the Pope's service as a warrior.

After this he returned to Florence, with a servant and a good horse. But almost immediately the Pope declared war against the city, and he and his friends prepared to defend the place of his birth. The Pope, however, sent for him to go to Rome, and it is very curious reading to go over the passages where Benvenuto enters the Pope's presence, and, kissing His Holiness' feet asks to be forgiven for stealing some gold from Rome on his previous visit. The Pope, having forgiven him, again employed Benvenuto to make for him ornaments and jewels, but he was constantly pestered by the jealousy of his rivals in the profession. It is also interesting to find that the Pope in an hour of need had pawned a large diamond. Benvenuto at this time had five excellent journeymen in his employment. He was now nine and twenty years of age, and was still unmarried, although he had been in love but owing to a misunderstanding he lost the lady. He tells how he engaged a very beautiful and graceful girl as his servant. "I used her as a model in my work and also enjoyed her favours," and this leads him to tell a most excellent dog story wherein his dog, after trying to arouse the sleeping inmates of the house,

attacked and caused the capture of a burglar who had a fancy for Benvenuto's stock. And as this stock belonged to the Pope it was a great relief to the goldsmith to find his jewels safe.

So the book goes on, now on this subject, now on that, always giving one a thrill, sometimes of pleasure, sometimes of pain. Here a jest, and there a curse, but it never becomes dull. Here you will find a story of base coining, and there an account of a drunken debauch. Anon the story of a great flood is related, and later how he by a little subterfuge became macebearer to His Holiness, for which he received two hundred crowns a year. The book bristles with epigrammatic conversation and risky situations. You will read how he became ill and covered with red boils, which had some connection, according to Benvenuto, with his pretty servant maid, and how he got the best medical advice, which was useless, and how he cured himself by taking "*lignum vitæ*" against the wishes of the first doctors in Rome.

With all his wild living Benvenuto was deeply religious, for he constantly appeals to the Almighty in his trouble. For, he is threatened with prison owing to a quarrel with a rival craftsman. "But before I left my shop, I turned most reverently, my cap in my hand, to an image of Christ and said: "O our gracious, immortal, just, and holy Lord! all that Thou doest is according to Thy justice, which is without equal. Thou knowest that I have come to the age of thirty, and never till now have I been threatened with prison. Now that Thou wilt that I should go to prison, I thank Thee with all my heart." This was a quarrel wherein Benvenuto had set the Pope at defiance, but his native wit and logical reasoning led him out of the difficulty although the Pope proved a traitor to his solemn promise.

You will find a most marvellous story of necromancy told in solemn and serious vein which is very startling, and to Benvenuto is very real and credible. The goldsmith has a very lively time among demons, angels and giants, magicians, enchantments and diablery. This story is incorporated with a serious love affair which makes it doubly interesting.

Working hard and playing hard, Benvenuto goes on his way still working for the Pope, making designs and models for the state coins. And hereabouts he had the misfortune to stab a man to death. One Pompeo had annoyed him greatly by bragging that he had "braved" Benvenuto. "Just when I had reached the corner, he came out of the apothecary's; his bravos made place for him, and closed about him. But with

a keen-edged dagger I forced their ranks, and had my hands upon his breast so quickly and with such coolness, that not one of them could hinder me. I was aiming at his face, but in his terror he turned his head, so that I plunged the poniard in just below the ear. It only needed two strokes, for at the second he fell dead." Through the favour of his many high-placed friends he received absolution from the Pope for this deed and continued his work for the mint. This part of the story is a series of plots and counter plots of a very exciting character with enough romance to supply half a dozen novels.

Benvenuto must have had a remarkable memory, for only once or twice in his narrative does he confess that a name has slipped his memory. Names, dates, the hour of the day, and the weather belonging to each incident are most carefully recorded, and, as many of these names are historical it would be thought that our story teller's statements would be easy of proof or the contrary. Not only does he remember these things, but he calls to mind the actual words used in the occasions, and quotes them forty years after they were spoken.

Many curious turns does the narrative take at times. For instance, after an illness lasting fifty days and in which his life was despaired of and a pre-mortem obituary poem written on him under the idea that Benvenuto would not recover, he writes: "That very night I was carried with the utmost care, well covered, and not jostled. As soon as I arrived, I began to vomit, and in the vomit which I brought up was a hairy worm, a quarter of a cubit in length. The hairs were very long, and the worm most hideous, and covered with different coloured spots; green, black, and red. They kept it for the doctor, who declared he had never seen such a thing." After parting company with this hairy guest, Benvenuto got better rapidly. Here is another quaint turn. After describing how one had done him an ill turn, he goes on to say, "he suffered from a dry skin disease, and his hands were all wasted from continual scratching. Now he had slept with a good fellow in my employment called Manno; and when he thought he was scratching himself, he had taken the skin off one of Manno's legs with his dirty hands, the nails of which he never cut. Manno left me, and, indeed, was determined to have his life, but I reconciled them."

After this he sets off to France and the journey and adventures on the road are described in a very lively fashion, with travellers' tales galore. Having arrived in Paris the King requested Cellini to enter the Royal service, for his fame as a

goldsmith had preceeded him, and he had a taste of prison. He was, when thirty-seven years old, imprisoned in the famous castle of St. Angelo. Cellini's description of the Castellan, that is the governor of the prison, is highly amusing. He was every year the victim of a certain infirmity and would chatter without ceasing. "One time he thought he was an old jar; another time a frog, and then he jumped just like one. Again he thought he was dead, and he had to be buried. Thus each year he had a different delusion. Now this time he imagined he was a bat; and when he went for a walk, he would every now and then give a low scream as bats do, and flutter his hands and his body as though he were going to fly." However, Cellini escaped from St. Angelo and nearly killed himself in the process. It is interesting to know that the reigning Pope had in his early days also escaped from the castle of St. Angelo. Benvenuto was recaptured and placed in the condemned cell and he suffered agony, so fearful was his imprisonment, that he was one day mistaken for a corpse and had serious thoughts of ending his life. He had broken his leg in the attempt to escape. This kept him on his back for four months in the prison, and his teeth fell out. But a vision appeared to him, and "I talked with God for a space." His gaolers tried to poison him but failed, and eventually he was released. While he was in the castle of St. Angelo he wrote a long poem in praise of prison. A curious thing that would interest present day occultists is related in these words: "Nor must I leave out one thing, the greatest surely that ever happened to any man; for I would justify the divinity of God and of His secrets, Who deemed me worthy from the time when I saw the great vision till now, there has remained a splendour (oh wondrous thing) about my head; and this plain to all whom I have thought well to point it out—but these are very few. It is visible about my shadow in the morning, at sunrise, and for about two hours after, and still clearer when there is dew upon the grass. In the evening, too, at sunset it can be seen. I became aware of it first in France," and so on.

Benvenuto's poetry is more or less a description of the period he spent in prison, with a few occasional verses. He tries to prove "That prison is the very school of worth." He describes in the poem how he came to write it as follows:—

"Listen a wonder now I tell to you—
One day it came into my head to write;
But I had to invent a strange device,

I walk about my cell with puzzled mien ;
Then turning towards the door see there a slit,
I bite a splinter off—and there's my pen.
By luck a piece of brick lies on the floor,
A portion of it ground to powder fine,
And mixed with water makes my ink,
Then, then, the fire of Poesy divine ;
Enters my frame—by the same way, methinks,
Whence bread goes out, What other way was there ? ”

Which is a curious channel to convey the Divine afflatus.

After this he got a command to return to the service of King Francis and he very gladly left Rome and returned to Paris. He was excellently mounted and was well “ armed with under-coat and sleeves of mail, and I carried a magnificent arquebuse at my saddle-bow.” He and his companions had not travelled very far before a disturbance occurred with a postmaster, and during the affair the magnificent arquebuse “went off by itself; the ball struck the arch of the door, and ricochetting, struck him—the post-master—in the windpipe, so that he fell dead.” A free fight followed, but the travellers managed to escape the vengeance of the murdered man's family, and were soon a merry party again although one of the party had been wounded in the face. “ He had naturally a very ugly face; and his mouth, naturally large, had been slit up three inches more by his wound; so that between his antic Milanese speech and his silly utterances, instead of lamenting our misfortunes we couldn't help laughing at every word he said. When the doctor wanted to sew up his wound, and had already made three stitches, he cried out to him to stop a bit, since he didn't want him to play the trick on him of sewing up his mouth altogether. Then, seizing a spoon, he told him he must leave a big enough opening for it to get in; so that he might return alive to his own people.” The King seemed highly pleased at Benvenuto's arrival. He describes a royal train of the court as always plodding along “ with twelve thousand cavalry behind it, never less—indeed in times of peace the complete retinue amounts to eighteen thousand.”

The King of France installed his goldsmith in a castle in Paris and for a long time Cellini led the life of a man of wealth. And he had all the royalties and nobility of France visiting him from time to time. He commenced doing sculpture or rather modelling for bronzes on a large scale, and tells of his trials

and troubles in the casting of such large pieces, which is reminiscent of Pallisay the potter.

Benvenuto got along very well for a while with the King, who spoke of Benvenuto as "my friend." "I do not know whose is the greater pleasure, that of the prince who has found a man after his own heart, or that of the artist who has found a prince who allows him whatever he needs to carry out his best ideas." That was all very well, but owing to intrigue and jealousy he was made very unhappy. Among other troubles he was involved in a law suit which gave him endless worry. It is very quaint the manner in which law suits were conducted at that period. "In France they are wont to make no end of capital out of a suit against a foreigner, or any one whom they see little disposed for litigation. As soon as they find that there is something to be got out of the suit, they sell it; for men have been known to give suits as dowries with their daughters to such as make their living out of these contracts. Another wicked custom, which nearly all the Normans have, is their skilful concoction of false evidence. So it happens that those who buy the suits at once instruct five or six perjurers, according to the need; and thus a man who does not know the custom, and has no hint given him to provide just as many to swear against them, has no chance of winning his case." (I wonder if the suits would be called "ready made" or "to measure.")

It would be quite easy to make this paper double the length, for no end of things appeal in this remarkable book. We sometimes suspect strongly that Benvenuto has become more or less of a sycophant at the feet of Francis, but all the time he seems to be on the best of terms with the Almighty. Here is a bit of vigorous art criticism by Cellini. The occasion was when one Bandinello had been bragging about a certain group of statuary he had executed, and had been disparaging Benvenuto's work, the goldsmith was criticising Bandinello's "Hercules" before its creator's face, he addressed Bandinello as follows:—"This great school of artists (The Florentine Masters) say that if you were to shave off Hercules's hair, there wouldn't be any noddle left to hold his brains; and as for his face, one can't tell whether it's a man's, or that of some cross between a lion and an ox; that it in no way corresponds to the attitude of the figure; that it is ill set on the neck, with so little art and with such plentiful lack of grace, that a worse thing was never seen. Moreover, its great hideous shoulders are like nothing so much as two pommels of an ass's pack saddle, the breasts and all the muscles are not modelled from a man, but from a great sack of

melons set up against a wall. Then the loins look as if they were meant to represent a great bagful of calabashes; and as for the two legs, it would be hard to tell how they were fastened to that lumbering body; nor can you see on which leg he is standing nor on which he is straining, yet he is certainly not standing on both, as may now and then be seen in the statues of masters who knew their business. Again, it is evident that the Hercules is bending forward more than a third of a cubit; and that by itself is the worst, the most intolerable fault to be found in the work of the veriest low bred impostors. As for arms, they say that they stick out in the most graceless fashion, and show no more evidence of knowledge than if you had never seen a nude model in your life," and so on. This is very drastic as compared to modern art criticism.

An old method of removing a splinter of steel from the eye is given by Cellini. "I thought I should lose the sight of that eye for life. At the end of two days I called in Maestro Raffaello de Pilli, the surgeon. He brought with him two live pigeons. Then laying me down on my back on a table, with a knife he cut open a great vein in the birds' wings, so that the blood spurted out into my eye. This eased me at once, by two days the splinter was out, and I was at rest with my eyesight better than before."

Benvenuto was again a soldier and engineer later on when the war with Siena broke out, the fortifications being placed in the hands of sculptors and architects. Cellini was entrusted with the defence of one of the gates of Florence and seems to have made much honour and profit thereby. About this time he was engaged on his colossal bronze of Perseus, which after untold agonies and trials he had cast and used up every piece of pewter and like metals in his house. It is a glorious story of undaunted genius, and was a triumphant success in spite of the adverse prophecies of his contemporaries. Later again you find Benvenuto living on a farm, trying to confound some rogues who had sold it to him and also tried to poison him.

The memoirs were written at intervals between 1558 and 1566—eight years. He married at the age of 65, his servant and mistress—after the marriage his wife bore him two children—several were born out of wedlock, but these were afterwards legitimised. He seems to have passed into old age in comparative poverty and neglect. At the death of Michael Angelo in 1564, he was chosen along with Ammanati to represent sculpture. He died of pleurisy in 1571—aged 71—in Florence, "and the people crowded in to see that last of Benvenuto, who, in

spite of his glory, had never been far removed from themselves, and to make the sign of the Cross over the body, once so restless, and now at peace."

In coming to a judgment on the life of Benvenuto Cellini, one must not lose sight for a moment of the times in which he lived. Actions which we twentieth century moralists would condemn as wicked and immoral, in the fifteenth century would be the merest common-places. Fighting, drinking, and the company of loose women were treated as a matter of course. In these days when a pale young curate has only to be seen alighting from a smoking compartment to cause a decided flutter in the breasts of the very virtuous, such proceedings are unthinkable. Whether we are better or worse than our progenitors is another question. I have endeavoured to give you an idea of the life of a very remarkable man who lived a strenuous life in remarkable times. It has partaken more of the nature of an interesting entertainment, at least I hope so, than the subtle analysis of a complex character. To this very day, like all great men, Benvenuto Cellini's life and work is still a factor. His Art is still looked upon as the best of its kind, and when we are all laid aside, the breezy description of his life and times, his successes and his failures will continue to furnish food for thought and give untold delight to the millions who will come after us.

Sometimes, when thinking the matter over in peaceful solitude, I ask myself whether, after all, Benvenuto Cellini was a bit of a liar.

The paper was illustrated by the exhibition of a number of books relating to Cellini and a portrait in colour drawn by Mr. James Smithies.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1913.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, occupied the chair.

Mr. E. E. MINTON read the short paper which follows :—

THE BERG AND THE SHIP.

IN THE DEPTHS.

In the lowest deeps of the world of waters, far from the faintest gleam of light from the surface of those waters, in a profound darkness, a profound stillness, in a world of solitude and oblivion, lies a great ship. Far from lightning's flash or thunder's voice in the firmament above, far from human pride over conquered nature, far from vain boasting in size and

strength and material force. Over the luxurious couches, the costly furniture of drawing-rooms and state-rooms, over mirrors meant to reflect only the beauty and joy of life, the myriad sea worms crawl. Strange forms of life that haunt the lowest levels of the ocean, grotesque and slimy, swarm through chambers which had seemed fit for a king's palace. A thousand human forms, solitary or in groups, speak of the ocean-agony of death in the silent depths—those whose fate it was to descend with the ship, and await it in those labyrinthine chambers. And beneath, still deeper in the immense ruin of the ship, the ocean currents steal and slide through the iron chaos of engines and boilers and complicated machinery, as all within crashed down in heaped confusion when the great hull rose up on end in her last slow plunge into the abyss.

It was not in the tempest, hurricane or tornado, nor in battle with the king's enemies, nor on hidden shoal or rock, that this Behemoth of the waters met destruction. The air was chill, but calm and clear. Women were dancing, and men were playing cards, and the richest of them felt secure when death call'd to them. The night sky was bright with stars, when the cold waves closed over that stupendous toy which man's power and pride had fashioned for his pleasure.

How then came this Behemoth here,

Shattered and crumpled and stabbed with pitiful rents?

THE BIRTH OF THE SHIP.

Behold a shipyard.

Within a pile of scaffolding which resembles some cathedral of the imagination, a form takes shape. As day succeeds day the shape within the scaffolding assumes the form of a mighty ship. Amid clouds of steam hissing from engines wonderfully contrived to aid the labour of men, clanking of derricks, and cranes, dull, rhythmic automatons, amid the hammer, hammer, hammer, now in unison, now in intermittent deafening chorus, the immense framework is clothed upon with plates of steel. Beams, girders, stanchions, all "specially forged and constructed," expressing all that man knew of power and strength, in science, and cunning of means to ends.

As the vast hull drew to completion the enormous boilers, engines and gearing were poised by powerful cranes and swung into their appointed places.

Then upon this structure of steel floors and girders, came the casing of woodwork of the numbers of state-rooms and saloons, the addition to that monument of strength of luxury and taste.

In addition to the usual promenade decks for the three grades of passengers, there were private promenade decks, a gymnasium, Turkish baths, electric baths, swimming baths, squash-rackets court with a spectators' gallery, restaurants and cafés. There were suites of rooms in many styles and periods, Queen Anne, Old Dutch, Georgian, Louis XV and Louis XVI. There were tapestries, brocades, rare woods and inlays. It was a town—a town whose houses were decorated as few palaces are. It seemed inconceivable that this tremendous structure should ever be launched. But the time came when even this was accomplished. When by the aid of hydraulic and other appliances, this Behemoth was caused to move from his cradle. To move, slowly at first, then faster, and faster, till the mighty bulk plunges into its appointed element and rests there. The crowd cheers, and the papers duly boom the launch of this miracle, the greatest ship afloat, replete with every luxury and comfort, and above all, "unsinkable." And now all that wealth is rotting in waste of mush and mess beneath the pressure of miles' depth of ocean. What means this power and splendour there in cold oblivion? The only indestructible things there are those precious stones, diamonds, that will lie there for ever, valuable no more, beautiful no more.

Well, whilst this Behemoth was a-building, a sinister mate was also being prepared for him.

THE BERG.

Far in the white solitudes of the North, the coming of Spring brings a motion and a force to the ice-floes, the hummocks of piled ice, and to the slow stealthy crawl of the glaciers in the valleys. A glacier, the growth of years of snowfall on the mountains, and snowdrift in the valleys, grinds its way, slow, yet never resting, to the sea. Though fretted and consumed at its edge by the waves, the glacier presses on into the waters till the day comes when with crash and roar it breaks asunder and the projected mass floats away down the fiord. It is accompanied by other masses liberated by the same force, and these moving islets of ice and snow are by the currents from the Pole borne southwards to the straits which are the gateways to those fell regions. Here, massed together, and urged on by the resistless tides, the impact of the floes heaps together and piles up the ice till it assumes the fantastic forms of ice architecture which the old northern navigators called "Ice-Bergs."

Bursting their way finally through the straits the Bergs,

large and small, drift onwards to their ultimate dissolution in the Southern Ocean.

Southward ever sails the Fleet of Death.

And so they reach the great thoroughfare and highway of the fleets as they pass from East and West.

And thus it came to pass that the day when Behemoth set forth, a certain Berg was charged with a destiny more august in its event than others of its chill sisterhood. It stretched along the deep in all its Alplike loveliness, sometimes wreathed in mists and almost invisible. Then striking clear and sharp against the sky in battlement and pinnacle. When it reached the track of the ships it halted, as if waiting. The Day and the Hour were near at hand.

When the enormous vessel steamed away, she carried 2,358 persons. There were many of great wealth among those passengers. It has been computed that the fortunes of several individuals amounted to £100,000,000. There were but forty seamen to the twenty lifeboats. Within that week how many of those rich would have gladly paid millions for a seat in one of those boats. But the very size of the ship forbade any thought of danger. Besides, was it not pronounced "unsinkable"?

Forty seamen! But what does the modern ship want with seamen? The modern ship has no use for seamen. Waiters, café attendants, cooks, bathroom attendants, etc., these we want. There where the money gods are, there were the money slaves. But seamen!

THE MEETING.

And so Behemoth tore his way over leagues and leagues of ocean, at twenty-five miles an hour, whilst the passengers enjoyed the comforts of a palatial hotel and the pleasures of a watering-place, blind to the fact that the provision for luxury was out of all proportion to the provision for need. Once there came, thrilling along the atmospheric vibrations, which these all-conquering days have turned to our services, the warning, "Ware Ice!"

Ice? what have we to fear from ice? We are absolutely unsinkable!

And now the fourth day is closing. Night has fallen. The band has ceased to play on the promenade deck and the chill air has sent the ladies to warm and cosy saloons, and gentle-

men to sumptuous smoke rooms. The Hour and the Event have arrived.

The ghostly fleet of Death emerges from the low lying mists on the horizon. There, in his track, lies his appointed mate, in snowy whiteness like a bride, beautiful, cruel.

And Behemoth rushes to his Doom!

Mr. J. CUMING WALTERS read the principal paper on "Occultism in Literature."

Here is the report on the meeting and the paper which appeared in the *Manchester City News* for November 15, 1913:

THE INCREASED INTEREST IN MATTERS MYSTICAL.

According to the oldest inhabitant—or, rather, the oldest member—all records for speech-making in the history of the Manchester Literary Club were broken on Monday night, when Mr. J. Cuming Walters read a paper on "Occultism in Literature." The meeting was extended far beyond the usual hour, and when fourteen members had spoken, the chairman, the Rev. A. W. Fox (acting for Mr. George Milner, who had presided over the earlier part of the proceedings), suggested that there were "last trains" to catch. But for this hint it is possible that the discussion would have appropriately continued until the witching hour of midnight.

Mr. Walters said he would venture upon an explanation of why current literature was exhibiting certain tendencies, why it was developing a marked characteristic towards mysticism, why it boldly discussed psychical affairs which were formerly dismissed as worthless imaginings of infected brains, and why spirit phenomena were now becoming almost as familiar in the works of novelists as the exploits of gentlemen burglars and the marvels of amateur detectives. We had to recognise that the modern writer was taking for granted what, fifty years ago, would have been hotly disputed. From the philosophic essay to the flimsiest magazine story occultism was introduced without apology and with the assumption it would be understood and accepted.

Dr. Russel Wallace, one of the pioneers of evolution, had given us the logical sequel to evolution, and behind his great name the spiritualists took shelter. He maintained that, if life were a continual mounting upward, it would continue after what we called "death." And as "death" meant the decay and loss of the body there was only one method by which "survival of personality" could be accomplished, and that was

by psychical means. It was a remarkable fact that three of our greatest scientists belonging to the most rigidly materialistic class of students, coldly intellectual, instinctively opposed to all that lies beyond demonstration as "fact"—these three, Dr. Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge, had made occultism a part of science itself. The two first had wandered far into the dim region and frankly avowed themselves believers in spirit communication with human beings. Sir Oliver Lodge had declared that investigators had landed upon "the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent," by which he meant the region of silence and phantoms, the region of the Great Secret, the solution of which men were trying to discover.

These scientists had had notable predecessors, although they had not always been so ready to admit that spiritism was anything but hallucination. Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, and George Eliot all wrote psychical stories, and were not inclined to say that all supernaturalism must be false because the Cock Lane Ghost was not true. We now, said the reader, seem to have arrived at the period when the Forbidden Arts were about to receive scientific sanction, and people no longer discussed, with bated breath, telepathy, thought transference, hypnotism, mesmerism, and the like. They discussed the Future Life with the same ease as they discussed Futurist Music—and perhaps understood it about as much! But one fact remained, occultism was no longer regarded as an absurd superstition or a wild conjecture. It did not depend on the fatuous ravings of foolish women or fraudulent charlatans. It was not scoffed at as a craze, or a crime, or a conjuring trick, but represented a forward movement towards ultimate truth.

A complete survey of literature upon the subject would start with the works of ancient Egypt and come down to the latest sixpenny novel on the railway bookstall. But perhaps the most remarkable development had occurred during the past fifty years. There was Leo Falconer's tale of a serious haunting in "Cecilia de Noel," and Arnold Bennett's remarkable story of "The Ghost," in which a disembodied spirit played the leading part much as the terrible spirit worked its evil in that most powerful of ghost stories, Lytton's "Haunters and the Haunted." There were Miss Corelli's romances of other worlds and of reincarnation. There were Mr. Algernon Blackwood's wonderful stories of sorcery and phenomena in his impressive volume "John Silence." Mr. Horace Vachell had written a surprising romance called "The Other Side," in the second part

of which the dead hero continued as a spirit his work and mission on earth. Mrs. Oliphant wrote the weird story "The Beleaguered City." Thackeray dealt with the survival of personality century after century in his "Notch on the Axe," the hero of which was the most extraordinary of beings, "the deathless Count Saint Germain." This Count was also the hero of Lytton's "Strange Story," the most impressive and most argumentative spiritistic romance ever written. Mr. E. F. Benson was writing spiritualistic stories as if he believed in the phenomena, and among other authors who had dealt with the subject seriously, although in the form of romance, were Du Maurier, Sheridan Le Fanu, Bram Stoker, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Florence Marryatt, Andrew Lang, and many more. All this tended to prove that, within the last half-century, our literature had become permeated with occultism, and that there was quite an influential and important school of fiction writers who had deliberately set themselves the task of preparing the public mind for the scientist's revelations and habituating it with spirit phenomena.

After dealing specially with the work of Dickens, Robert Browning, Lytton, and George Eliot, Mr. Walters went on to say that "Sludge the Medium," though he might have been an arrant impostor, could no longer be dismissed as such on the loose and childish arguments used by Robert Browning; an entire change of opinion had taken place since the epoch-marking work of the late Frederic Myers was published. He did for psychics what Columbus did for geography—gave the world a new continent to contemplate. Since his time not only the novelists but the philosophers had been hard at work. The late W. T. Stead had actually established a Spirit Bureau, by means of which he communicated with a lady who had long since passed over. Sir William Crookes had given the public the benefit of his investigations, Dr. Russel Wallace had avowed himself a believer in the spirit world, and Sir Oliver Lodge had declared that memory and affection continued after bodily death. Thus occultism had definitely established itself, although its main contentions awaited conclusive proofs. The men who had done most within the last year or two to bring us to a thorough understanding of the problem were Professor W. F. Barrett with his hundreds of pages of evidence collected from all quarters, Professor Bergson, and Maurice Maeterlinck. In the literature of occultism Maeterlinck's work was the most alluring, the most suggestive, and the most appealing. He believed that after death men were absorbed in the universal

cosmos, when memory was not immediately lost; that there was still the possibility of communication with human lives on earth; that the past was brought into account, and that movement and evolution went on indefinitely from height to height. This was the last word occultism had uttered so far in literature, and if it were not a final solution it was a great hope.

Following on the reading of the paper an animated discussion took place in which, among others, Mr. George Milner, Mr. Hilditch, Mr. Hobbins, Mr. Newbigging, the Rev. A. W. Fox, Mr. Robert Peel, Mr. Smithies, Mr. Bagshaw, Mr. Credland, and others took part.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1913.—The chair was taken by Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. C. T. T. BATEMAN read a short paper entitled "The Sources of Charlotte Brontë's 'Villette.'" The novel's chief scenes are laid in Brussels. Its characters are partly Belgian, French and German, with a few English. Its main incidents are taken from Brussels and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and phases of nature are so often and so elaborately described that they too may be considered as "Sources."

Mr. LAURENCE CLAY read the principal paper on "Pabulum for the Minds and Morals of Juveniles, 1820-70."

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1913.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair.

On the motion of the Rev. A. W. Fox, seconded by Mr. J. F. L. Crosland it was

Resolved: That an expression of the deep sympathy of the Club in their bereavement be sent to the relatives of the late Sir Wm. H. Bailey, Kt., together with a warm assurance of the members' appreciation of his high character, his beneficial influence, and his public worth.

Mr. THOMAS NEWBIGGING read a short paper embodying "Some Reminiscences of South Africa and Cecil Rhodes."

Mr. JOHN HILDITCH read the principal paper on "Hokusai: Artist and Man." The paper was illustrated by the exhibition of a large and important collection of designs and drawings by the great Japanese artist.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1913.—The chair was taken by the President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. Walter Butterworth presented a photographic group of members of the Club taken at Altrincham in 1894.

Resolved: That Mr. Walter Butterworth, having been nominated by the Council, be elected a Vice-President of the Club.

REVIEW NIGHT.

Mr. W. D. COBLEY began the miscellaneous proceedings of the evening by reading three "Fables."

Mr. B. A. REDFERN contributed the following curious natural history notes:—

FELINE AMENITIES

"You have a cat, Ma'am," said Mr. Bumble. "I'm so fond of them," said Mrs. Carney; "they're so fond of their home." "Very nice animals, Ma'am," said the Beadle; "and I mean to say this, Ma'am, that any cat that could live with you, and not be fond of its home, must be a ass, Ma'am. I would drown it myself with pleasure." —"Oliver Twist."

The scientific title "*Felis Domesticus*,"—accent on the last syllable—and the English one of "Cat" for the beast, alike suggest a creature of unpleasant associations. And even Mrs. Carney, or other such admirers, find it less cacophonous to speak of their "Puss" than their cat, when they desire to secure favour for it.

Indeed most words containing the letters c-a-t, in that sequence, or as Goldsmith says in the play "In a concatenation accordingly," express something disagreeable as: Cateran, Cataclysm, Catarrh, Catastrophe, Hecate, Prevaricate; and one can readily understand why the first man to give this beast the name of cat did not think it worthy of a better.

There is no mention of cats by that or any other name, in either the Old or New Testament, and they do not seem to have been considered domestic animals by the chosen and eclectic people of Israel. And that the Pharaohs and their Fellaheen worshipped them, only points to a mental darkness in them, as dense as the physical obscurity which was one of the plagues of Egypt.

There are various answers given to enquiries why these beasts of prey have been allowed to become "common objects of the fireside," such as: "They kill mice"; "they are so affectionate"; "such good company"; "so playful with the children"; "make home cheerful"; "always been used to have them about, you know," etc.

It might be suggested in reply that the terror-inspiring mouse

could be suppressed in detail, by the acquisition of a contraption of wood and wire having no voice, claws, vile habits, rapacity, voracity, or fecundity, and which could be purchased for a penny. As to pussy's affection for humanity one might say that it closely resembled that of the animal affected by the Lucy family, of which Sir Hugh Evans speaks as being "A familiar beast to man, and signifies love." It is a relationship which might more properly be called an *attachment*, than an affection in either case, and the cat especially has no affection for individuals, other than those of his or her own species, and even that is intermittent, and readily transferable.

With regard to their suitability as members of the home circle it is the opinion of the writer that two-legged creatures of any kind are more likely and fitting as household pets than four-legged ones. Still if quadrupeds are insisted upon, he would suggest that the mice themselves would make safer, better, pets than their persecutors. And if mice be thought too insignificant for the purpose, why not compromise on rats?

And again, why not experiment with mongooses—or is it mongeese?—charming animals which are free from many of the bad habits of the cat tribe? Says an authority:—

If purchased when young it is as pretty, playful and affectionate a creature as can be imagined. A lady who has kept one for years says: "He is never so happy as when curled up in the lap of some indulgent friend, yet as he unfortunately looks like a ferret, many people find it hard to believe that he can be perfectly harmless."

And among other of his virtues, we are told that he has an agreeable odour, is not given to vocal display, and would not be so often and obtrusively in evidence (in or out of season) as are our Toms and Tabbies, whether of the household or of the common and garden variety.

And it may also be urged that all animals having more than two legs—cats and insects particularly—should be kept as far away from the house as is convenient or possible, and that if any of these quadrupeds, or multipeds, should be granted an indoor license, they should be kept apart from all the bipeds of any kind, since if they did not kill the smaller—and scratch the larger—pets, they would frequently be still more dangerous to the human bipeds, by *scratching themselves*. Undesirable aliens, parasites, megalobes, microbes, by the million are thus imported into the household by the "harmful and unnecessary cat." He—or she—leaves them in the warmest corner of the hearth, or on the softest cushion in the house, when he or she

sallies forth, at eve, through the cellar grid, to attend Grimalkin's Donnybrook on the dust-bin, or to grace Tibbie's "Soiree Chantante" on the manure heap. After a pleasant or otherwise exciting evening, "the strayed reveller" usually returns by the front door when the steps are being cleaned, with an ingratiatory "purr," or a plaintive mew, and an air of charming innocence. The gentle creature is often so quick and noiseless in his entry, that the maid, busy with her brownstone, does not notice its insanitary condition, and evil odour, so it goes within, a travelling supply menagerie of beasts of prey more deadly to human beings than the larger carnivora. And mention of these courting or "cutting out" expeditions brings to mind the cat's garden gambols which are indeed the chief reason for the existence of these notes.

Whatever the difference of opinion as to the advantage or desirability of having cats in the house, there cannot be any doubt as to their unfitness for the garden. Aunt Betsey Trotwood's intolerance of donkeys on her grass plot was less reasonable than is that of the gardener who sees a cat lounge across his lawn, or slink through his shrubbery. Whatever may be his state of *dishabille* he incontinently leaves work, food, or play, and makes use of any word, weapon, or missile, to persuade that creature that it is a trespasser, in which, however, he is seldom, if ever, successful.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will lick him any day.*

The suburban gardener, and his brother of the real country also, are greatly troubled by the cat's treatment of the song birds. The former finds that the feathered choristers which he has, by patient consideration and contrivance induced to visit—or even to settle in—his pleasaunce, are thinned out, or kept in constant alarm by these marauders, and he is not by any means consoled or compensated for this by the fact that they often provide him with a choir of most animated and powerful voices from their own bodies.

He finds also that carefully sown and newly-raked soil has been scattered over his well kept paths by amorous, or militant, beasts of prey, whose veneering of domesticity has made them acceptable as household pets by unobservant, and in many cases selfish, neighbours. He discovers too that large shrubs, and even great trees, often become victims of these ravaging

* It will be noted that Shakespeare and the present writer have collaborated in this couplet.

felidae. They sharpen their talons for a snatch at "Robin, or starling, mavis or merle," on the rough bark of the grown timber, and by continued scratching at a point which they can reach when standing on their hind-legs they strip off the protecting cover of trees which have seen a generation of men come to maturity. In fact nothing is sacred for a cat any more than it is for a French Sapper, and it is as *unmoral* as a modern poet. The miscreant beats out tracks over, and along, open borders, makes his couch on the softest and most fragile flowers, and defiles the beds of sweet-smelling and wholesome herbs, with an insolence and persistence which would "raise Cain" in the meekest Abel that ever grew a pansy or a pot herb.

But even worse than the offences themselves is the impunity of the offender, whose power of elusion when pursued, after being discovered *flagrante delicto*, is most exasperating. The victim, who—to paraphrase Dr. Johnson—"Panting Time" (time after time, indeed!) "toils after him in vain," with vengeance in his eye, rude words on his lips, and weapons of offence in his hands, seldom, if ever, comes up with his quarry. The hunter is conscious that "Somebody's Darling" is grinning in feline felicity somewhere, although, unlike Lewis Carroll's Cheshire example, even its grin is not in sight, and he returns from his quest by a roundabout route, lest he should find himself to be a fount of joy to his neighbours.

But fortunately, as we have been assured by a great statesman, "The resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted," and the optimist may look forward with hope to a time when there being no Insurance, Land, Home Rule or Suffrage question on hand, and the popular fallacy as to the domesticity of the cat having been exploded, the animal will have been placed on the Ground Game Schedules, or in the absence of foxes, made into the object of the Chase.

In the meantime, until that appreciable approach to the Millennium has been made, it behoves those who loathe or fear "rats and mice and such small deer" to lay up wealth to meet the increased cost of Virus and mousetraps which will ensue. And those who desire interesting and loving companions for the fireside might invest in youthful human pets, ere the fall in the birth-rate has become a "slump," and the value of specimens has gone up in inverse ratio to the supply.

Since the above was written, one has read in the Journals that £10,000 (part of a sum of £100,000 bequeathed for similar purposes elsewhere) has been left by a New York lady to the

"Cat's House, London"; and that a Commission has been asked for to settle which of the cat's houses in London should have the money—that is, of course, whatever money is left after the Commission has finished its labours. And this gives opportunity to the writer to close these observations with a practical suggestion.

Why not use this sum as a nucleus for subscription of a million or two, for the erection of a National Cat's House (on the Cape Colony "Compound" principle), say, on Salisbury Plain, or the Curragh of Kildare, at which all the cats in the kingdom, notably including those of Kilkenny, could be "taken in and done for? They should, of course, whether "militant" or otherwise, be taken up

. . . . tenderly, treated with care,

Not to end early, creatures so rare;

for although we have it on the authority of George Wither that "Care will kill a cat," yet even with that tragic possibility we should, nevertheless, exercise the greatest possible care in their safe keeping and treatment. A comfortable Home conducted on lines of conventual, or monastic, simplicity, in which, free from all family cares, the happy inmates, occupying separate cubicles, might serenade each other by day and night to their heart's content.

A Paradise in which the brutal provisions of the "Cat and Mouse Act" would not obtain, and in which "forcible feeding" would never be resorted to under any circumstances whatever.

Mr. L. CONRAD HARTLEY succeeded him with a short psychological study entitled "Fear."

Mr. J. J. RICHARDSON then read a story under title, "The Legacy."

Mr. J. REDFEARN WILLIAMSON read some original verses in memory of a visit to Malham Cove.

Mr. J. J. GLEAVE contributed some original verses entitled "The Lovers' Farewell."

Mr. WM. BAGSHAW followed with two translations in verse from the French, and four original poems. Here is one of the translations:—

OLD CLOCKS.

From the French of Emile Verhaeren.

At night in the dark and silence of our homes,
Crutches and sticks are tapping below,
Mounting and descending the stairs of the hours
Clocks with their footsteps go.

Quaint enamelled emblems behind the glass,
 Old flowers, thin figures, hard to trace;
 Moons in the empty corridors they shine,
 Clocks with the ghostly face.

Faint sounds and leaden notes of hammers and files,
 Muttering slyly a cunning word,
 Or prattling with the tiny second hands,
 Clocks make their voices heard.

Oaken cases confining the shadows,
 Closed coffins standing by the wall,
 Old bones of Time nibbled by the ticking,
 Clocks our senses appal.

Clocks,
 Willing and vigilant,
 Like to an old servant
 Hobbling lame or stepping clear.
 Clocks as I look at them
 Grip my heart with fear.

Mr. JAS. SMITHIES read the following sketches :—

MOSTLY FOOLS.

I am rather in a quandary. What is truth? To follow its teaching must we, irrespective of whether our opinions are asked or not, boldly tell the facts we know?

As a matter of Ethics it may be so, but it would be ruinous policy on the part of anyone not a millionaire.

Let me give you a couple of examples.

Mr. A. travels in Holland, and at some considerable trouble brings back with him a large "antique" brass plaque, which he says he has "picked up" in an out of the way place at the low price of forty shillings.

He is very proud of his possession.

Is it my duty to tell him that there is a shop here in town where they buy them from Holland three dozen at a time at five shillings each, and that they cut out the middle and "scrap" it, in order to make mirror frames of the borders? It is the truth, but why hurt his feelings? Will he thank me? I don't think so.

Mr. B. wants an antique article. I take him one which I want to sell, and can guarantee is ancient. He says it is no good—quite modern—he will show me one that is a "Simon

Pure," and forthwith hands me one I made myself some years ago.

Must I tell the truth, destroy his cherished dreams, and make unto myself an enemy? Not likely!

Again, here is another case.

A little while ago I walked along the street musing on this debatable question, when my attention was arrested by the standing figure of a stiff-built chap of rather low stature, apparently a labourer or a warehouseman. As I drew near he gazed intently at an object in his hand. I passed a yard or two and then he called out:

"Mister, would you like a fountain pen? I've just found this, it's no use to me."

"I have one of my own," said I.

"It's a 'Swan,' this is," he said.

I looked at it; it certainly was marked 'Swan Pen.' I thought it might suit my friend Emsley.

Now here is where the argument comes in again, but on the other side this time. I knew the lowest value of a 'Swan' Fountain pen was half a guinea. Must I inform the man who maybe did not know? Well, that is not what did occur; I merely said:

"I'll give you eighteenpence for it."

"No fear, I've just been offered half a crown. Four bob is what I want for it, and not a penny less."

"No, I'll only give you three shillings, and not a penny more."

"Say three and a tanner, Mister, and here you are."

The money and the pen changed hands, but the vendor had not done his worst.

"Give us tuppence for my kid, Mister."

I did so willingly, as I was touched in a weak spot. It proved to be a different sort of "kid," however, as you will see.

* * * * *

My friend called in to see me in a day or two.

"I've got a fountain pen for you," said I, "bought it from a man in the street, it's a 'Swan.'"

"Has it a picture of a Swan on it?"

"No, it only says 'Swan' pen."

"I thought so. You've been 'had' Jim. Did you buy it from a chap who said he'd just found it in the street?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"Is it anything like this?" and to my surprise he put his hand in his pocket and took out a pen. "He's 'had' me too."

They're worth a tanner apiece, and no more, but it's fine to feel that you're not the only fool in the town."

* * * * *

That was a month ago. Last week I was in Hardman Street, when I heard a voice.

"Do you want to buy a fountain pen, Mister?"

Again it was the stiff-built little fellow. I looked him steadily in the face for a few seconds, and then said quietly:

"I shall know you directly, my lad."

He darted round the corner like a flash, and that is quite the last I've seen of him, but from what I hear he is still engaged in finding pens—and mugs.

* * * * *

Does anyone among you want a fountain pen for sixpence?

IMAGINATION.

The little chap was only eight or nine years old, but he unfortunately possessed a vivid imagination. Although so young, he could read fairly well. His library was curious:—"The little Woodman and his Dog Caesar"; "Enquire within upon everything"; "The Works of Josephus," borrowed from the school library and only opened once; and a few others.

The one he liked to read the most was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated with small and curious woodcuts. The eventful progress of Christian was of living interest to the boy; whilst the story was so simply written, that, young as he was, he felt that he was accompanying Christian and participating in the adventures so vividly described.

How melancholy he felt when they were struggling in the Slough of Despond, and with what relief he sighed when he found that they had escaped. How his courage ebbed when Apollyon stopped them in the way, and Christian dared not turn his back to him for fear of being killed. How overjoyed he was when Christian strove and finally put their savage enemy to flight.

The little fellow entered so thoroughly into the spirit of it, that he was quite exhausted after reading that part of the story, and would seek relief by turning to the illustration of this redoubtable combat, and you may be certain that the curious picture did full justice to the figure of Apollyon.

* * * * *

Sunday was a varied sort of day. It was a nuisance to be wakened and told you must get up, when you hadn't shut your

eyes more than once in all the night. Then you must be washed and have a stiff white collar on, and you hadn't time to finish your porridge or you'd be too late at school.

The Sunday School was always nice, because you met a lot of chums and could have a little talk with the one on either side of you, if the teacher wasn't mad because some boy, to have a bit of fun, had stopped at a long word, and the poor man didn't know how the word should be pronounced, and had to say, "Well, never mind that word, pass on!" When that did happen, it was very rough on you if he should catch you talking.

Going into Chapel, too, was pretty fair, because you walked in a procession and you could wipe your feet upon another fellow's heels if his boots were nicely cleaned, and sometimes you would reach out to the next but one in front of you, and then you'd pull his hair and he'd jump around and hit the one in front of you. You had to mind what sort of boy you played this trick on, though.

It was not so nice sitting on a wooden form without any back that you could lean against, especially when you felt that you'd like to sleep, as you were nearly sure to do when the sermon was too long.

You weren't allowed to talk, so you could only keep awake by watching things like that which Billy Dixie did to Jacky Bridegg. They called him "Bridegg" because he once tried to suck a hen's egg, and it was a pot one. Well, Jacky was asleep with his mouth wide open, so Billy blew into it until he wakened up and cried aloud. It made the boys all laugh, and the teacher went and knocked the heads of every two together.

Jacky didn't come to school again for many a week; they said he had diphtheria or something of the sort, and the drains at their house were all pulled up to see if they could find out what had made his throat so bad.

Sunday afternoon at school was better, because you'd had your dinner. The Superintendent who opened school would always make the same old prayer when he'd been going a bit, so you nearly knew it by heart. One time he stuck so fast, that Sammy Butty, without thinking what he said, called out the words that he should use. The Super went along all right, but he boxed Sammy's ears when he was going home.

The best part of the day, though, was when you picked up your cap and came out of school and went for a walk, but you mustn't let them see you picking blackberries on a Sunday,

and besides you'd spoil your cap and then your mother would be sure to know.

Of course, if you didn't put the berries in your cap, but ate them as you picked them and wiped your fingers clean with grass, then nobody would know, and if your stomach did ache a bit, you could get your mother to make some peppermint tea with a lot of sugar in and drink it with a spoon out of a basin instead of a teacup and saucer so that it would be a treat.

Then after tea it was so jolly when one or two of your chums came in while your mother went to Chapel, because she couldn't go in the morning or there would have been no dinner—unless father cooked it, which he wouldn't.

It wasn't so nice though, when the other boys had gone home. The house was awfully quiet when you were sitting by yourself.

The first thing you would do would be to shut the door leading to the kitchen. You might think that was silly, but you wouldn't if you knew all about it. Then you'd look on the bookshelf for "The Little Woodman and his Dog Caesar," or "Enquire Within upon Everything," that you'd just had given to you for going to school. You wouldn't think of reading "Pilgrim's Progress." Then you'd open your book and read a bit, but you mustn't look at the kitchen door now you've shut it—but you can't help yourself—there's nothing there yet! Better try and read a bit more—it's still shut—it's no use being frightened I wonder if he'll come to-night like he did last Sunday, and the Sunday before that . . . I hope he won't it's still shut I wish my mother would be quick and come home I wish she didn't go to Chapel It's still shut, so there's noth— Oh dear! the door's opened a bit, I just knew it would . . . I won't look any more, but I daren't turn my back to it. I'll have to face him like Christian did Oh!!! the door's opening wider . . . HE'S COME . . . he's got wings and scales . . . IT'S APOLLYON . . . he's looking right at me . . . What will he do to me? . . . Mother! . . . MOTHER!! . . . Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven But deliver us from evil He's gone and the door is shut again!

* * * * *

The poor little chap crept to his daddy's armchair and went to sleep until his mother came home, but with the curious reticence of boys he never told her, and she never knew why he looked so worn out every Sunday night.

Mr. WALTER EMSLEY then read these humorous lines :—

JOHN 'ENRY'S CLOCK.

John 'Enry calls himself my friend—he visits me at times—
He hands me his tobacco pouch and reads to me his rhymes;
Against his 'bacca I've no grudge, nor yet against his verse,
Altho' it's difficult to say which of the two's the worse!
In one way they are equal—tho' it may sound like a joke,
His 'bacca and his verses, both, are puff'd and end in smoke!
Also—just as a side-line—and to keep him off "the rocks"
He trades in trinkets and descends, sometimes, to peddling
clocks.

And if he meet a stranger-man, whose pockets bulge with "tin,"
John 'Enry'l clutch his catalogue, and take that stranger in!
I really think John 'Enry, with his sweet persuasive knack,
Would strip a porous plaster from a starving blind man's back.
I say these words quite feelingly, at times I rave and swear,
I cogitate and ruminat—because I have "been there"
And still he calls himself my friend! with rage I moan and
mock!

He took me for a stranger, and he made me buy a clock!
The clock looks lovely and it boasts a most angelic face;
Its hands are gold, while Sheraton no doubt, designed the case.
But what's the good of looks, say I, in such a case, forsooth?
That clock's the most infernal liar! it never speaks the truth!
It makes me mad if Brown comes in and when about to go
He, with a snigger, sweetly says, "Your clock's just seven
hours slow!"

Or if Mr. Jones, my fiancée's pa, will gaze and stand aghast,
Chronometer in hand, and say, "I don't like things too fast!"
John 'Enry, he dropt in one day, down on my chair he flopt,
And fairly yell'd "It's right at last"—the curséd clock had
stopt!

I've coax'd it and I've oil'd and I've placed it on its side.
I've remonstrated and cajol'd, in fact I've nearly cried!
I, and my clever friends, have spent six years of groans and
sighs!

It's not an earthly bit of use! it goes on telling lies!
I've miss'd a thousand trains, or more, by trusting to its
hands!

Year in, year out, and all the time, it's lying as it stands!

* * * * *

John 'Enry! I will have revenge! a crushing blow I'll strike!
I'll paint John 'Enry's portrait—and I'll make it very like!!

Mr. GEORGE MILNER brought the entertainment to a close by reading a review of Alex. Ireland's "William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1913.—The Rev. A. W. Fox, Vice-President, was in the chair.

Mr. C. T. T. Bateman presented a copy of his pamphlet, "The Statutes Merchant and Statutes Staple locally illustrated."

Resolved: That a message of greeting and congratulation on the attainment of his 84th birthday be sent to the President.

Mr. J. H. SWANN read a short paper on "Some Old Christmas Numbers."

Mr. HERBERT TAYLOR read the principal paper entitled "Some Notes on the development of the English Novel."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1913.—The chair was taken by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

The PRESIDENT warmly thanked the members for the message of congratulation on the attainment of his 84th birthday which had been forwarded to him.

Mr. WALTER BUTTERWORTH read a short paper on "The Poetry of Rabindranath Tagore."

Mr. LAURENCE CLAY read three metrical renderings from Tagore's English translation of his "Gitanjali."

Mr. J. REDFEARN WILLIAMSON read the principal paper on "Ballads Old and New."

CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1913.—The annual Christmas Supper, held on this evening, in the Large Hall of the Grand Hotel, brought the first half of the Session to a joyous close. Mr. George Milner presided, and there was an unusually large gathering of members and their friends. Under the direction of Mr. Ryder Boys the customary ceremonies were observed with great enthusiasm, a delightful feature being the singing, during the supper, of a number of carols by a group of choristers. Mr. Walter Emsley represented Father Christmas, and sang his song "Here's to his health." After Supper Mr. J. F. L. Crosland proposed the principal toast, "The Club and its President." He said:—

It is with very great pleasure that I rise to propose "Success

to the Literary Club " in this its fifty-second Session and to couple with this toast the name of our dear old President, Mr. Milner.

When the pleasures of spring and summer are past, and autumn and the fall of the leaf are again with us, our thoughts naturally turn to indoor occupations and pleasures and I never have any that I look forward to more than that of attending the meetings of this Club. With the same feelings that I think of travel and of holidays to be passed in other scenes, I always turn to the Club, where I am sure of an entirely different atmosphere to that of my usual daily round.

Nowhere can I find such a complete and thorough change of mental environment as when I enter the portals of the Club, where an entirely different spirit prevails. By intercourse with its members a great advantage is secured—that is, the opportunity of assessing in some fair degree your own mental acquirements by comparison with those of other men, and I know that many of those who have joined our ranks have held (well, shall we say) very favourable opinions of their own knowledge, have gradually found that there were others who knew far more—even on new members' particular subjects.

To those men who are really desirous of increased knowledge and culture a conviction of the superiority of others is always a great incentive to further effort. Therefore, apart from the pleasure afforded by the work of the Club, real benefit is obtained by connexion with it. Six and thirty years ago I was a member of the same Club (the St. George's) as one of the founders of this Club—Charles Hardwick—and I was introduced by him and another founder, Richard R. Bealey. Mr. Nodal was then the President and Mr. Axon Honorary Secretary. Twelve only of the members of that time are now connected with the Club.

During the whole of the long period that has since elapsed my pleasure has been unalloyed, and I cannot remember any jar or difficulty ever arising, which is a striking testimony to the thoroughly cordial and harmonious spirit which has always prevailed amongst us. How vividly I recall those early days and the meetings at the Mitre. Mr. Nodal, our then President, direct, dogmatic, dictatorial and downright, our Hon. Secretary (Mr. Axon) exceedingly grave, ponderous in expression and manner, but not in person; followed in 1879 by Geo. Evans, our Shakespearian reader, gentle and kindly. Recollections of many other well-known and distinguished members occur to me, and, no doubt, to many present. Harry Franks, irrespon-

sible, inventive, always in opposition. H. H. Howorth (now Sir Henry), the author of a monumental work which was no joke, although he, himself, was always bubbling over with facetious anecdote. Dear, delightful Waugh, whom we shall never forget, our quaint old Lancashire "Wayver," Ben Brierley, punning Bealey, interminable Hardwick. Jovial Percy with his poaching songs, my dear friend Wm. Dawes (Eliger Goff), Lockhart, whose Lancashire stories I always considered more humorous and laughter provoking even than those of Brierley. Many notable names will recur to those present—Morgan Brierley, Charley Potter, Bob Pollitt, F. H. Hollins, James S. Dawson, Arthur O'Neill, Ed. Kirk, John Evans, Sir W. H. Bailey, Wm. Baldwin, G. R. Graves, Geo. Sheffield. Our never-to-be-forgotten cleric O'Connor, with whom we laughed ecstatically in the Club and revered when on the steps of the altar. Will any of those who were so greatly privileged as to hear him in his own church ever forget the deeply solemn and impressive discourse he gave us on the last occasion we attended to receive his benediction.

While recalling memories of the many charming and delightful comrades with whom we have passed so many happy hours, we must not forget those of the present, who have many of the high qualities of their predecessors. Let no one start, or fear to blush that his merits will be publicly advertised: you all know who they are. You will notice that, by avoiding the course of mentioning names, we cannot miss or overlook any one. We all know the "Simon Pure," and, if there should be any who do not, they have only to count themselves in, and the list will be at once complete!

Still, I do not want these feelings of satisfaction to act so strongly as to cause members to think that they have reached heights which may cause us to say with Cassius:—

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus;—and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonourable graves.

From the very first institution of the Club the social side has been strongly in evidence, and it has always been prominently put forward by our President, as you will remember, on nearly every occasion of our Christmas Supper. In early days our weekly proceedings were always carried on till we were ejected by the operation of law. Of late, to use the hackneyed phrases "from causes too numerous to mention" and "over which we have no control," members leave early.

Members who prepare valuable and interesting papers upon subjects of importance would, no doubt, like to have time for the expression of the opinions and criticism of their friends. These views were also strongly held by our former President, Mr. Nodal, and he constantly pressed them upon the members, and, with this object in view, suggested that steps should be taken to acquire our own premises—so strongly did he hold this opinion that, after his resignation as President in 1879, he succeeded, with the assistance of Franks, Waugh, Brierley, Milner, Pollitt, Sheffield, Sir W. H. Bailey and many others, including myself, in establishing a cognate Club, "The Arts," with which the "Limners Club" of about eighty-two members amalgamated, and for many years it fully maintained its artistic and literary character, combined with a somewhat strongly flavoured Bohemian character.

After a seven years' apprenticeship Mr. Milner became President of the Literary Club in 1879—of the members at that time connected with the Club *one* only is now on the roll, the Father of the Club, Mr. Newbigging. Until Mr. Milner met with the unfortunate accident that deprived him of his right arm, I do not think he ever missed a meeting of the Club. No amount of trouble or labour ever seemed too much to him in preparing for each evening. I do not feel that it is an exaggeration to say that his opening remarks, after the reading of the paper, were generally as clear, full and interesting as the paper itself, and, not infrequently, overshadowed the unfortunate essayist. I have often felt and said, that it was regrettable that the President's remarks were not reported and published with the paper which they would have illuminated, enriched and largely increased in value. After strenuous service, extending over a period exceeding the memory of the present generation, harassed by the loss of his right arm, failing hearing and supporting the load of eighty-four years, he still is full of spirit, anxious and devoted to the best interests of the Club as ever. How admirable! What an example!

Gentlemen, the toast is "Success to the Literary Club, coupled with the name of George Milner."

The PRESIDENT spoke briefly, yet with great spirit and feeling, in reply.

The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Mr. H. TINSLEY PRATT who said:—

In submitting this toast of "Our Guests," gentlemen, I am reminded that many hard things have been said about Man-

chester from time to time in regard to its want of appreciation for the higher things of life. We have failed to give adequate support to high-class music, and we have also failed to support the intellectual drama. It is, therefore, not surprising that both Mr. Beecham and Miss Horniman have expressed themselves in unmistakable terms. But the trouble began long before this present year of grace. You all probably remember that poem of Tennyson's in which he wrote ungraciously about "niggard throats at Manchester," and further rejoiced that "we are not cotton-spinners all," and that everyone's ears were not stuffed with his cotton. I don't know, gentlemen, whether Tennyson was ever in Manchester, but he certainly must have had a very limited knowledge of the place or he would have been aware not only that we are not all cotton-spinners, but that Manchester contains comparatively few Lancashire people. He would have been aware, if he had known the city better, that one half of its inhabitants come "frae yont the Tweed," while a considerable portion of the remaining half come from—shall we say Germany? It is, therefore, no new thing for us to be entertaining guests, and I think I may venture to say that we do not often send them empty away.

Now since we have failed to support music and the drama it may doubtless surprise our guests to learn that we have any appreciation for the beauties of literature. But there is this difference: that while we cannot dissociate the commercial side from music and the drama, we in the Manchester Literary Club pursue the study of literature merely from a disinterested love for the subject, and not with a view to making money by it:—

As monkish scribes from morning break
Toiled till the close of light,
Nor thought a day too long to make
One line or letter bright:

We also with an ardent mind,
Time, wealth, and fame forgot,
Our glory in our patience find
And skim, and skim the pot.

When, therefore, one considers that there are a score or so of Societies, in and around Manchester, all devoted to literary and kindred subjects, it is somewhat surprising that we can find any time to devote to cotton-spinning. And this, I think, is a sign of weakness. I am of opinion that we have far too many literary societies. Let us have fewer societies and greater concentration. Let these Shakespeare, and Poetical, and Play-

goers' Societies attach their forces to the Manchester Literary Club. That, I think, would be better for every one. And may I, gentlemen, venture upon another small piece of criticism? I am afraid we members of the Literary Club are too fond of reading papers on dead and gone authors—some of whom are very dead indeed!—when we might be devoting our attention to current literature or the drama. But I am getting away from the business in hand. I am to give you the toast of "Our Guests." Well, gentlemen, I trust you will forgive me if I submit this toast in very indifferent verse—for we're all more or less poets—and I shall further crave your indulgence—as a fellow countryman of Mr. Newbigging—to be allowed to express myself in the language of my native country, rather than in the dialect of Manchester.

Mr. Pratt then read the following original verses :—

" OOR GUESTS."

(In guid braid Scotch.)

Ye ken, ma frien's, we're prood the day
To greet ye in oor hamely way,
Wi' bite an' sup—as ane nicht say—
 Wi' ploy an' sang;
An', aiblins, wi' a Yule-tide lay,
 Not over-lang.

We've nae bit parritch for ye're fare,
Or haggis—sung by th' Bard o' Ayr,
(An' for the loss I'm greetin' sair!)
 But, frien's, ye ken
There's ways o' drivin' aff dull care
 Frac ways o' men.

We've boar's heid—it's a dainty dish!
Wi' soups, an' beef, an' game, an' fish;
—He wha to such gear should cry " Pish! "
 Is sure demented;
Hech!—Sirs, if 'tis not to your wish
 Ye're discontented.

Awheel, ma buckies, ilka man
Maun tak' his choice o' pot an' pan,
An' fill his wame as best he can,
 An' drink his brew
O' what'n best his heid can staun'
 —Auld drinks or new.

But dinnae fash yoursels to think
 I'm here to sing o' meat an' drink,
 Your een, ma frien's, would surely blink
 Before I'se ended,
 So let's score out this scrawl o' ink
 —That's soonest mended!

Ye ken we're bardies great an' sma',
 But canty callans each an' a',
 An' when the Music gi'es the ca'
 The singin' birdies
 Aft lose their heids, an' sometimes fa'
 Heels over hurdies.

There's Geordie—though four-score an' mair—
 Wi' grizzled beard, an' silver hair,
 Wi' sang defies auld carking Care,
 An' creepin' Time,
 Who's garnered, though aft troubled sair,
 A hairst o' rhyme.

Weel, frien's, may Fortune ne'er be coy;
 May ye hae sang an' harmless ploy;
 The auld be still at hairt the boy,
 At ease the min';
 —Here's tae ye a', wi' health an' joy
 —*For auld langsyne!*

The toast was responded to by Councillor Mathewson Watson. Songs and recitations were given at intervals during the evening, and Mr. Walter Butterworth thanked the entertainers on behalf of the Club.

Here is the article on the Christmas Supper which appeared in the *Manchester City News* on December 27th, 1913 :—

CHRISTMAS REVELS.

Upon lines long since made familiar by it the Manchester Literary Club held its Christmas supper at the Grand Hotel on Monday evening. Lines familiar, but ever welcome, for they bring the jollity and fellowship which we like to think reigned supreme in England centuries ago. Although during the greater part of the year this city is obsessed in the feverish pursuit of wealth the Literary Club's Christmas revels serve to remind us that the finer things of the spirit are not entirely forgotten.

Bearing lightly the burden of eighty-four years, Mr. George Milner, the president of the Club, took the role of the Chief of the Feast. But before the good old-fashioned repast was begun there was a picturesque ceremony. The Master of the Revels (Mr. Ryder Boys) wearing a flowing robe, entered the room, and announced that the "Guisers" were "at hand," and that "An old-time lordly dish they fain would bring, and in its praise an ancient carol sing." The Chief, having bid the "guisers" come, there arrived a troupe of courtiers, singers, and minstrels. Quaint and fancy costumes they wore; one represented some ancient Japanese aristocrat—novel sight at a Christmas feast. With the troupe, of which Mr. J. H. Hobbins was the Usher, came the Chief Cook, (Mr. W. R. Credland) carrying "the lordly dish," the boar's head, "bedecked with bays and rosemary," which, the Usher told us in song "Is the rarest dish in all this land." And the claim was emphasised by a chorus from the troupe and applause from the company.

The boar's head having been placed before the Chief, the supper began. While full justice was being done to the repast, a choir of boys from Hope Church, Pendleton, under the leadership of Mr. Rayner Clark, organist, took up a position in the gallery beside a Christmas tree and sang several old carols. Wonderfully sweet and charming was the singing of the boys, quite the most delightful feature of the evening. Supper over there appeared again the Master of the Revels to proclaim "Here's Old Christmas with his train." He was immediately followed by the Jester (Mr. Willie Stark), who bounded in, singing merrily. Then the electric lights were turned out, and there floated into the room, now softly lit with candles, the sound of music. Plainer and plainer the music became—it was that of the carol "The First Nowell." Hardly had the echo of it died away before Father Christmas (Mr. Walter Emsley) and his merry escort were amongst us, and listening to a verse of welcome from the Chief. In dignified phrases, rich with the spirit of goodwill, Father Christmas replied to them, and glass lifted high, sang, "Here's to his health," in the chorus of which the company joined lustily. Another rousing song and chorus "A Jolly Wassail Bowl" followed—the song was sung by the Usher—and Father Christmas and his train departed singing "Nowell, Nowell." The remainder of the evening's programme comprised toasts, and songs and recitations. The singers were Mr. Willie Stark, Mr. Alfred Collier, and Mr. Pike, and the reciters Mr. Ryder Boys and Mr. P. Oliver. The accompanist

on the piano was Mr. James Lowe. "Auld Lang Syne" wound up one more notable gathering of the Club.

Mr. J. F. L. Crosland proposed the toast "The Manchester Literary Club and its President." He referred to the unalloyed pleasure he had derived from his association with the Club, and to the cordial and harmonious spirit which always prevailed among the members. He recalled the names of many old members, deftly touching upon the characteristics of the more famous ones. With regard to Mr. Milner, he mentioned that he had been president since the year 1879, and that, despite his advanced age, he was still devoted to the best interests of the Club, as ever. The toast was received with much enthusiasm.

The President in responding, said that he thought it was a great honour that they should be able to maintain in Manchester a club like theirs. He honestly believed that the Club had done a great deal to justify Manchester being regarded as a centre of literature. He was quite sure that if they had not had a Literary Club, Manchester would never have thought of occupying the position of a literary centre, which it had occupied for a long time. He felt that John Nodal, his predecessor, and many others along with himself had always had a keen desire to make it clear that Manchester was not merely a centre of cotton spinning and other commercial pursuits, but that it had a really deep interest in literature. "I must acknowledge," Mr. Milner observed, "the very great debt we all owe to John Nodal. He was a very peculiar man, austere of a kind, but a downright good honest fellow. He did a great deal in Manchester to maintain the connection between Manchester and literature." Continuing, the President pointed out that the Lancashire dialect had gained a position in England which it would never have had but for the work of men like Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley, and other members of the Club. He added that he thought Manchester would attain a still higher position as a literary centre. More and more books were being issued as productions of Manchester men. As for himself he was yet a mere stripling and sometimes felt as young as ever he was.

Mr. H. Tinsley Pratt proposed the toast of "The Guests."

The toast was acknowledged in felicitous terms by Councillor Mathewson Watson.

Expressing on behalf of the company cordial thanks to the artists of the evening, Mr. Walter Butterworth ventured to disagree with Mr. Pratt's fear that too much attention was given to the old authors. Literature belonged to all ages, and while

he agreed they should keep in touch with the vital issues of the day, the true catholic thing was to keep in touch with the best in all literature, past and present.

MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1914.—The chair was taken by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

Mr. THOMAS KAY spoke in feeling terms on the death of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, and presented to the Club a water-colour portrait of Mr. Axon, painted by himself a few years previously.

Mr. B. A. REDFERN read a short paper entitled "A Cumbrian Gala."

Mr. J. REDFEARN WILLIAMSON read some original and sarcastically humorous verses under title "The Swan Song of 1913."

Mr. W. D. COBLEY read the principal paper on "Charles Reade and his Novels."

MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, occupied the chair.

Mr. ALEX. HADDEN read a short paper on "Paris."

He was acquainted with the family of Mr. Robinson, the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent during the Franco-German War, and father of Mary Robinson who married M. James Darmstetter and afterwards M. Duclaux. It was at the home of the Robinson's in Paris that he received and acted upon advice as to how to see the city. Briefly, the advice was this. If you wish to emerge from the muddle of monuments in Paris with some memory of the thread which linked up the city's history, it was necessary to separate them into the three periods represented by the remains of ancient Paris, mediæval Paris and the Paris of the Revolution. How this programme was worked out was told in an agreeable style. Incidentally it was mentioned that William Morris was a frequent visitor to Paris, and when there his friends noticed that he spent a considerable part of his time high upon the Eiffel Tower. When asked the reason for this he replied, "That is the only place where you can see the damned thing."

Mr. L. CONRAD HARTLEY read the principal paper, its subject being "William Ernest Henley."

MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, took the chair.

Mr. JOHN HILDITCH read a short paper on "Japanese Ghosts," which was illustrated by an extensive collection of prints and

colour drawings by Japanese artists. These he also described entertainingly and informingly.

The Rev. A. W. Fox read the principal paper entitled "Haunts of the Eagle : a Nature Study."

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1914.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

Mr. J. Cuming Walters presented a set of the documents connected with the recent "Trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood."

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD read a paper entitled "Sir William H. Bailey, Kt. : an Appreciation."

The paper was not only a worthy and eloquent tribute to the memory of its subject, but a finely discriminating analysis of his character, interspersed with racy anecdotes and illustrations. It was delivered in characteristically dramatic style, and the reader might well have been termed in Miltonic phrase "the old man eloquent." Mr. J. F. L. Crosland and Mr. Albert Nicholson, two of the oldest friends of Sir William Bailey, joined among others in paying a heartfelt tribute to him, and supplementary speeches were made by Mr. Walter Butterworth and Mr. J. C. Walters.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND read the principal paper, its subject being "Some Literary Torsos."

The paper dealt with many literary undertakings which their projectors had left incomplete, or in some instances had never written a line of. Among those mentioned were Chaucer's "Squire's Tale," Spenser's "Faerie Queen," Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," several works by Lord Bacon, and Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd." Reference also was made to Sterne, Buckle, Macaulay, Coleridge, Keats and many another author who had left incomplected work—some of our most admired novelists being among the defeated. Speaking of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" craze, the essayist said that those who had become obsessed by it were as the sands of the shore in number, and their writings on it and talk about it, were as vast dark clouds which blot out the sun and leave us groping helplessly in a maze of intellectual doubt.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, took the chair.

REVIEW NIGHT.

The proceedings were opened by Mr. J. J. GLEAVE, who read a descriptive sketch concerning "An Autumn holiday from Coniston to Grasmere."

Mr. J. A. GOODACRE sent a sonnet entitled "Beyond the Clouds," which was read by Mr. B. A. Redfern.

Mr. L. CONRAD HARTLEY then read the following poem :—

BEFORE THY CLEAR CHILD-EYES.

Philosophies dwindle,
Old Time is a swindle;
And Mammon's rebuked
For his practices crooked,
When under thine eyes.

I would I could treasure
The thought of your pleasure;
But I feel beyond measure
The weight of displeasure
When under thine eyes;

Those eyes that are sending
The shafts now descending
Like rain never-ending;
While I with knees bending
So 'fraid of offending
Am under thine eyes;
And, it may be, pretending,
My heart requires mending,
While under thine eyes.

Thy reprimand silent
Is none the less violent
When spoken by eyes
That I love to look into
Because they're akin to
A child-spirit's eyes.

This measure's not suited
The subject that's mooted,
And my muse has deputed
Three strangers new-footed,
Which at first I disputed
Through fear of thine eyes.

So I'll try to express
With a better address,
What I mean, more or less,
That I may not distress
My indignant empress
Whom, I'm loth to confess,

I have hurt by compressing my thoughts to a mess,
Much more than was necessary; but I guess
Elle fait une politesse,
And her high mightiness
Knows I have to redress
All this, nevertheless,
Howe'er I digress,
And in patience possess
Myself, fuming, breathless,
Even under her eyes.

Would I could tell thee fairy tale
Thou hast not heard before!
Or speak in words that would not fail
To bear thee to the shore
Of some grand sun-lit children's land,
Where straying in the silver strand,
With thy companions, hand in hand,
Could be no "nevermore."

Would I could speak to thee of Life!
But that is not for me
To tell, who joining in the strife
'Gainst grim reality,
Can only guess at thy domain,
And cannot tread the sacred fane
Where thy child-visions e'er remain
So far from scrutiny.

So, child! rather give to me
Thy visions of the mind,
That I, in all humility,
My simpler self may find;
That, walking in that garden fair
Where thou dost dwell in rarest air,
I may be prompted to repair
The temple of my mind so bare
Of pictures of thy kind.

Mr. J. H. SWANN followed with a paper on the technical subject of "Classification" which he made entertaining by showing how a number of books supposed to be written by members of the Club would be dealt with by an expert classifier before being placed on the shelves of a large public library.

Mr. WALTER EMSLEY contributed these remarkable verses :—

THE DREAM.

Last night I had the "scribbler's itch," and seeking for a theme
I slept before a roaring fire and dreamed a lovely dream.
Methought I at the "Club" arrived and found the room too hot,
The tables and the chairs arranged in places where they're not.
The members chatted gaily, sowing o'er again "wild oats,"
There was no wooden rampart separating sheep from goats.
Each little group with pipe and glass around a table sat,
And rapier thrusts of wit were giv'n—and taken—tit for tat.
'Twas really unbelievable to see the wondrous crew!

The dream was of to-night—and now—the night of the "Review"
The President was absent, he to London town had gone,
Another George was knighting him—just like Dick Whittington!

And so the "chair" was sat upon by the Reverend Arthur Fox—
He of the smiling countenance—he steered us well as "cox."
And tho' it sounds incredible, untruthful and absurd,
The Reverend Arthur Fox was dumb and never spoke a word!
'Twas Smithies—man of metal he—who open'd the attack
And tho' it still was Smithies, his hair was short and black!
He read us "Copping coppers or the Art of making brass,"
But as we all were wealthy folk we voted him "no class."
Then Redfearn Williamson got up—he'd grown quite gross
and fat,

And tried to read some po'try, but he soon got stop'd at that.
While Crosland made an effort "Decorating boiler plate,"
Th' "maiden effort" was forgiv'n tho' the matter was of weight.
Then followed lawyer Attkins, as a pierrot, which seem'd right,
His bus'n'ss makes him keen to have things done in black and
white!

"Kids as an investment"—'twas a paper upon gloves,
It sounded queer to hear him speak of "kids" as "little loves."
Then Bagshaw, who had no moustache and spoke without a
flaw,

Got up and rav'd and stamp'd and curs'd at Mr. Bernard Shaw!
The treasurer announced just here—and sat down in a flash—

That everybody'd paid their "sub"—he wanted no more cash!
Then Walters—always Cuming—came, and prov'd with tongue
and fist

That "it is quite impossible that spirits can exist!"
So he and Gow went out a while to prove what spirits are
Tho' Gow is not a barrister he was "called to the bar."
Hilditch got on his feet and swore that Old Japan was "rot,"
While Newbigging ran Gladstone down and said, I darn't say
what!

John 'Enry, he took out his watch and gave us Greenwich time,
And as this was his first offence, I put it in my rhyme.
The Secretary took the floor, his speech, so often blurred,
Was clear and sharp, so clear in fact that every sound was
heard.

And Walter Butterworth got up and spoke one minute—quite,
He advocated "gas works" on the old Infirmary site!
We finished up at half past ten!—It may sound like a joke,
It's true! upon my word it is—that everybody spoke!
So wrap'd up in debate were we, and all so keen to spout,
That nineteen German waiters came and promptly chuck'd us
out.

They placed me in confinement and my feelings were too sad—
The doctor came and certified that I was raving mad!

Mr. C. T. T. BATEMAN read an original poem entitled "Our
Happy Shore: a Seaside Reverie."

Mr. J. LEA AXON followed with a humorous account of some
adventures of his as a sportsman, under title "An Expensive
Rabbit."

Mr. E. E. MINTON read the following short paper:—

BETHLEHEM GATE: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The winter had not been so severe for many years, and
numbers of pilgrims had been detained at Jerusalem because
of the snow which lay deep on the mountain paths leading to
the north. At Bethlehem, on the Sabbath, hungry wolves ran
through the village just after the morning prayers at the
synagogue. Snow fell until mid-day. Then the sun shone
brilliantly. There was a large open space near the middle of
the village, around which were the synagogue, the houses of
the principal inhabitants, and the inn. As it was still very
cold, but few persons were to be seen. Only some dogs and

fowls roamed about under the olive trees, while the Rabbi's servant swept away the snow from the front of his house.

Suddenly a troop of armed horsemen appeared on the road over the hill which hides Jerusalem from sight.

Peasants hurried from their houses, but recognising the newcomers as Roman soldiery, retreated, and closing their doors, anxiously awaited to see what would happen. The horsemen entered the village. About thirty soldiers in full armour, surrounded an old man in a purple cloak, with a stern, close-shaven face. Behind them came a second troop of horsemen armed with lances only, and without armour. The soldiers dismounted, all but twenty who remained in their saddles as a guard around the commander. The others fastened their horses to the trees, and then knocked at the door of the inn. It was opened unwillingly; the soldiers went in, warmed themselves at a fire kindled on the ground of the inner courtyard, and called for wine.

Presently they came out of the inn, carrying wine and bread for their companions, who surrounded the old man with the stern face, where he waited behind the hedge of lances.

As the street miserably deserted, the folk being afraid, and wondering what misfortune was about to befall them, the commander sent horsemen to the back of the houses to guard the village on the country side.

He then ordered the soldiers to bring him all the children of two years' old and under and to slay them there, even as it is written in the Gospel of Saint Matthew.

The soldiers went first to the house of the barber, who humbly asked what it was they wanted; but they did not understand the tongue of the country, and went within to look for the children.

Others returned to the inn, where one little child in its blue gown was playing in a corner of the room in which they had just dined. A soldier picked it up and carried it away under the trees, while the father and mother followed crying.

Next, the soldiers going from house to house, threw open the stable doors of the peasants, and cows, calves, sheep and goats roamed about the village. When the soldiers had broken into houses whose inhabitants had barred up their doors, several of the oldest and richest of the village assembled and went to speak to the soldiers. They bowed themselves humbly to the leader in the purple mantle, and asked him what it was they had done amiss—Had any tax been neglected, or any law been broken, of which they were ignorant? What was it he wanted

of them? What was it he was going to do? But he did not understand their language. Some one ran to fetch the aged Rabbi Simeon who presided over the synagogue. The good old man was putting on his cloak, wondering at the sounds of commotion in the village. The peasant cried: "The soldiers are going to loot the village!"

Horried the Rabbi ran to the door of the synagogue, and the reader followed carrying the roll of the Scripture.

As he stood there, he saw the horsemen, the soldiers before the doors, the animals from the pens and stables wandering about the street; men and women entreating the soldier who held the little child.

The venerable Rabbi hastened into the square, and the peasants turned anxiously towards him as he came under the trees, like unto the High Priest at Jerusalem himself, so crowned with the dignity of many years was he.

They crowded about him when he stood before the man in the purple mantle. He spoke in Jewish and in Aramaic, but the commander merely shrugged his shoulders to show that he did not understand.

The villagers asked Rabbi Simeon in a low voice: "What does he say? What is he going to do?" Others when they saw the Rabbi speaking to the officer came cautiously from their houses, women hurried up and whispered in groups, while the soldiers, engaged in breaking open the door of a house which had been barred against them, ran back at seeing the increasing crowd in the square.

Then the soldier who held the innkeeper's child by the leg, at the command of the officer, cut off its head with his sword. The people saw the head fall, and then the body, which lay bleeding upon the grass. The mother picked it up and carried it away, leaving the head. She ran towards her home, but, stumbling against the root of a tree, fell on the snow, where she lay in a swoon, while the father struggled between two soldiers.

Some young peasants cast stones at the soldiers, but the horsemen all lowered their lances, and only waited the word to charge the crowd. The women fled, and the people lamented loudly, whilst the dumb creatures in bleatings and lowings seemed as though touched by a sense of impending calamity. But as the soldiers moved away again towards the houses, the people grew silent to see what would happen next. Several soldiers entered the house of the reader of the synagogue, but came out quietly without harming the three women, his sisters,

who knelt on the threshold praying. From there they went to a small house which belonged to a hunchback. Here hoping to appease them the door was opened at once; but when the soldiers reappeared amid a great uproar, they carried three children in their arms. The soldiers were surrounded by the hunchback, his wife and daughters, all, with clasped hands, imploring mercy.

When the soldiers came to their commander, they placed the children at the foot of a tree, where the little ones remained in their blue gowns. But one of them got up and toddled unsteadily towards the sheep. A soldier followed with a bare sword; and the child was killed at a blow, falling face downwards, while the other children were killed round the tree.

The peasants and the hunchback's wife and daughters fled screaming, and shut themselves up in their houses. Rabbi Simeon, left alone with the military force, threw himself on his knees, first before one horseman and then before another, and with crossed arms supplicated the soldiers, while fathers and mothers, seated on the snow further on, wept in anguish for the dead children lying across their knees.

As the soldiers passed along the street, they noticed a large house which appeared to be strongly barricaded at both door and windows. When they had tried in vain to force the stout oaken door studded with nails, they clambered up a pile of tubs and so gained the flat roof of the house. There had been a birthday feast at this house, and the families who were assembled there crowded together behind the table as the soldiers descended in their midst. Then began a savage struggle, in which many were wounded. But the soldiers succeeded in seizing all the little boys and girls; then, with these, and a servant who had bitten a lancer's thumb, they left the house, and fastened the door behind them, in such a way that the parents could not get out.

The villagers who had no children slowly left their homes and followed the soldiers at a distance. They saw them throw down their victims on the snow before the old man in the purple mantle and kill them under his eyes with lance or sword, while men and women leaned out of the windows of the houses, cursing them and flinging their hands to heaven, at sight of the motionless little bodies on the blood-stained snow. The soldiers next hanged the farm servant to the bough of a tree.

The work of murder now became more rapid, as if the soldiers were being urged to make an end of their task. Mothers fled from their houses, and attempted to escape through

the gardens into the country beyond; but the horsemen pursued them and drove them back into the street. Fathers might be seen on their knees, offering their scanty hoards of money to the men who dragged their children away, while amid the confusion the dogs barked furiously.

Rabbi Simeon, with white hairs streaming, and hands upraised to heaven, rushed up and down praying despairingly. Here and there, soldiers, shivering in the frosty air, blew on their fingers as they waited with their swords under their arms, before the houses which were being scaled.

Everywhere, as in small bands of twos and threes, they moved along the street, where these scenes were being enacted, and entered the houses, they beheld the piteous grief of the peasants. The wife of a gardener, who occupied a cottage near the synagogue, pursued with a wooden stool the two men who carried off her children. When she saw them killed, a horrible sickness came upon her, and she fell down by the roadside. Another woman fondled her slain child, as if dazed with misery, lifting now one tiny arm, now the other, to see if it would move. Yet another woman fled towards the country, clasping her infant to her breast; but the soldiers pursued her as far as the olive-press on the hill side. In a poor hut at the other end of the village, another band found a peasant woman washing her children in a tub. Being very deaf she did not hear them come in. The soldiers seized the two children and carried them away, and, stupefied, the mother followed with the clothes in which she was about to dress the children. But when she saw traces of blood everywhere in the village, the swords and lances, cradles overturned in the street, women on their knees, others who wrung their hands over the dead, she began to scream and beat the soldiers, who put down the children to defend themselves. Several other soldiers came up, tied the mad woman to a tree and carried off the infants.

Some children were slain by the soldiers in the lanes and orchards outside the village, as their mothers ran with them in their arms. But it was in the market-place in the presence of the old man who directed the massacre, that most of the children were killed.

When all the children were slain the soldiers wiped their swords on the grass and mounted their horses. The day was drawing to a close, and the darkening shades of evening falling early when the officer spoke a word of command. A trumpet sounded its shrill tones loud and piercing above the mourning cries. Then the troop of horsemen rode out of Bethlehem,

taking the road by which they had come and disappeared over the hill.

As darkness descended upon the miserable people they returned to their houses, carrying the dead bodies of their little ones. Others, who had no children, gathered into the pens the herds which the soldiers had loosed. Later still little groups of men gathered round the doors talking in angry and despairing tones : but the women were busy most of the night. There was much for them to do, washing and laying out the bodies of the children, preparing for the burial on the morrow. It was long before the lights were out in this most unhappy village. Perhaps the saddest case, if that were possible, where all were sad, was that of the widow Rachel, who lived in a cottage at the lower end of the village. Her husband, a shepherd, had been attacked by wolves, and had died from the wounds received in defending his sheep, but a twelve month since. She had two children, both under two years of age. She had endeavoured to escape by the road which descends steeply to Jericho. She was overtaken by three of the men with lances. When she could run no longer, she threw herself on her knees, clasping her babes in her arms, and prayed the soldiers to spare them. One of the men, who had already lowered his spear, suddenly dropped it, and threw up both his hands. The other two speared the children as they clung to their mother. She fell shrieking across the little bodies, and lay there in a swoon for many hours. When she came to herself the night was far advanced, and the stars shone bright in the keen frosty air. Broken-hearted, she remained by her murdered little ones. Her neighbours were too much absorbed in their own griefs to remember her, and sunk by the roadside she lay, unseen, forgotten. Unseen, but not unheard, for a peasant, guarding a sheepfold on a neighbouring height, told of the long and piercing wails which reached his ear from afar during the watches of that night. She was found stiff and cold the next morning by some herdsmen driving their flocks to pasture. On the same day they buried her with her children in one grave.

The above is an attempt to translate into words that which has at various times been attempted by pictures, viz., "The Massacre of the Innocents." I must own my indebtedness to a very early little story by M. Maurice Maeterlinck for suggestion as to treatment of the theme. That accomplished writer makes the massacre take place in a Flemish village by Spanish soldiery. I have endeavoured to render it with closer regard to the facts of Eastern and New Testament lore with which we are familiar.—E. E. MINTON.

MR. THOMAS DERBY then read this Impression :—

THE COLLEGE GARDENS, OXFORD : AN IMPRESSION.

" You have not, it is true enough, the grey spires and old towers and enchanted gardens of Oxford or Cambridge. Nobody, I am sure, is more alive to all these glories than your Chancellor."—Lord Morley.

Among the rare delights of Oxford the college gardens yield, to the mind attuned, some of the purest. To one making a first visit they are an unexpected pleasure—a surprise. The magnificent piles of buildings venerable with age, which meet the eye at every turn—the fine grouping in secluded corners, of tower, pinnacle, noble portal, graceful arch, and time-worn buttress : the leisured life, the betobed Dons—impressive with that look of intellectual reserve which comes of knowing things : the broad sweeping river and the stately barges ; for these one is prepared, they come in due order and are, according to anticipation, delightful. But to find that it is only a step from the public—even crowded—thoroughfare to the secluded garden, perfect as a dream of summer bliss, is indeed a revelation.

The extent of these retreats varies from a few yards to many acres. Here is the Warden's garden at Exeter College, with ideal nooks and corners where green things flourish in almost tropical luxuriance—among them a grand fig-tree decoratively covering the front of the Warden's house : the whole occupying no greater space than the potato-patch of a farm labourer.

At Magdalen College the garden and grounds assume the proportions of a fair estate : but, small or large they are alike beautiful.

Often, during the few notable days of our visit, did we turn into one or other of these umbrageous pleasaunces, to feast our eyes upon their beauty and to find rest and contentment.

Come, let us stroll leisurely through one of them.

Leaving the High Street we pass at once into the grounds of Magdalen College, and—behold ! a spacious lawn—the growth of ages—not to be matched out of our favoured island. We cross the small stream, a branch of the Cherwell, which meanders babbling through the grounds, and watch the trouts as they flash in the glittering sunshine among the shallows. Across the stream—what a glorious scene ! Rising from a velvety turf, nature-planted, and of scarcely less note for antiquity than themselves, are stately trees of many centuries' growth whose whisperings—perhaps warnings—may, for aught

we know, have fallen upon the unheeding ears of the unlucky Stewart King as he paced—mayhap plotted—beneath their waving branches.

Under these same trees now are wandering, in graceful leisure and undisturbed tranquillity, a herd of antlered nobility—true lords and ladies of the wood. Instinctively, but in vain, we look for Orlando and Rosalind, for Touchstone and Audrey, and for the melancholy Jacques with his pessimistical musings upon life's ironies and "dappled fools." None of these histrionic personages appearing, we glide into a convenient arbour hard by and find solace for ourselves and for some kindred spirits in singing the immortal bard's immortal songs :

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither !

And :—

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
That o'er the green cornfields did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Which short and impromptu concert being ended, we pass on by "Addison's Walk" to the banks of the Cherwell, where we are privileged to witness a river-idyll, to wit, "a lover and his lass," punting about to their evident enjoyment among the sedges and willows.

And thus wandering on through many very delightful and sequestered spots in this place of real enchantment—as was fitting—for were we not actually for the time being resident in "Keble"?—we discoursed upon weighty matters, and, all too soon, found ourselves at our starting point, where, lo! dreams vanish : for here are tram-lines, gas lamps, gin palaces, policemen, and photographic studios—the resources of civilisation. The remedy, however, is not far to seek : here is another garden : let us enter. O Happy Oxford!

Mr. JOHN HILDITCH contributed this account of a curious dream :—

A DREAM AND WHAT I SAW.

I trust that you will not consider this dream a nightmare! Yet I trust that you will accept it as a dream of my sleeping, and not my waking, moments. I trust also that you will not

consider that imagination was unnecessarily unruly when blowing this bubble from the bowl of my brain. I could not help it, I was asleep.

My name is John, but I do not claim kinship with the Immortal Dreamer. The master Shakespeare tells us that

Dreams are the children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

and yet was not Coleridge dreaming when he wrote his "Kubla Khan"? I think he was! But that is neither here nor there!

I dreamt I was a vagabond and my bed was a flag on the Infirmary site, and my pillow a skull, *i.e.*, a human skull, and, to be correct, it was the skull of a lady who had lived and died at least one or two centuries before the recording angel had recorded the incident of the birth of myself.

The skull was comfortable enough as a pillow and the flag—that hard greystone flag which had received the footfall of tens of thousands of passers-by—was comfortable enough as a bed, but it had one defect, it was not long enough. What became of my feet I know not; but since that stone flag did not reach far enough to support my feet my propellers dropped into some unknown chasm beneath where they were quite content and comfortable until I essayed to rise. And then my feet could not be found! It would have been a remarkable feat to rise without them and this I did not attempt. To lie still and dream was pleasant.

The breezes came up fresh and bright from Garret Lane—I beg pardon—Portland Street—and pleasant trees and high hedges sent to me the fragrance of their blossoms. The few houses which I could see in the distance were quaint and picturesque, most of them having mullioned and latticed windows with overhanging roofs and gables. A few shops, dotted here and there like poppies in a cornfield, were simply built, and had no pretensions to the possession of plate-glass windows, for our friends the suffragettes had then not burst into militants Swayed by the breeze I could see the floating of inn signs which bore such names as "The Resting Stone," "The Flying Horse," "The Quiet Woman," "The Angel," and "The Seven Stars."

As I gazed upon this scene so fair the weather changed. The winds blew and the rains descended. Turning into Market Street and unfurling his umbrella I saw a stranger pass, and after what seemed but a short space of time the Market Street became flooded through the course of the noble river Tib

becoming obstructed. Gazing down upon the wayward stream I saw at length a number of gentlemen standing whom, in a few seconds, I recognised, from badges they wore, as members of the Watch Committee. For all their solemnity the gentlemen put many questions to the offending stream, they argued with each other, and debated within themselves, and presently a portly form was seen bending over the stream itself, his hands playing through the water-current with the agility of a trout-tickler. The manly effort was rewarded by the opportunity of seizing a spring cabbage and bringing it forth from the surging stream amid the plaudits of the little crowd.

The cabbage had caused the flood; not the gentleman with the umbrella as you might have supposed. This personage was now on his way to Smithy Door. I could see him in the distance.

Meanwhile the skull on which I rested found voice wherewith to speak to me, encouraged, probably, by the fact that my one mascot in life is itself a skull—a small white ivory skull which has its place in my waistcoat pocket and which I never suffer stranger hands to touch since I fancy it would resist the contact.

But the skull which was my pillow, and which had found the means of speech, conversed with me to some purpose, for I found it to be the skull of "The Quiet Woman," whose headless body appeared as one of the tavern signs which I had seen swaying in the breeze before the weather changed. The lady's lips were now unsealed, and she showered upon me a torrent of resentment against the men who had taken off her head for the purpose of designing a symbol for such a curiosity as a "Quiet Woman."

Fortunately for me during this tirade there was heard the sound of a constable's flint-lock musket, and the cry arose that the unlucky constable had shot a man instead of a dog! In the hubbub which followed I was left alone and in striving afresh, as best I could, to gather up my feet, I looked around and found that near, unseen by me before, there stood a small infirmary with a lunatic asylum attached. I dreaded now to move. A consciousness of stiffness and soreness came over me and made me almost deplore my state until I saw that the site which surrounded me bore also another building which had across its portals the word "Baths." A hot bath for 4/- I could have, or a cold one for 9d. I decided to have both, retaining likewise a peculiar aversion to the idea of being immersed in the "Ducking Pond" which offered its strange facilities near by.

A century later and I had not regained my foothold. Everything was changed around me. The Watch Committee had grown in numbers and in affluence, and policemen on stately chargers patrolled the now busy thoroughfares. But on the old Infirmary greystone flag I still lay when even the Infirmary itself, with its tales of suffering and records of medical conquests, had gone to other scenes.

There was left in its place a building or group of buildings which looked like settlers' huts, or like cowsheds on a model farm, and away down a cindered path past this building stood a remnant of the Infirmary—an accident ward.

Thither I was conveyed, by whom I know not, but I know that as I went my way I discovered that the building which looked like huts or cowsheds was in reality the huge wooden box in which the Manchester Corporation keeps the city's books.

When I awoke from my dream at last surely another century had passed and my feet were prepared to comply with all my wishes now. Round and round the infirmary site I walked and stood upon the flag which had been the keystone of my dreams. All was altered now. I did not know the scene. Before me stood a temple—a temple dedicated to the greatness of Manchester, that is, to the greatness of her sons and daughters whose toil and struggle had placed the temple there. I passed within. My footfall echoed to a thousand sounds, and round and round the walls and corridors I read the names of citizens whose hands had reached outward to the future, whose brains had swirled with the future's claims, and whose souls had been enwrap in *visions splendid*.

That their names were emblazoned in gold, or carved in marble, was perchance the least of the honours accorded these citizens whose love of the city had armed and inspired them for the task of temple building. Honour more substantial, more glorious, was accorded them in the freedom with which men and women, youths and maidens, entered the stately halls to study according to their needs, in the domain of trades or crafts, or sculptural or pictorial arts. What the temple of my dream was called I am not sure. But I know that it was fragrant with the memory of some *men of to-day*—as well as of *yesterday*—and of the *day before*.

It was a great temple, and I call it temple because no other name was given it and because, also, the influences which suffused it as I passed through made a link with the present and the past.

The fleeting mist on which my dream was painted rolled away. I was awakened by the gentleman whom I had seen unfurling his umbrella in Market Street. It was still raining; but the rain did not unweave my rainbow!

Mr. J. REDFEARN WILLIAMSON succeeded him with the poem and epigrams which follow :—

ENSHRINED.

In a petalled cup of a vermeil hue
Like a lucent gem lies a drop of dew
By a golden gleam of the sun shot through.

In its leafy bower, in a garden fair,
A radiant rose scents the amorous air
With a perfume exquisite, delicate, rare.

And high in the heavens, far out of sight,
A skylark pours, in its quivering flight,
A passion of song for my soul's delight.

But fairer and sweeter than all combined
Is a dear, dear face in my heart enshrined.

ON WINE.

"Look not," the Proverb Writer said,
"Upon the wine when it is red";
But though he warned us all, 'tis true,
Against the wine of roseate hue,
He did not say, the kind old fellow,
We must avoid the white and yellow.

FAME.

Fame is the mocking voice that fills
The hollow centuries, and dies
Like a last echo in the hills
That merges in the silence of the skies.

ART.

Art is the flower of life that grows
To rhythmic beauty in a world of prose.
As the heaven-seeking, lovely Alpine rose
Blossoms amidst a wilderness of snows.

Mr. J. H. HOBBS contributed a short paper "Concerning the British Schoolboy."

Mr. J. E. CRAVEN exhibited and described a block of pig-iron, or some petrification which had deep indentations upon it, apparently made by chain-mail. It had been found on a moor near Todmorden.

Mr. WILLIAM BAGSHAW concluded the entertainment by reading a sonnet on "The Sonnet."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair.

Mr. Ernest Axon presented twelve copies of the "Vegetarian Messenger" for January, 1914, containing a biography, with portraits, of the late W. E. A. Axon.

Mr. W. D. COBLEY read an original story entitled "Mr. Fraston's Conscience."

Mr. J. H. SWANN read an "Impression," created in his mind by a monument seen in Norfolkshire.

The Rev. W. C. HALL read an original Sonnet.

Mr. J. E. CRAVEN read the principal paper, being "A Lady's Story of her Youth, a Hundred Years Ago." The lady was the daughter of an army officer who later had received the appointment of Keeper of St. James's Park, London. Her diary, kept during the Regency and early years of the reign of George IV, was full of intimate personal detail, amusing, romantic, sad, and at times just commonplace, but giving on the whole a vivid portraiture of life among the upper classes at the time. There were anecdotes of Princess Charlotte, of the Dukes of Wellington and Grafton, of Tippoo Sahib, the Archbishop of York, and many other personages of the day.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1914.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

Mr. L. CONRAD HARTLEY read a short paper on "Ellwanger's Idyllists of the Country Side."

Mr. H. TINSLEY PRATT read the principal paper on "The Manchester Dramatists."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair.

Mr. J. J. RICHARDSON read the short paper which follows.

A GREAT JOURNALIST.

When you hear it said of a writer that he is a great journalist, however substantial the praise may seem, for there have not been many great journalists, it usually carries with it the implication that he is not, from a purely literary point of view, a great writer. He may be fluent and forcible, persuasive and popular, but, as literature, his work is negligible; for journalism, though it has much to do with writing, has frequently little to do with literature.

Now and again eminent writers who have achieved some measure of success in literature have been known to say, and not always in after-dinner speeches, that they attribute much of their success to having had, in their early days, to practise journalism, and thus acquire a facility in the art of writing and a readiness in expressing their views clearly. But others have contended that the trammels of journalistic work are so strong that they prevent a writer, by their insistence upon his incessant activity with his pen, from acquiring a style and a power sufficient to justify his writings being classed as literature.

It would ill beholden one who is neither a journalist nor a writer to express a definite opinion on the matter, but it does not seem improbable that literature and journalism are, by their very natures, antagonistic in spirit. The man who can write on almost any topic, and at the shortest notice, and who is continually having to do so, has no chance of husbanding or maturing his ideas, or of pruning or polishing his style. Such a man can have little time to see more than the surface of things and his emotions have to be too easily roused for them to be deeply felt. He has small opportunity for reconsidering his first impressions. He must catch the mood of the moment if he would be up-to-date. His pen must be so active, so facile, so exuberant that of very necessity he uses words and phrases that have lost their freshness and force in expressing himself. He cannot wait for the coming of the just word, nor seek patiently the exact phrase as do those who leisurely cultivate the art of fine writing. Neither can he attain the simplicity and clarity of style which seems to come without effort from the truly great writers.

To attempt an illustration of this by naming living journalists would be invidious, though quite easy. Let us go back to the much derided mid-Victorian days when George Augustus Sala held premier place as journalist. No one would, I suppose,

deny him the palm, or now read anything that he wrote. His writings served their purpose and were extremely popular, but they are now buried in oblivion. In more recent times W. T. Stead was at the head of his profession, an active, forceful personality with a keen eye as to effect on his public. Many hard things were said of him, many accusations brought against him, but no one ever accused him of being a great writer.

It may be asked what do you consider is the stamp, or hallmark, of the great journalist? To this I would reply that when an individual has the energy and ability to found magazines and newspapers and to control and conduct them to the point of success; when he can write column after column of interesting and, at times, instructive matter upon topics the most varied in character; when he is able to discourse upon social economics and dilate on society scandals; to discuss the complex problems of finance and the curiosities of popular superstitions; to put forth views upon the gravest difficulties of foreign politics and the latest outrage or crime; to write of the religious attitude of the age and the most ephemeral of current fads, with never at a loss for something to say and usually something worth reading about on these innumerable topics, then surely the man must be called a great journalist; and such a man was Daniel Defoe. He has been termed "the father of English journalism," and also "the greatest of all journalists," and to both of these titles he seems to have considerable claim.

Of course the newspapers of the early part of the eighteenth century and those of to-day can with difficulty be compared, so enormous are the changes which have taken place in the last two hundred years. The application of steam to the propulsion of the means of transit, the discovery and perfecting of the electric telegraph, the invention of rapid rotary printing machines, to name some of the chief causes of the great difference; the increase in the number of readers, the discovery of the value of advertising—to the advertisers—have also contributed to the production of large newspapers and lavishly illustrated magazines beside which the little papers and broad-sheets of Defoe's time look insignificant if not ridiculous.

The enormous change which has taken place in our newspaper press is chiefly mechanical and has been largely conditioned by progress in the mechanical arts and sciences. Without such progress the vast improvement would have been impossible. But when we think for a moment of the mind behind the newspaper, of the journalist who supplies the intellectual fuel that is the motive power of the press, who

would venture to say that the journalists of to-day are greater than those of two centuries ago. Who, in fact, would dare to say that they are as great when we recall the familiar names of Swift, Defoe, Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke.

Yet great as were Defoe's services to journalism had he had no further claim upon our admiration and consideration his name would now have been forgotten or known, if at all, only to the student of the eighteenth century literary history. Fortunately for the endurance of his fame he in his old age, and after a life of incessant activity, literary, business and political, took to writing fiction.

His earliest venture was his most successful,—the first part of the ever fresh and delightful adventures of Robinson Crusoe—but his later novels "*Moll Flanders*," "*Roxana*," "*Captain Singleton*," for instance, are still readable and full of interesting sidelights upon the life of Defoe's time.

Concerning the early life of Defoe there are few trustworthy records. Even the date of his birth is uncertain. His earlier biographers give it as having taken place in 1661, but later research points to 1659 as being more probable. His father was a Nonconformist and intended his son for the Dissenting ministry, but, after his training for this was finished Daniel, for reasons not known, seems to have gone into business as a hosier, or hose factor. Later in life, when reference had been made to his apprenticeship as a hosier he repudiated the statement as far as regards the retail trade saying that he had been a trader in hosiery but never a shopkeeper. Evidently the prejudice against shopkeepers as compared with wholesale traders existed in Defoe's time. We know that a century later it gave the point to Napoleon's taunt of us as a nation of shopkeepers, and it exists in our own time, when to sell one or two of an article stamps a man as inferior in the social scale to the man who sells dozens or grosses of the same article, on the principle, I suppose, that a man who steals a sovereign is a common thief and the man who calls his creditors together and discloses a deficit of a hundred thousand pounds is a great financier who has been unfortunate. The logic of the point of view may not be obvious but the world is not run on logical lines. Perhaps, fortunately so for the peace of mind and comfort of a great number of people.

Whether Defoe was a wholesale or a retail trader may be in doubt, we know that he was not a successful one; for a few years later, in 1692, he was in trouble with his creditors. The

reason for this could not be due to any lack of ability on his part, but to his neglect of business for the more interesting pursuit of letters and politics. There is evidence of his having published a pamphlet of satirical verse sometime before his failure occurred, so that we may suspect him, knowing his taste for writing, of having often written anonymously. Besides that when late in life he wrote his "Complete Tradesman," he pointed out the moral that a young man should stick to his business and not indulge in politics and letters, but keep behind his counter instead of frequenting coffee houses.

Defoe did not long remain under a financial cloud. His was not a nature to give way under misfortune. He was possessed of extraordinary energy and had a masterful spirit that nothing could subdue. If one venture had failed all the more need to try another in the hope of success. And soon we learn of him for awhile as exceedingly prosperous and paying back to his creditors a considerable part of their losses. Of his chequered fortunes he, himself, wrote this couplet in his old age :—

No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.

When, on November 4th, 1688, William of Orange landed at Torbay, Defoe was one of the many who warmly espoused his cause and placed his pen at the King's service. It was in defence of William III, and against those who railed at the King and his Dutch companions because of their foreign origin, that Defoe wrote his longest and most trenchant satirical poem "The True Born Englishman," in which he sought to prove, as his lines say, that

A true born Englishman's a contradiction
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.

And then he goes on to castigate those who claim a purity for our island breed in these words :—

These are the heroes that despise the Dutch,
And rail at new come foreigners as such ;
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived ;
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ravished kingdoms and dispeopled towns ;
The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft and rapine hither brought ;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains ;
Who joined with Norman French compound their breed
From whence your true born Englishmen proceed.

Defoe had rather a weakness for expressing himself in these rhymed couplets, but the great bulk of his work is in prose. He was a most prolific writer. Pamphlet after pamphlet came from his pen in support of the political views of William of Orange. Many of them were published anonymously so that only an estimate can be made of the quantity of his writings. One of his biographers has made this and come to the conclusion that Defoe cannot have written less than 250 separate books and pamphlets.

At this period William III was anxious for a vigorous prosecution of war against France, but found the House of Commons averse and the nation lukewarm on the matter. Defoe took up cudgels on behalf of the King and wrote persistently and persuasively in favour of the war. Then came about what we now call "the swing of the pendulum." An election took place and a new House of Commons assembled, "as warlike as the former had been peaceful," and this called forth from Defoe the caustic comment that "of all nations in the world there is none that I know of so entirely governed by their humour as the English," and it does not need a long memory to recall events that would warrant the conclusion that the national temperament has not changed much, in this respect, during the last two hundred years.

For his efforts Defoe received due recompense, and it was very welcome to a man in his embarrassed financial condition. The manner in which Defoe was rewarded for his services shows us that Kings can be as generous as the more democratic governments of our own day in giving well-paid posts to those who have helped them. Our rulers, to-day, may be more lavish in their rewards but that is because of the vastly increased wealth of the country, not from any originality of theirs in providing liberally for faithful supporters. Defoe was appointed Accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, and the next few years were the most prosperous of his career. We learn that he had a good house, kept his carriage, and went about "gorgeously appparelled."

A love of fine clothes was one of Defoe's foibles. Whether he was high on the crest of Fortune's wave, or deep in the trough of it, he was always gaily attired. He might be spending his week days hiding from the bailiffs who sought to get hold of him for debts, but when Sunday came, and he could sally forth without fear of arrest, he was always well dressed in "fine flowing wig, lace ruffles and a sword by his side."

Defoe having found it lucrative to support a monarch, or a

political party, with his pen never lost his desire for such employment, and was seldom without an engagement. When William III died suddenly he offered his services to Queen Anne's ministers, and found them acceptable. His merits as a political pamphleteer were fully recognised. He had a boldly trenchant style, a homely and persuasive method of treating his subjects, a clear and simple manner of expounding his arguments, and an artful way of appealing to the popular ear.

Professor Minto has compared him, on these points, with a later writer in these words :—

He bears some resemblance to Cobbett, but he had none of Cobbett's brutality; his faculties were more adroit, and his range of vision infinitely wider. Cobbett was a demagogue, Defoe a popular statesman. The one was qualified to lead the people, the other to guide them. Cobbett is contained in Defoe as the less is contained in the greater.

Defoe, as might be expected from so powerful a journalist, was equally well able to support, or guide, either political party. He could state the case for the Tories with equal vigour and plausibility to that with which he would champion the defence of the Whigs, or vice versa. At heart he was undeniably a Whig and a Dissenter but this did not prevent him taking up cudgels on behalf of the Tories, when it was his interest to do so. He had been in the employ of Godolphin, the Whig Lord Treasurer, but when Queen Anne made up her mind to dismiss Godolphin and appointed the Tory Harley as her Prime Minister, Defoe very plausibly argued thus: "It occurred to me immediately, as a principle for my conduct, that it was not material to me what ministers Her Majesty was pleased to employ; my duty was to go along with every Ministry, so far as they did not break in upon the Constitution, and the laws and liberties of my country."

And, of course, what more natural, when such principles guided his conduct, than to offer his services to the new Tory minister. The value of Defoe's advocacy, on whichever side it was employed must have been considerable for Harley seems to have had no hesitation in employing it; and so, whilst Harley remained in office Defoe was his faithful henchman, and the various journals he was interested in gave support to the Tories.

Reading quietly and dispassionately now of these happenings we can feel no surprise that the Whigs resented Defoe's conduct, but he, himself, seems to have done so, for he complained of their hostility towards him. They were soon, however, to have him once again on their side. Harley passed from the

Chief Office of State to a room in the Tower, where he awaited his trial on a charge of high treason, and the Whigs were once more in power. Defoe's pen was now employed by them but this time with an artfulness that is amusing. It was arranged that as he had been supporting the Tories he was still to continue, apparently, as their champion, but take all the sting out of his writings against the Whigs so that, to use Defoe's own words, "by this management the *Weekly Journal*, and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same nature of management as the *Journal*, will always be kept to pass as Tory papers, and yet be disabled and enervated, so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government."

This duplicity on the part of Defoe was unknown until fifty years ago, when the discovery in the Record Office of six letters from Defoe to a Government official threw considerable light upon the devious methods of Defoe's journalistic career as well as his character as a man. It might almost be said that there was in him an ingrained tendency towards deception, and that he took a cynical delight in imposing upon people. He seems to have enjoyed developing paradoxes and writing in a vein of irony about questions of the moment. He cultivated the art of dwelling upon details and giving veri-similitude to whatever he wrote about, and so successful was he in his practice that what was really only fiction became readily accepted as fact, as Defoe ingeniously asserted it to be. This method of work stood him in good stead when, at nearly sixty years of age, he commenced novel writing and contributed largely to the popularity of his books. He tells his stories with such an air of simple reality that the reader can hardly doubt their truth.

What we find most lacking in Defoe's works, and in his character, is the spiritual and the romantic. He makes no appeal to our higher feelings and finer emotions. His concern is entirely with worldly and material things. His frequent references in his novels to money and goods, with minute details as to quantities and values, that his heroes or heroines have either gained or lost, indicate this somewhat sordid side of his character. His novels abound in moralisings upon the actions of his characters but they are on a low utilitarian level. When his creatures show signs of wishing to give up their evil life and become honest and virtuous it is not usually by reason of any remorse or earnest desire to repent but because they have become afraid of being caught and punished for their misdoings.

Yet Defoe was a religious if not a devout man and apparently

free from the common vices of his age. At least there seems no record of such indulgence on his part, and considering how heartily he was disliked by his rivals and contemporaries any such scandal would surely have been brought up against him, for Defoe had no hesitation in writing and publishing scandal of others. As a journalist he had a keen scent for "what the public wants," and in his celebrated *Review*, whilst writing on foreign and national politics, he had a portion of it entitled "*Mercurie Scandale*; or advice from the Scandalous Club, being a weekly History of Nonsense, Impertinence, Vice and Debauchery," as a tempting bait to get readers.

In his *Review*, with its treatment of widely differing subjects, both grave and gay, he anticipated, if he did not suggest, those more literary papers which we owe to the genius of Steele and Addison; for the "Tatler" did not appear until five years later than Defoe's venture.

However much we may admire Defoe's versatility, his intense energy and his powers as a writer, he is not a man for whom we can feel any affection. He is not one of the lovable figures in our literary history. His failings are of a character that arouse our dislike rather than call forth our pity. There is in them a taint of mercenary selfishness and an entire lack of candour. This is the more regrettable because there is in Defoe's intellectual equipment so much that is worthy of the highest praise. He had an active and receptive mind always ready to take broad views of subjects he was interested in, and fertile in throwing out suggestions of reform. Many of his ideas have been embodied in our laws in more recent times and, on two points at least, he has anticipated much of the prevailing political and social thought of to-day. He was a strong advocate of Governmental interference and regulation, and of the higher education of women. He wrote:—

I would have men take women as companions and educate them to be fit for it . . . I cannot think God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same enjoyments as men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks and slaves.

With such ideas we are now so familiar that they appear commonplace. Their significance is only apparent when we recall that they were written nearly two centuries ago when woman's vocation in life was regarded as fixed, and on very narrow lines, not, as now, in the melting pot with much doubt and many misgivings as to the form it will ultimately be

moulded into. The height of Defoe's opinion of woman was expressed in his saying that :—

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison . . . and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful.

This fine panegyric should endear the name of Defoe to one half of the nation, and, of the other half, does it not possess, as a source of perennial delight, the incomparable adventures of Robinson Crusoe?

Mr. W. NOEL JOHNSON read the principal paper on "Fine Art and Democracy."

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1914.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER, was in the chair.

Mr. Laurence Clay and Mr. Wm. Whitehead were elected auditors of the accounts of the Session.

Mr. A. R. SCOTT read a short paper entitled "Once famous Clubs, their rise and decay."

The earliest mention of a London Club is in the reign of Henry IV, and it was named "The Court of Good Company." Tradition asserts that Sir Walter Raleigh was founder of the "Mermaid Club" and that there he met Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Donne and others. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the celebrated "Literary Club." The membership is exclusive, and since 1764 to 1910 fewer than three hundred members have been elected. Other Clubs mentioned were the Beefsteak, Almack's, Brookes', White's and the Cheshire Cheese.

Mr. C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN read the principal paper on "The Diction of the Anglican Church Prayer Book."

The Prayer Book as we now have it was revised in 1662, but the more graceful and more impressive passages are those which have been left untouched in the Tudor version. The Elizabethan standard of English, the highest we have inherited, is clearly traceable in the Prayer Book, and is there preserved to us for regular use. The Prayer Book may be viewed in four aspects—as a record of dogma and rule either of creed or style of public worship, as a fragment of ecclesiastical history, as a literary production, and as a collection of pieces of rhetoric intended to arouse emotion and spiritual energy. It was to the last two aspects that the reader confined his attention,

instancing many archaic expressions, obsolete words, and words now having a changed meaning. He also read a number of passages as illustrations of the eloquence and beauty of the language of the Prayer Book.

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1914.—The chair was taken by the President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. Thomas Kay presented a photographic portrait of Edwin Waugh in conversation with Mr. John Heywood.

Mr. E. McCONNELL read a note on the origin of the nursery tale, "The House that Jack Built."

Mr. S. C. HANNING read an original comedy entitled "The Quixotic Widower."

Mr. EDGAR ATKINS read a short paper on "The advantage of incorrect Expression."

Mr. D. E. OLIVER read the principal paper entitled "British Drama of the Twentieth Century."

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. W. D. COBLEY read this "cubist" poem.

WHAT MATTERS THAT?

(The love poem of a "cubist" poet.)

Upon the swift express I took my place,

In class the first I rode.

What matters that?

Nought of the passing scenes I saw,

I read the papers,

There I read of Statesmen,

Murderers, thieves and rogues;

And which was which I couldn't tell,

What matters that?

All that I know I cannot tell,

What matters that?

I know that man doth conquer space,

But Time doth conquer him.

What matters that?

A sense of awe I felt, of fast approaching doom;

—That I must "dree my weird"

(And that's been said before),

What matters that?

Anon, I heard a distant roar,

A rival train flashed past,

In Time's most minute fragment,
At window ten a female's face I saw,
And all for me was o'er.

What matters that?

Far into space that day was hurled
My better part, if not my "better half."

What matters that?

If she be widow, wife or maid, I cannot tell.

What matters that?

If rich or poor, or sad or gay or red or black, I cannot
tell.

What matters that?

But in the dim hereafter we shall meet,
And be for ever one.

What matters that?

Mr. WM. BAGSHAW read the short paper which follows.

JULES ROMAINS' "MORT DE QUELQU'UN."

The theme of the book is that one lives as long as one is remembered in the thoughts of a living being. Not until the last thought concerning us dies out of the human mind are we really dead. The author, M. Jules Romains, was born in 1885, he is still living in the ordinary way and is considered by many critics, English and French, as one of the most vitally original writers in any country. He is the leader and, I believe, the founder of a school of writers who call themselves the "Unanimists."

The Unanimists take certain accepted doctrines of social psychology, such as the reciprocal influence of the individual and the group, and endeavour to analyse and describe the forces at work. But they go further than the cautious outposts of science and boldly proclaim the existence of group-minds and group-gods, such as those of the Barracks, the Theatre and the Church.

In *Mort de Quelqu'un*, which I think may be translated the "Death of Anybody," M. Jules Romains shows how the death of a quite obscure person influences the thoughts and actions of a large number of people, many of whom have no apparent connection with him.

Jacques Godard is a retired engine-driver. He is a widower without children and he lives alone in a flat in Paris. His only connections are his aged parents who live at a long distance in the provinces, and the members of a trade society which

meets once a month. M. Romain gives an entertaining analysis of his character. Godard, he says, thought much though he had little learning and had read few books; for he considered it fatiguing to add to what he learned in childhood. New ideas were like supplementary wagons and added to the weight of the train. But he had certain personal ideas. Time he considered as something optional and elastic, and clocks were machines of illusions. He did not believe that the appearance of objects corresponded to their nature, and was the only one possible. He had seen objects alter according to the speed of his locomotive, and he knew how walls, trees and houses had movements unknown to the man on foot. He ended by judging his fashion of looking at things equally true as that of the people who do not travel quickly.

Godard dies in the second chapter of the book, and the rest of the tale deals with the displacements which his death causes in the minds of various people.

The concierge finds Godard dead in bed and after despatching a telegram to his parents he informs some of the tenants of the death. A little group assembles in the bedroom looking with respectful curiosity at the dead man and talking about his death. They make the usual remarks, but according to the author the components of the group while in existence in the room resemble more and more the man who had been living under its roof and among its furniture. It recaptured the soul of the engine-driver.

Godard's death creates a ferment in the housepeople who have been strangers to each other, or who have merely nodded a "Good-day" on the stairs. Now they stop and talk about the poor man dying all alone. Women slip out of their flats for a gossip on the landing leaving the doors ajar. And here the author imparts a curious and ingenious notion. The wind from the street blows the doors wide open and the women get views into each other's rooms. Says the author: "Each door thus made a species of cross confession." One learnt things about one's neighbours hitherto unknown, the red tiles of a kitchen, the colour of a wallpaper, so and so had a rosewood bedstead, the kitchen lacked linoleum, a Christ in boxwood hung on the wall. Thus the life, the past, the effort towards happiness, the ideal of each family escaped for the first time, becoming an exterior perfume. The lodgings panted towards one another because of the dead man, and all mingled together on the staircase landing. While the women are talking the doctor passes in and out and they remark on his professional calm and

indifference. They feel a desire to become more sad about Godard's death to prove that the house cares for the dead if the rest of the world is indifferent. Then we have the curious psychology of M. Romaines expressed thus :—

Then the groups of women existed as one confused and soaring soul such as characterise the congregations of a church. Like them they conceived figuratively things which surpass our earthly destiny and human powers; they strove, for a moment, to incarnate certain of man's visions, of that being who feels for all and that Life which never ends.

Finally the tenants decide to subscribe for a wreath and two little girls are sent round to collect the money. Three ladies go together to purchase the tribute and the author gives minute and subtle descriptions of the conversations and the thoughts of the various characters. Godard has brought them into closer relationships and his image is floating about in their minds.

In the next chapter we are shown the effect of Godard's death in his native village. The telegram arrives at a country town and is sent to his parents by a messenger boy, who arrives just at mid-day when the village is about to resume its group life. The peasants, shepherds and women, are returning for their dinner, and the village houses, which had been little more than heaps of white stones exist again with a communal life. The news of Godard's death spreads quickly; the peasants speak of him during the repast. But they can only recall to mind Godard living. Most of them think of him as a young man. After the meal the families disperse to work, the village becomes again an empty thing. And Jacques Godard is no more there than in his body at Paris.

The effect of the news on his parents is described at great length and with much subtle sympathy. The old man's chief grief is that he did not hold his son's hand at the last. One ought to be at the bedside of the dying watching for the last irreparable moment. Then without a word being spoken something essential passes from the man who dies to the man who survives. If no one watches by the bed, then everything vanishes from the room, flies, is lost and wanders about like a mad dog.

The old man broods on the perfect happiness. It is to live *en famille*, on your little estate, close, between old walls, not to have children at a distance; no one outside save the ancestors in the communal graveyard. Formerly it was so. Sons at twenty years did not leave their father. One did not feel the

presence behind the mountains and skyline of great cities, so near nowadays that one could almost hear their rumour, and divine their red glare in the night. Formerly one feared death less, and grief for the dead was calmer. One carried to the grave the least possible. The essentials remained. One knew their ideas, passions and familiar words by heart, every wrinkle and line of their faces was familiar. The body disappeared and also its habits, gestures and tone of voice. But the family gathered them together again as one gathers together the furniture of neighbours which has been carried away by an inundation.

Nowadays sons died when far away, after years of absence; one could only remember them in their children's dress. One knew not what age had made of them. Jacques had no children and this almost irritated the old man. He exclaims :—

They are queer folk in the cities. They don't want to have children. What an idea! Nothing is right. I ought to have died first, then he, and then his children.

Then he thinks again :—

It is hardly credible my son is dead. This morning, before the telegram, Jacques lived. A telegram is not sufficient to change the world. If I had not received it I should always have had a son living in Paris.

He decides to go to Paris to attend the funeral, and minute descriptions are given of his journey by diligence and by train. We have more illustrations of the group-life in the diligence and the railway compartment. M. Romain has even the fantastic notion of making inanimate objects partake of human emotions. During the day he says the houses see the streets and think of them, in the evening the streets see the houses and incline towards the lighted windows. Another chapter describes the tenement at night. We are shown the various families at their meals, we hear the conversations about the dead man, and later the form of Godard is seen flickering in the dreams of the sleepers, while his physical body lies cold and still on its bed.

The book is remarkable for its demonstration of the power of thought. The author with minute skill describes its ramifications, the force of its influence even when not expressed in words.

The funeral is attended by a deputation from Godard's trade society, some of the tenants and the old father. The thoughts

and emotions of the cortege are set forth at length, and as they alter considerably according to the streets and boulevards it will be seen there is much detail that is not exactly exciting to the novel reader. However we have one incident on the way to the church. The cortege has just found itself, that is to say it has acquired a uniform group-mind, and is walking tranquilly, when suddenly it becomes conscious of disquietude coming from the street. At some distance the roadway is blocked by a huge crowd of people. As the funeral slowly approaches it is seen to be a battle between strikers and *gens d'armes*. There is a fearful clamour which suddenly dies down as the cortege slowly advances.

"Make way for the funeral," some one cries, and a lane opens out, and panting workmen and police stand bareheaded and at the salute while it passes through.

The cortege enters the church by a little door on the left. It crossed the threshold slowly, one by one. Each soul was alone one instant to receive the first whiff of incense and impression of gloom.

The account of the service in the church is remarkable in many ways. In addition to the group-life of the funeral cortege, there is what M. Romain calls the great defeated soul of the church which has become enervated by having so much empty space to fill. For there are only a few women and old men and one priest praying in a side chapel. The church affects the funeral party in many ways, they have a feeling of sadness and kindness. The silence ordained prevents each one enveloping himself in his own words.

Then the deep murmur of the organ fills the whole church like a cry fills a mouth. The men sigh, a woman makes the sign of the cross, the priest thinks of the dead man. The music flows around their souls, displaces them, races them, draws them into a sort of warm and vital current. They have the impression of being carried by the blood of a vast being.

The old father weeps quietly, without sorrow or bitterness. He even feels a strange hope of happiness invade his mind; he has an emotion he has not felt for years the foretaste of the future. The idea that there would be a to-morrow, then a day after, then other days filled him with that tumult of the heart which thrills young men at certain times.

The book is full of close and sympathetic observation and original thinking. In the form of a novel M. Romain is able to carry his theories to fantastic lengths, but he has a powerful imagination added to his other gifts which enables him to

illustrate his ideas through the characters and scanty action of the story. In this short notice I have given an inadequate idea of the far-reaching effects of this obscure man's death as unfolded in the novel. To some extent it exemplifies the truth that we are all members of one another, and "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

Mr. WALTER BUTTERWORTH read the principal paper on "The City of Manchester."

THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Whichever way we turn to consider the city of Manchester it is a big thing; in size, in population, commerce, manufacturing, shipping, learning, libraries, energy, enterprise, perseverance. The growth of the city is a striking portent. A century ago Manchester and Salford together numbered scarcely 100,000 inhabitants. Now there are a million or so. And at this moment a big public movement is gathering momentum to formulate the idea of a Greater Manchester, that swarming, industrial, energetic, tireless urban district of South East Lancashire of which Manchester is the commercial centre. At present the city is not fair to look upon. Its streets are narrow, except for dignified Portland Street and a few others. The rivers are unspeakably black and malodorous. It is credibly reported that no one is ever drowned in them—they have no time. Such of the buildings as are good are half hidden or ill-placed. The city is smoky and dirty, and the whitestone of its new buildings becomes black with soot in a few months, and external carvings are half lost to sight. A fairer Manchester would, he believed, slowly take the place of this unlovely city. The aim of all thoughtful people was surely to help the trend towards a community of healthy and happy men, women and children. A municipality is the whole body of citizens, not the council of representatives elected by them. Responsibility rests finally upon them, and if they are indifferent the city will infallibly suffer. Nothing should be condoned which makes us ashamed. We need in our councils men and women of imaginative insight who are kindled with enthusiasm, and who are impelled irresistibly to fight against ugliness and foulness whether material or spiritual.

ANNUAL MEETING.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1914.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided. The report of the Council on the Fifty-second Session, and

the Hon. Treasurer's statement of accounts of the Session were submitted and adopted.

Mr. GEO. H. BELL read a report on the position of the Abm. Stansfield Fund, showing a balance in hand of £7 13s. 2d.

Resolved: That a message of sympathy and encouragement be sent to Mr. Thomas Newbigging, whose continued illness was reported.

Resolved: That the Bury members of the Club be thanked for the present of the Simnel Cake which they had forwarded.

Mr. George Milner was re-elected President of the Club; Mr. J. E. Craven was elected a Vice-President, and the office holders and Council were all re-elected.

The debate on Mr. Walter Butterworth's paper on "The City of Manchester" was resumed, Mr. J. F. L. Crosland initiating an inspiring discussion, and was carried on and concluded with great enthusiasm.

CLOSING CONVERSAZIONE.

MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1914.—The Fifty-second Session was agreeably concluded by holding the usual *Conversazione* in the large hall of the Grand Hotel. Mr. George Milner presided, and received the members and their friends. Pictures painted by Mr. Walter Emsley, A. H. Hammond, and Mr. E. E. Minton were exhibited. A delightful programme of entertainment was also provided, in which the Orpheus Glee Society took an important part; Mr. D. E. Oliver and Mr. J. F. L. Crosland gave a number of recitations; Miss Crosland and Miss Lowe sang, and Mr. James Lowe presided at the piano.

Mr. MILNER in his address to the gathering said that the chief aim of the Club was to make literature acceptable to all who attended its meetings. He would say that he could not live without literature; he certainly could not pass a very comfortable existence unless he were indulging in its study. He could remember the time when it was thought not at all advantageous to be interested in literature, but now he felt that in Manchester they were ambitious of being regarded as a community that honoured and loved literature.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY BAILEY, KT.

We regret to announce that Sir William Henry Bailey died suddenly at the Savoy Hotel, London, on Saturday, November 22nd, 1913, at the age of seventy-five years. By his death Salford has lost one of her most notable sons, and this vast community a public man of varied talents and a personality of gracious charm and abounding activity. For well over half a century Sir William loomed large on our intellectual and social horizon, making himself at home wherever he went and whatever the occasion, be the company high or low. The genial knight was not only at ease himself, but put others at their ease, so broad and tolerant was his outlook on men and things, so deep his desire to make the best of life and to lead others in the same direction. Born in Salford, Sir William came of a family identified with that borough and Eccles for over two centuries. His father, Mr. John Bailey, in early life was head of the experimental department of the engineering works of Messrs. Sharp and Roberts. Mr. Bailey the elder had much to do with developing the inventive genius of Richard Roberts. He was an inventor himself, as was his son after him, and founded the well known firm, the Albion Works, of Messrs. W. H. Bailey and Company Limited, Salford. Educated at the Manchester Grammar School, the future knight served his apprenticeship in his father's machine shop, and on the head of the firm retiring in 1866 became proprietor and sole manager of the concern. Sir William was not long in finding himself, and besides attending to his own business took his full share in public affairs. He entered the Salford Town Council in 1874, became an alderman six years later, and in 1894 he was elected Mayor of the borough, a memorable year, for it marked the opening of the Manchester Ship Canal by Queen Victoria. Her Majesty signalled the auspicious event by conferring the honour of knighthood upon Salford's Mayor, a fitting recognition of the staunch support which had been given by Sir William to the great undertaking both on the public platform as well as out of his means to the amount of £40,000 which

he invested in shares. Sir William retired from the Town Council in 1898. He was an ex-president of the Manchester Association of Engineers as well as of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, and had served as president of the Manchester Shakespeare Society, the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, the Manchester Field Naturalists' and Archæological Society, the Manchester Dickens Fellowship, and the Arts Club. He was likewise a vice-president of the Manchester Literary Club, a prominent member of the Northern Footpaths Preservation Society, and, an old Volunteer himself, he was a strong supporter of the Territorial movement. In politics Sir William Bailey was a Liberal. In 1866 he married Miss Dorning, of Astley. Lady Bailey died in 1904.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Sir William's personality was unique. He was bubbling over with good spirits and vivacity. Wherever he was there was laughter—he was the irrepressible teller of good stories, the maker of mirth, the stimulus to wholesome merriment. Few who saw him at a public gathering, his face wreathed in smiles, would have imagined that he was also the keen and vigorous business man; few who saw him in the midst of a party, whiling away the time with quip and wit, would have thought that he was the strenuous worker, the restless inventor, the constant traveller, the omnivorous reader, the unsparing toiler during long days and often long nights. To some he seemed merely the convive, the diner-out, the raconteur—but this was his recreative side. He was no idler, no society butterfly, but a man of diligence and despatch.

He was intensely human and humanising. He touched life at all points, grasped at all legitimate pleasure, and believed that the proper use of life was to enjoy it whether at work or play. For he enjoyed his business as much as he enjoyed his relaxation. With the same zest that he would relate the latest anecdote or repeat the latest epigram he would discuss science, art, and philosophy. When started on a favourite theme his copious flow of language was little short of marvellous, and he would use his prodigious memory also to advantage, quoting freely from authors and poets and dramatists, reciting long passages without effort, pouring out in one flood the storage of a well-filled mind. The effect was at times overwhelming—"and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew." It was a boast of his, and no idle one, that he practically remembered all he read; and I have known him, rising

from a volume, repeat almost word for word a whole chapter. His taste was catholic, and the variety of his studies boundless. In the course of conversation or a speech he would be as glib with Barham ["Ingoldsby Legends"], Hood, Calverley, and Gilbert as he was with Milton, Browning, Shakespeare, and Montaigne. The more he talked the more it seemed he had yet to say; his subjects grew and expanded as he handled them; he was full of surprises and inexhaustible in resource.

And with it all he was ever the genial, considerate, chivalrous gentleman. For many years he was Manchester's handy man—whether presiding over a children's festival, opening a bazaar, conducting a political meeting, lecturing before a literary society, expounding science or mechanics, or doing any of the dozen gracious, useful, and profitable acts in which he delighted, he was equally at ease and always entertaining and instructive. It followed inevitably that he was much sought after, and that a score of societies claimed his presidency. He was always on the rush—rushing from meeting to meeting, then from meetings to business, from business to his clubs, from his clubs to social functions. Then suddenly he would disappear—the gay white hat and the smartly besflowered coat would not be seen for weeks and months; but one day they would unexpectedly reappear, and smiling Sir William would casually explain—in the midst of the latest joke—that he had been down the Mediterranean, in Morocco, through Italy, or spending his time in his beloved Paris, Berlin, Madrid, or Rome. And at once the whirl of activities would begin again, and he would be ready for lecture, song, or dance, ready to open a new session, ready to deliver a lecture, ready to go the round of the theatres and concerts, ready to dine out and set the table in a roar, and ready to plunge into the labours of the great business he had built up by his unflagging industry. No one could say with Walter Savage Landor more truly than he: "I warmed both hands before the fire of life," and he warmed them to the end.

Within the last few weeks he had been as active as ever. He was at the ex-Lord Mayor's last reception as hearty as ever; he was at the Reform Club a centre of jollity; he was on the platform at the protest meeting against the Russian persecution of the Jews; he was immersed in business in London—and then the end suddenly came. In his own way he is quite irreplaceable. He leaves a gap in Manchester life which no one else can fill. His individuality has no equal—none but himself could be his parallel.

It must be remembered in justice to him that beneath all his gaiety there was a deep seriousness. His humour was but the bubbles on a nature that realised his duties and responsibilities, that laboured with set purpose, that aimed at high achievement. Literature was a passion with him. But his fame lies in the realm of invention, and Sir William Bailey ranks among the men of originality and genius who have made the world richer by the value of their discoveries. As an engineer his triumphs were notable, and his name will be associated with many brilliant feats. He used to declare, not without warrant, that it was he who had solved the problem of perpetual motion, for he made the tides of the Mersey do his bidding, and so long as they ebb and flow so long will his ingenious apparatus act.

Many aspects of his character betoken that he was a typical Lancashire man. It was by his own efforts he rose. He gave his services to the public free, and his municipal career in Salford was one of conspicuous success. "Write me as one who loved his fellow-men" would probably have been the epitaph he would have chosen, and we on our part may readily anticipate his wish and ungrudgingly pay him that tribute.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Another old friend has gone ahead, leaving some of us who journeyed with him most of the way only a little behind. Amongst the group of pilgrims to which we belonged I look back in vain for another personality like his. The last decade has made such ravages into our ranks that a momentary glance along the line is enough, but the space occupied by William Henry Bailey is a big gap.

I knew him in joy and, alas, in deep sorrow. He had terrible bereavements. A charming little daughter gradually faded and drooped before him. A son with a brilliant career before him was accidentally killed, and a wife, deeply devoted to him and her children, was taken from him. It is within my personal knowledge that for her and the children's sake alone he firmly refused the highest honour his fellow townsmen could bestow upon him. He did not wish to over-burden her, and for many years he kept the temptation at bay. I doubt if his wife and children knew of the quiet sacrifice he made for them at that time. Notwithstanding all this, however, the public knew nothing of these things—apparently he was always cheerful and bright.

As a raconteur I have not met his equal. Funny stories seemed to bubble from him—they were full of humour. I am

not good at remembering such things, but one rises to my mind at this moment. Button-holed when hurrying for the tram I was held with this remark : " Oh, just a moment, John ; I must tell you this. An old man and his wife were sitting quietly before the kitchen fire. After a long pause the wife said, ' John, I've been thinking. When anything happens to either of us two I shall go and live at Southport.' "

This was the kind of humour he was constantly emitting, and during the last two or three years it almost got the better of him. I have seen him rise to give a carefully prepared address, and after two or three lines of his manuscript the passion seized him. At the end of three-quarters of an hour, the time allotted to him, and during which the audience were in a high state of merriment, he pulled out his watch, and in blank amazement and with a comical look said, " I find my time is up, and I've said nothing upon the subject. Well, never mind, I'll give you the address some other time."

He had a marvellous memory. I have heard him give almost endless quotations, always apt and to the point. On one occasion he quoted more than a page of Montaigne. He was merely called upon to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman, but his quotation, garnished with his own witty remarks, put all other speeches in the shade. On our way home he drove a mile out of his way to drop me at my own door. I could not help expressing my astonishment at his facility. I asked him if he had committed the appropriate passage to memory. " Oh, no," he said, " the thing just cropped up. You see it's a gift. When I have read a thing carefully I can always repeat it when necessary or useful. If you had had the book you would have found the quotation almost word for word." " When do you read?" I asked. " You have an absorbing business, and evening calls upon you are incessant." " Before breakfast," was the reply. " Whatever time I go to bed I always manage to get time then."

At the " Dickens Fellowship," when, as a personal favour, he was induced to become the first president, he personally was a great asset. Whether talking about Mrs. Gamp, Honeythunder, or Mr. Sapsea, a special favourite of his, he was brimming over with humour, and always said something new and striking about them. The numerous societies and clubs with which he was connected will suffer a great loss. He could not be present at any meeting without leaving his impression upon it, and that is just as true of his native district.

JOHN HARWOOD.

Mr. William Hewitson, Bury, writes: In the years (1877—1892) when I was on the staff of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, I knew Sir William Henry Bailey very well personally, and he was a jolly good man to know. At that time he was residing in Eccles New Road, where I occasionally saw him in connection with some of his lectures or papers. He had a good library and was quite a genius for knowing where to put his hand on the information he wanted. I “flimsied” some reports for him—so getting the “copy” into the Manchester offices early, whereby there was a better chance of getting into print. It is a notable coincidence that Sir William and Lady Bailey should both die suddenly, both away from home, both in a hotel. Lady Bailey, who was buried at Brooklands Cemetery, Sale, in March 1904, died suddenly at the Pwllcrochan Hotel, Colwyn Bay, where she and Sir William were staying. She rose from the dinner table, fainted, and died straightway.

In December, 1896, I wrote to Sir William Bailey in regard to his reported family connection with Sam Bamford the Chartist, whose maternal grandfather was a native of Bury. Sir William, writing from Sale Hall, replied: “I am pleased to receive your letter. I cannot now trace my actual relationship to Bamford, but I have heard my father say, over and over again, that he was a distant relation of ours. My father is now dead, and I have not been able to find any old people who can tell me anything about the connection. My father was associated with him as an Owenite, and Bamford was a Chartist for some time, leaving the Chartists when they opposed Free Trade, which I believe they did at first, and when he became a member of the Anti-Corn Law League. I have always been sorry that I did not make greater inquiries into the matter during my father’s lifetime. Our family and ancestors have all been about Eccles and Irlams-o’-th’-Height for about two hundred years, and the name was formerly spelt Bayley, as may be seen upon the gravestones of my great-grandfather and grandfather. Why it was altered I cannot tell.”

“R.” writes: I venture to say there is no spot in Manchester where Sir William Bailey will be more missed than the “Turret” in the billiard room of the Manchester Reform Club. Here gathered daily all sorts and conditions—politicians, aldermen, budding Parliamentarians, merchants, political engineers, artists, antiquarians, knights, municipal reformers—and a few ordinary men. To this group the entry of Sir William was like the coming of a sunbeam, for he was indeed a cheery soul.

The moment he was seen the man in possession hurried up with his story, for on his arrival Sir William at once took command of the conversation. He charged us every day with being conspirators undermining the foundations of society, and at once sat down amongst us. He was not a very good listener to our tales because he could always go one better himself, and he had no greater joy than to find a new audience for his wisdom and jokes. Sir William Bailey enjoyed life thoroughly. In his mouth was the law of kindness, and no ungenerous word ever came forth. He would help anyone, and it is significant that on the day of his funeral, whilst the mansion had its flag half-mast, the humble cottages on the route drew their modest blinds. He loved to tell stories of his father, his Methodist ancestry, the bass fiddle, the "hungry forties," the champions of the Anti-Corn Law League, Salford worthies, his journeys abroad—how he enjoyed himself and so did we, for when Sir William was present we never had a dull or unhappy moment. Truly, "we shall never look upon his like again," and his memory will indeed be pleasant.

ANECDOTES.

Alas, poor Yorick! How oft he set the table in a roar. It seems only yesterday, and in point of fact it is but a week or so ago, that I heard Sir William deliver his last speech. He was proposing a friend's health after dinner. "One of the very best sort," he said, "and there are but few of us left"—and as he uttered the old wheeze, of which he was so fond, he led the laughter as he had so often done before. He was addicted to these little harmless sidestrokes, compliments which he paid to himself, while his eyes twinkled merrily. "My mother was a very wise woman—and I take after her." "My father was an inventive genius—and we bore a strong resemblance to one another." "I had an uncle who was a clever musician, and when he died I inherited all his gifts," and so on. There was no vanity in this; merely abounding good humour.

His versatility was remarkable. I spent an evening with him early in the year when he proposed toasts, delivered an excellent speech on Science and Books, recited Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi," and then by way of a change Barham's "Look at the Clock," sang an old Lancashire ballad, and took part in a dance. Some time after midnight he started telling stories in his inimitable fashion. At last we saw him off to bed, and a few of us gathered round the fire for a last smoke.

All at once a head peered over the banisters, and a voice said : " If you think you're going to sit up longer than me, you're wrong," and down came Sir William in his dressing-gown. Next morning he was the first up, got through his correspondence, read the papers, went a twenty mile excursion, made more speeches, and caught the midnight train for London. No wonder he said he never had time to feel tired.

He used to say he was knighted for his good temper. The Ship Canal proceedings were getting rather dull, when he gathered a party around him and related a few anecdotes. Queen Victoria asked who that amusing little gentleman was, and on being told said : " He deserves something ; I'll knight him," and next minute he was rising as Sir William. Of course this was his jest ; so was the alleged conversations he had with Her Majesty after the ceremony.

The irrelevancies of Sir William, and the glorious inconsequence of his remarks at times, were a positive joy to those who listened. When he began he was never quite sure how he would finish. I remember once discussing with him a literary problem. He began with an emphatic No, and then proceeded with his reasons. As he went on he gradually changed sides, and then, just as he was coming to the climax, a startled look came on his face and he cried : " By Jove, I mustn't say that ! I'd almost converted myself. Well, as Montaigne said——" and off he went again on his favourite hobby.

He could talk very clever nonsense, and make mock orations with ease. How many can recall that marvellous flow of words, that amazing series of arguments mutually destructive to each other, when he discussed " Does the lightning produce the thunder, or the thunder cause the lightning ? " It was exquisite farce, and I only wish this masterpiece of witty absurdity could have been preserved.

His power of deliberately talking nonsense sometimes served him in good stead. Not long ago I heard him relate the story of his Salford fight, and it ran somewhat in this wise :

I was walking down a lonely part of Salford one day when I saw a big, burly labouring man ill-using a woman, and I told him to stop. The man asked me what business it was of mine, and said that if I wasn't careful he would serve me the same. He was twice my size, but I could not stand that, so I said to him, " Shall we fight it out ? " " If you like," said the man, " and I will give you the biggest hiding you have ever had in your life." " Take off your coat then," I said. Then I looked the man over and I thought to myself that I had better be

careful, so wishing to gain time and wondering how I should get out of the trouble I began to talk to him.

I said : " Before we begin, my good fellow, may I ask if you fight in the crude and elementary methods of our rough-and-ready forefathers, or according to the latest rules of science? Because it is only fair for me to tell you that I myself always act on scientific principles. According to the law of hydrotatics as laid down by the eminent philosopher Humboldt, and verified by Salamander the statistician, the pressure of the human fist, falling at right angles upon the human eye, and impelled by the velocity of the arm, added to the moral force of the outraged and indignant combatant, is equal to the centripetal gravity or irreducible momentum mentioned by Sir Isaac Newton when he discovered the laws of gravitation by watching an apple fall from a tree."

I saw the man's eyes opening wider and wider as I went on, so I thought as I was getting the advantage and covering him with confusion, I would give him a little more of the same sort. Accordingly, speaking as rapidly as I could, I added these words :

" This momentous discovery in the world's history was made also in the Temple of Isis according to the ancient mythology of Egypt; but without descending into the intricate complications of the dark ages I will proceed to demonstrate that the ratio of the density of your own evil-looking countenance is not equal to the avoirdupois weight of the muscle and fibre of the British constitution, and this can be done by producing a series of magnetic shocks which will insulate you from the rest of your fellow-men for the remainder of your life."

At this point the man put on his coat again and said, " I don't fight with madmen," and ran away. And so did the woman !

Audiences loved Sir William, and allowed him to do pretty well as he pleased with them. Early in his municipal career he told me he took the chair for a very unpopular candidate. When the candidate rose to speak he was howled down. The meeting became a pandemonium. Then Sir William rose with a smile that would not come off, and, getting a hearing, said : " Just to test the feeling of the meeting, let us have a resolution. I propose a vote of confidence in the candidate. Those in favour show hands." Not a hand was raised. " Thank you," said Sir William. " Silence gives consent. Carried unanimously. I declare the meeting ended," and so he hurried from the platform.

His repartee was excellent. At a bazaar a young lady tried to persuade him to have a cup of tea. "I don't want any," said he. "Just have one cup, Sir William," pleaded the smiling girl. "Well," he said, "bring me a quarter only." She went away and returned with the cup full. "This is too much. I asked for a quarter," said Sir William. "Oh, we make very good quarters," replied the girl. "Perhaps so," said Sir William, looking roguishly at her, "but you'd make 'better halves.'"

He had many adventures both at home and abroad. His stories of the Italian fishermen who charged him too much, of the Constantinople cabby whom he frightened, and of the Moorish chiefs with whom he did business in an entirely novel but profitable fashion, are familiar to all his friends.

And what a boy he was! Who does not remember that eventful year when he had purchased a mechanical canary with a particularly long and exasperating whistle? He took it to the Town Hall with him, and showed it to groups of ladies in corridors. He carried it about in trams. And he took it to the old Queen's Theatre during the revival of "Cymbeline," and in the garden scene, where some pigeons strutted about the stage, people were surprised all at once to hear those innocent birds seemingly whistling like canaries. And there was Sir William in the box with his mechanical bird adroitly concealed pretending to be as perplexed as anybody.

Well, well, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. He lived a happy life, and tried to make the lives of others happy also. The secret of it all was his pure unselfishness. And he had no enemies, only friends in great multitude, friends who will long remember him, and friends who will miss the radiant cheerfulness of his company.

LITERARY CLUB'S TRIBUTE.

Presiding at the Manchester Literary Club on Monday night Mr. George Milner made a feeling reference to the late Sir William Bailey, who was a vice-president of the Club. Mr. Milner said he felt like a general in battle seeing his officers fall about him. The two things for which Sir William Bailey was noted were his ingenuity and his geniality. It was safe to go to him for advice and he always said something worth while. He was a man of remarkable character. No one could be long in his company without hearing him allude to Montaigne, and his attitude to that great writer was admirable and amusing, a kind of literary worship. He would be greatly missed from

the circle of the club. The members would never forget his face, and would seem to see him and to notice the smile which came from the very roots of his nature. It was a jubilant smile, a smile that made one think there was "something coming," and that what came would be unusually good. His tendency was chiefly towards science, but he was never found lacking in his appreciation of books.

A resolution of sympathy with the family was proposed by the Rev. A. W. Fox, who said that Sir William enjoyed life and was a thorough hard worker. He was a Dickens character, in some respects almost a Mr. Pickwick. In the club records there was an extraordinary list of the subjects with which he had dealt, and numerous pamphlets and papers to his credit which had been published. Particularly would they remember Sir William at the Christmas supper with his ever-beaming face. He was essentially a "clubbable man." Mr. Fox added the interesting statement that he was one of those present who saw Sir William knighted by Queen Victoria.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. J. F. L. Crosland, who claimed to be the oldest of Sir William's friends in that room, as he had known him before he attained his twenty-first birthday. The resolution was carried in silence. Subsequently Mr. Walter Butterworth mentioned some of the social characteristics of Sir William, and recalled the happy parties at Mr. Joel Wainwright's, at the Field Naturalists, the Geographical Society, and the early days of the Ship Canal. One of his most admirable features was his abounding cheerfulness. He was a man who had suffered many personal losses, and had had his sorrows, but he never trailed his griefs before others; it was natural to him to keep some sunshine about him, for he was a laughter-loving man and loved to look upon the bright side of things.

WORK AND IMAGINATION.

From Sir William's inaugural address to the members of the British Westinghouse Club, Trafford Park, in March, 1912: Capacity for enjoyment of this life increases with capacity for work. Those who work the hardest enjoy themselves most, for it promotes good health; such get the most out of life. The intellectually idle suffer, and are soon tired and bored, and in a weary, dismal fashion they will sometimes write essays or contribute articles to the magazines on that melancholy subject, "Is life worth living?" For a busy man, the most refreshing of all recreations and the most delightful is that intellectual interchange of opinions that may be found among men who

love literature and poetry and works of imagination. Although it is rest from business, yet it is actively employing other portions of the mental faculties. This relaxation is healthy for the body and adds to the general stock of what the French call "things of mind," treasures that cannot be stolen and will remain with you so long as life exists.

Imagination is imperial, in the poet, the painter, the architect, and the engineer. Whatever may be the character of your studies, whatever may be your lot in life, learning without imagination is poverty. The imagination of the poet rings the changes on melodious thoughts, and gives to mankind psalms and hymns and melodies enriched by

Fancy that from the bow that spans the sky
Brings colours, dipped in heaven, that never die.

Imagination forms loving harmonies from the dumb rocks and stones, metals and marbles, which live in the mind's eye of the architect and sculptor and engineer long before they have a local habitation and a name. And it is by wielding this kingly power, the gift of the gods, that all successful engineers build up in the visions of their minds engines, tools, and machines and instruments which work, geared up complete and perfect in every part, before they are placed black upon white on paper. Imagination is the breath of life that makes the dry bones live.

NOBILITY OF MUNICIPAL WORK.

From an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Old Mancunians' Association in November, 1908: The Lancashire municipalities are triumphs of local government, and in advocating that all old boys should take up a "cause" outside their own wants, I would strongly urge that the best way of co-operating in maintaining our splendid position is to join the leading citizens in promoting the health, education, care of the poor, the happiness and prosperity of the city. Likewise the creation of noble ideals in art and beauty, which are among the work of municipal corporations, of which that of Manchester is an example. Municipal work is the very epitome, the most exalted expression of British freedom that we possess. Municipalities are what the citizens make them, and it is the duty of citizens who have ideas and noble thoughts, and who desire to see the city prosperous, to unselfishly engage in work which is true chivalry. There are many Grammar School old boys in the Manchester City Council, whilst many others, most of whom I know, have a "cause"; in fact, there are very few busy men

in Manchester who do not work for a "cause." It is criminal for any man to give way to the opinion that the nation is declining, its character degenerating, and its honour passing away. Those who believe in baseness and corruption have gone a good way to yield unto it themselves. Danger comes from the man of no politics, from the superior railing man who, doing nothing himself, sneers at municipal work. Every little band of men gathered together with a cause for the benefit of the people, if the cause be a righteous one, will make it be successful in the end. Above all, do not forget that as the future of this Empire depends upon the wisdom of its sons, begin at the beginning, take care of the little children, and undermine those fearful monuments of woe and neglect, the workhouses and gaols. For your scholars the gardens of creation have open gates, and having great knowledge of the pleasant places in these gardens, what a blessed privilege it is to take the little neglected ones by the hand and show them the paths that lead to many new worlds, where the music-makers and lovers of man wish to make life one long melody!

IN MEMORIAM.

We needs must envy that great realm above
Which snatches from our midst our noblest men;
Those lordly souls, alas! that ne'er again
Our homage may receive or earnest love.
By thy great talents we could always prove
That duller guides to us were worthless, when
Compared to those who nourished by the pen
In mental sway o'er thought and passion move.
Thine was the aim, and this thy life has shown,
To wisely cultivate the pliant mind,
Through wit and humour purest pleasure gain:
Show worldly men, whose joy is wealth alone,
To higher thoughts and feelings ever blind,
They miss the heaven of a cultured brain.

T. H. M.

The remarkable demonstration which took place at the funeral on Wednesday at Brooklands Cemetery testified eloquently to the affectionate regard and respect which Sir William Bailey had earned for himself in the community. It is very seldom indeed that such an expression falls to the lot of any man, so intimate was it and so varied in its representative character. The vast concourse focussed in an impressive way the very best

that is contained in the public life of greater Manchester, in art, literature, education, and social and intellectual effort generally, as well as in our trade and commerce, in all of which departments Sir William took a hand and played a worthy part. Further, the gathering represented all shades of religion and politics, and a chance remark of a member of the Manchester Constitutional Club, who was among those in attendance, may be said to embody the general feeling of all, namely, that they came as a mark of affection and admiration for Sir William's long record of splendid public service, rendered willingly and without stint to the community, regardless of creed, party, or class. As the funeral procession moved on its way from Sale Hall there were manifestations of respect from the residents along the route, followed by the wider and deeper tribute at the cemetery. At the gates the chief mourners were met by Dean Welldon, who, with the Rev. J. P. Cort, vicar of St. Ann's, Sale, conducted the burial service in the chapel and at the graveside. As a souvenir each of the mourners was the recipient of a dainty booklet containing a portrait of Sir William and the funeral service.

—*Manchester City News*, November 29, 1913.

AN OPTIMIST.

When a pessimist dies there is a certain consolation to be wrung from the event. His own worst fears have materialised at last. A prophet of evil has come by his own. But when an incurable optimist dies—a brave soul seems to have been betrayed. The cut-throat Death has stolen on an unwary traveller. For that reason the optimist is ever the more deeply grieved. He has the heavier purse to lose in his light heart. It will not be merely the man of affairs, the scholar, or the antiquary, but the optimist, that will be most sorely missed through the sudden death of Sir William Bailey. Business men are easily replaceable cogs; scholars have even their heirs in learning; collectors are outlived by their trophies: but the loss of an optimist is irreparable. And it is an optimist that we think the late Sir William Bailey would have been writ down. Almost in the first stages of a long life he had consolidated a great business and found fame as an inventor; his middle age was given over largely to public affairs; and in his age he still cultivated the arts as assiduously as his other interests. To the end it was his habit to commit some striking passage in literature to memory every week. But Manchester is full of men who have amassed learning along with lucre. Yet it con-

tained but one Sir William Bailey. The man's personality, in fact, was greater than his achievements. When the average Mancunian dies we involuntarily think of the future of his business. But Sir William was much more interesting than all his manifold affairs. If he had lacked his inventive ingenuity, his business sagacity, and all his artistic aptitudes, he would still have been a striking personality. For he was in the finer sense what Mr. Arnold Bennett has called a "card." Had he lacked a small fortune to invest in the Manchester Ship Canal, he would still have believed in it; had he not been a director of the company, he would still have forecast a golden future for the Trafford Park Estate. Indeed, his superb optimism and his genial cynicism were almost un-English. Like his clothes, their polish suggested the cosmopolite rather than the Manchester man. He never knew that melancholy which Addison held "haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an Easterly wind." Rather, he laughed at it. And before the genial banter of his speeches our spiritual fogs would clear away. For his most daring sallies left no sting. He was probably the only man in England who could have dared, as he did the other day, to write down all golfers mad. In these days of machine-made nonentity, such genial dogmatists grow rare. Manchester will miss the tonic of Sir William's raillery in her drab day's routine, and culture has lost her most eloquent apostle in our midst. But much of his best work is woven into the fabric of the city's prosperity.

Manchester Courier, November 24th, 1913.

WILLIAM EDWARD ARMYTAGE AXON.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. William Edward Armytage Axon, which took place on Saturday, December 27th, 1913.

Mr. Axon was born in Manchester in 1846. In 1861, when he was fifteen years of age, he became an assistant in the Manchester Free Libraries, serving first under Mr. R. W. Smiles and afterwards under Andrea Crestadoro, Ph.D. He was an omnivorous reader, and his duties at this time put him into the way of gathering great stores of information, much of which he afterwards returned to the world in the shape of books and magazine articles, mainly on local history and antiquities. Mr. Axon eventually became a sub-librarian, and held that position until 1874, when, being then 28 years of age, he made a short devia-

tion into commercial pursuits, and became the secretary of a business company. This work he found uncongenial, and in the same year, 1874, he joined the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* as office librarian, a position which he retained until 1905. His knowledge of local affairs and local history was of frequent use in the day-to-day production of the paper; and he was an industrious and well-informed biographer. Mr. Axon contributed also to the magazines and encyclopædias. He wrote the article on Manchester in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," wrote much for the "English Encyclopædia" and the "American Encyclopædia," and furnished many short biographies to the "Dictionary of National Biography." He compiled also the valuable "Annals of Manchester," a great storehouse of local history, and was an acknowledged authority on the folk-lore and antiquities of Lancashire and Cheshire. These tastes and accomplishments were much valued by his fellow-members of many learned societies. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1868, and in 1899 received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the Wilberforce University of America.

But the degree which he prized most of all—that of Master of Arts (*honoris causa*)—came to him from the University of Manchester. It was given to him when he was confined to his room and was suffering from an illness which he knew must have a fatal ending. In Mr. Axon's case the University authorities departed from their usual habit and themselves went to the home of the person whom they desired to honour. Professor Weiss, Vice-Chancellor, and Professor Herford and others representing the University on October 27th this year met Mr. Axon at his home in Victoria Park. Professor Herford, in presenting Mr. Axon to the Vice-Chancellor, said that, alike in the literary and social activities of this community, he had played a notable part. Mr. Axon had won early recognition as one of our first authorities in the history, literature, and archæology of the county and of other counties near and far.

Mr. Axon's learning went a good deal beyond these antiquarian subjects. He was a very accomplished linguist, and was conversant with some Oriental as well as several European languages. He was a man of diminutive stature, and wore the habit of much poring over books. In his later years he looked, with his long grey beard and blue Inverness coat, unmistakably the *savant*. He was always glad to be consulted on any erudite point in literary and historical scholarship, and if he did not know the fact himself he could always point to the book, and

even the chapter of the book, in which it could be found. Mr. Axon was an authority on the life of De Quincey, and did much to elucidate the life of that writer in Manchester.

Mr. Axon was a teetotaller and a vegetarian, and he not only practised these habits of life, but took a prominent part in organised efforts to recommend them to other people. He held office as president of the Manchester, Salford, and District Temperance Union, and was an ardent worker for the United Kingdom Alliance and the Band of Hope Union. He was equally earnest and industrious in the cause of vegetarianism, and was one of the most prominent figures at the annual conferences of the vegetarians. Mr. Axon took a share in local administration. He was for some years a member of the old Salford School Board and of the Salford Free Libraries Committee, and also of the Moss Side Local Board before the incorporation of that district with the city of Manchester. As chairman of the Library Committee of the Moss Side Local Board he laid the foundation-stone of the Moss Side Free Library in 1896. He was prominently associated with the movement, which was ultimately successful, to open the Manchester public libraries on Sunday.

Mr. Axon was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. John Woods, of Ashton-under-Lyne, and in 1892 he married a daughter of Jakob Lüft, of Seligstadt, Hesse. She died in 1910. He leaves one son, Mr. E. Axon, chief assistant librarian at the Manchester Free Library, and two daughters.

AN APPRECIATION.

I knew Dr. Axon intimately for many years, and have always been impressed by two features in his character—first his kindly and gentle nature, and secondly his natural modesty and his invincible industry. His life was one of strenuous labour without pretence or show—a life of self-abnegation and deep sincerity. He always presented to me the spectacle of a man quietly unfolding his natural powers not for his own advantage but for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and especially for the help of those who were least able to help themselves. I have often heard people in his presence quote Goldsmith's well-known lines :—

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Some men fall into work because they are pressed to do so. Dr. Axon always appeared to me like a man in the market-

place holding out a hand to any who were willing to employ him. Like most of us, he began with the writing of verse, curiously taking up first, and not last, the hardest of tasks. Many of his poetical attempts were published in the "Ancoats Skylark," an unpretending volume, a large edition of which soon went out of print. Mr. Albert Broadbent issued a selection from this volume which went rapidly through four or five editions. All the while he was contributing to the magazines articles in support of two causes—temperance and vegetarianism—to which he was greatly attached. On these subjects he also delivered many lectures at home and abroad.

Among his earliest efforts were some stories and verses in the Lancashire dialect. These brought him into contact with Mr. Skeat and with A. J. Ellis, when the latter was beginning his monumental work on "Early English Pronunciation." When in London he attended the Philological Society's meetings, and was associated with F. J. Furnivall in the Shelley Society. At a later date he became attached to the "Academy" and to the "Saturday Review." To "Notes and Queries" he may be said to have written hundreds of articles, dealing chiefly with matters of bibliography and literary history. One of his early contributions was on an inedited poem of Ben Jonson's. Other little discoveries relating to Byron, Thomas Fuller, Coleridge, De Quincey, and others appeared in the "Bookman," the New York "Nation," and other journals.

Papers relating to earlier literature and to the history of printing he contributed to the "Library," the "Library Record," and the "American Library Journal." He was one of the founders of the Bibliographical Society and of the Library Association. One of his papers on libraries was issued in book form in Italy, though not in English. His work for many years in connection with the Manchester Literary Club is well known, and he was almost as active as a contributor to the Royal Society of Literature. You may find one of his papers in the "Contes rendus" of the French Academy of Sciences, and another in the "Journal of Theological Studies," and a third in the "Journal of the International Society of the Apocrypha." A list of the periodicals for which he wrote would be too long for quotation. The "Annals of Manchester" represents another and laborious type of work. What has been collected of essays on history and archæology is but a fragment of what remains *perdu* in "transactions" and journals.

Apart from the propaganda of social questions, his studies were mainly in the history of literature, Dante as well as

Chaucer, and William Beckford as well as Robert Copland. When John E. Bailey died his edition of Fuller's Sermons was just half-finished. Mr. Axon completed the undertaking, and found something of Fuller's that had escaped even Mr. Bailey's research. It should be observed that Mr. Axon's work has not been confined solely to English studies, but has been extended to mediæval literature, as well as German, French, Italian, and Portuguese. He always seems to have had a fancy for byways. Even the gipsy literature was an attraction to him. If you turn up his edition of Caxton's "Game and Play of the Chess" you will find that the introduction is a somewhat elaborate study of the sources of that curious book.

A brief list giving the names of some of Mr. Axon's books and editions, beginning with 1870, will show the variety and extent of his work:—"The Folk-Song and Folk-Speech of Lancashire," Harland's Pilkington Genealogy, Bibliographical List of Lancashire Dialect, Handbook of Public Libraries of Manchester and Salford, An Architectural Description of the Manchester Town Hall, "The Field Naturalist" (edited), The Dialect Words in Bailey's Dictionary, Lancashire Gleanings, Cheshire Gleanings, Annals of Manchester, "Stray Chapters," "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," "Echoes of Old Lancashire," "Sermons of Thomas Fuller" (edited), "The Ancoats Skylark," "Bygone Sussex," "Cobden as Citizen," "Verses, Original and Translated."

GEORGE MILNER.

Manchester Guardian, Dec. 29th, 1913.

A VERSATILE MANCHESTER MAN.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, which took place on Saturday morning at his home in Victoria Park, Manchester. He had suffered from an internal complaint for some time, and bore his sufferings with great fortitude.

Mr. Axon was born in Manchester in 1846. He was not the typical Manchester man, but he was a supreme representative of a large and distinctive class of Manchester men. This is the class which does not despise cotton, yet prefers culture and the humanities. These men seldom acquire wealth, make no special struggle to acquire it—they confer it upon others. And the wealth they confer is help from a vast and rich store of human sympathy, of acquired learning, or broad and enlightened understanding, applied ungrudgingly and unceasingly towards brightening the lot and uplifting the minds and souls of the mass of the people. Mr. Axon was peculiarly endowed by nature for social mission work. He knew the needs and possi-

bilities of the lowly, because he was reared amongst them; knew how to raise them to higher things, because he had raised himself, and much of a hard-working life was devoted to the almost passionate furtherance of ideas and movements having for object some form of social amelioration. This was but one side of the activities of a remarkably energetic, gifted, and diversified character. His memory was phenomenal, his literary and linguistic acquisitions were unusually extensive; as a writer his industry and the range of his subjects were alike appalling. It was this very versatility which stood him somewhat in evil case, for it prevented him from concentrating upon some piece of work which, had the required time and labour been devoted thereto, could not have failed to be a masterpiece and a lasting monument. An incomplete list of his published writings which we have seen numbers 126 pieces. Amongst them are Cheshire and Lancashire "Gleanings" from history and folk-lore; stray chapters in literature and archæology; collections of ballads of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Northern counties; contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the "Dictionary of National Biography"; writings on books and libraries, and more than one small volume of original poems.

Mr. Axon was self-taught; was one of those rare and happy mortals who need no teaching; he absorbed knowledge, as it were, through the pores. His inborn bent was towards books, and he was fortunate in early falling into remunerative contact with them. At the age of fifteen, he became an assistant in the Manchester Public Libraries, rose to be Deputy-Chief Librarian, then journalism imperatively claimed him; in 1874 he entered the editorial department of the *Manchester Guardian*, and gave his services to the paper for more than thirty years. Since his retirement from that paper, some ten years ago, many biographies and sketches of Yorkshire antiquities written by him have appeared in *The Yorkshire Post*.

Mr. Axon's public interests were always very numerous. He was a fluent, fruitful, and at times brilliant speaker. Such subjects as temperance, vegetarianism, and several "anti's" ever found in him a ready and willing advocate. He was a member of many societies; was one of the founders of the Library Association, a Vice-President of the Manchester Literary Club and an extensive contributor to its "Papers," and was connected with others too numerous even to mention here. Not only did England know him, but also Europe and America, and wherever he was known he was held in high esteem. Two

months ago the Manchester University honoured him with the degree of Master of Arts. He had been lying ill at his residence in Plymouth Grove, Manchester, for some months, and the honour was conferred upon him privately, Professor Weiss, the Vice-Chancellor *pro tem.*, and the Dean of the Faculty being present. Mr. Axon was told that the University wished to honour him for his general literary work. He was also LL.D., this honorary degree being conferred by an American University. With all his attainments and honours, he was one of the most lovable, modest, and unassuming of men, and those who had the good fortune to know him personally will never cease to cherish his memory.

Yorkshire Post, December 29th, 1913.

A TYPICAL BOOKMAN.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Dr. William Edward Armytage Axon, which occurred, after a long and painful illness, on Saturday last.

Dr. Axon, who was in his sixty-eighth year, was born in Manchester, and this city was the scene of most of his labours. He was, however, known far beyond Manchester as a student, author, and social reformer. When fifteen years of age he became employed in the service of the Manchester Free Libraries. It was a congenial occupation for the youth, for he had a decided bent for literature and was an ardent book-lover. He proved a valuable assistant librarian, and remained at the public libraries until 1874. After a few months' experience of commerce as the secretary of a company, he joined the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, becoming office librarian, a position he held until 1905. Erudite and painstaking to a degree, he gained a vast store of knowledge of local affairs, historical, antiquarian, and current. He wrote many well-informed biographies, and contributed articles on a variety of subjects to newspapers, magazines, and encyclopædias at home and abroad. His "*Annals of Manchester*" is a well-known book of reference, and his "*Handbook of the Public Libraries of Manchester and Salford*" is an interesting quarto volume full of gossip information. While he could analyse the most abstruse problems of literature and delve diligently into the depths of folk-lore and antiquarian subjects, and reveal to the light multitudinous matters, he had also a pleasant fancy which found expression in poetry, some of which was published under the title of "*An Ancoats Skylark*." He was a vice-president of the Manchester Literary Club, his membership of which extended over forty

years. For five years he was the club's honorary secretary. He was also a prominent member of the Manchester Statistical Society, and had been the society's honorary treasurer. In 1878 members of the club and the society joined in subscribing to a handsome testimonial to Dr. Axon in recognition of his services to the two organisations. Further, he was a valued member of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, of which he was recently made president. There were numerous other learned societies to which he belonged. The opening of public libraries on Sundays was largely due to his efforts, for he acted as honorary secretary of the Manchester and Salford Sunday Society, which, in 1877, began the agitation in favour of the Sunday opening of the libraries. In 1868 Dr. Axon was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and in 1899 he received the honorary degree of LL.D., of the Wilberforce University of America. On October 27 last there was conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts of the Manchester University.

A peace-lover, he rendered much service to the International Brotherhood (Manchester), his knowledge of languages being especially helpful in the work of this society, of which he was president some years ago. Although so profound a student, Dr. Axon found time to take an active share in public work. From 1880-89 he was an honorary member of the Salford Museum, Libraries, and Parks Committee, and from 1882 to 1890 of the Salford School Board. For many years he had been president of the Manchester, Salford, and District Temperance Union. Besides being a teetotaler, he was an enthusiastic vegetarian and an abstainer from tobacco. He was the president of the Vegetarian Society.

SOME MEMORIES.

Long before I met Dr. Axon his name had been familiar to me, with its almost royal plenitude of initials. I seemed to have known it from boyhood: it faced me in book catalogues and library lists; it was appended to articles on all manner of subjects in newspapers and magazines; it modestly claimed authorship of poems, curiously simple and unaffected in language, and sweet and kindly in feeling, or of translations from (so it impressed me) every language known to mankind, and some which mankind is all too slow in learning. "W. E. A. Axon," or the equally unmistakable "W. E. A. A.," were the signatures I met in print most frequently, and the first

impression they gave me of a learned pundit, interminably reading and writing, was presently corrected or supplemented by the reports in the newspapers of Mr. W. E. A. Axon reading a communication at the Literary Club, giving an address here, moving a resolution there, speaking in favour of temperance or humaneness in one form or other. Apparently he found time to leave his books and his "den" occasionally and go out into the world.

I figured him as a somewhat portentous being, heavy with the weight of all his erudition, and my youth stood in awe of his supposed great age and soberness; my wide and varied ignorance resented the idea of all his knowledge. At length I met him, on the lawn of a fine place at Melrose where the Vegetarian Society was holding its summer school. Albert Broadbent introduced us, and we lounged there in the sunshine, chatting. I was a pretty tame though carnivorous lion in that den of Daniels, but if you imagine the Doctor tackled me at once upon my wickedness or felled me with chunks of scholarship—well, you mistake the man as I had done until I met him. Those kind brown eyes of his, "weary with the watching of the years," deep sunk under that great brow, sparkled with friendliness to all men, and pleasure in the sunshine, the bright air, the groups of holiday-making folks. Almost immediately the bell rang for tea, and in we went. I was delighted to find that we had at least one redeeming weakness in common, for Dr. Axon loved a cup of tea. He sipped his: it seemed to be boiling.

"H'm," he murmured, "the biggest liar couldn't say it was cold," and I realised with a pleasant shock of surprise that it would be easy enough to get on with a pundit who said things like that. Someone observed, drinking as he said it, that tea contained a good deal of uric acid. Dr. Axon agreed: he was not afraid of uric acid, but of cruelty. He didn't say so then, but that was the reason of his vegetarianism and his temperance too. Care of himself had little to do with either, or indeed any of his beliefs. Few men had less egotism, even the normal, protective egotism most of us cultivate. There was none of the "I am Sir Oracle." Half a dozen of us would be talking on some subject of which our collective knowledge was trifling when the Doctor would almost timidly "remind" us that according to some ancient writer in a tongue we had none of us ever heard of the facts were so and so. Or someone would tell the latest joke, and when the laughter, in which the Doctor joined, had died away, he would remark upon the slightness of

the changes in that yarn since it appeared in Seneca or Herodotus.

There was a table in a certain vegetarian restaurant at which a regular gang of temporary vegetarians would assemble, and where the erudition of Dr. Axon was highly appreciated, because it seemed that erudition meant knowing far more funny stories than were known by any of the fellows who read the comic papers. Dr. Axon was gentle, everybody tells us that, and they often add "patient," or "placid," and take it for granted that serenity was constitutional with him. It was a mistake. He was an intensely sensitive man and sensitive men are naturally irritable. His gentleness was the fruit of his great kindness joined to his natural modesty. Where your "high-spirited" person stands on his dignity or takes—that is, shows he has taken—offence, Dr. Axon, no less conscious of hurts, took them in silence, never thrust his wounded sensibilities upon you. It was his idea of Christianity, of the finest humanity. He sustained his bereavements in the same spirit of quietness, a quietness which hid from shallow judges both the tenderness of heart and the strong will of the man. He was so widely tolerant that some may have thought him tame—another error of the shallow critic. In frequent association with him, over several years, only twice have I seen the flash of his steel. Once I defended to him the giving of drink licences to theatres. He strongly disapproved, and finally flashed out, with the nearest approach to anger I ever saw him show: "A theatre should not be a boozing den." I wondered then, and I still wonder, if he had ever been in the "bar" of a theatre. One other time we crossed swords. I had suggested that bookishness might become a mere self-indulgence, an anti-social thing of no value to anyone, and he warmly retorted: "You must have everything useful. Unless knowledge is good for driving mills or running tramcars you call it self-indulgence." It was a travesty of my view; but no doubt he had heard too much criticism in that particular vein. Certainly I was not aiming at him; for if anyone ever gave away the best he had for the benefit of others Dr. Axon was that man.

He bore his long illness as he had borne a toilsome life, with quiet self-effacement, and only became impatient when he was frustrated of his desire to read and to write. Almost to the last he persisted in doing both, until mind and body succumbed to growing weakness and death was the only release any of his friends could wish for him. If his great talents had been devoted to more showy causes and labours than those upon

which he spent them, public honours would have come to him far sooner than they did. Better late than never, the University gave him, just in time, the only honour he really coveted, and one he had certainly earned. When the degree was conferred it was to him the accolade, the knighthood of letters given to him in extremis, on the field of his battle. This quiet, gentle man was a true knight.

J. F. HAYLOCK.

AN APPRECIATION.

To have enjoyed an intimate association with the late Mr. W. E. A. Axon for many long years was no slight privilege, and the opportunity of placing a tiny wreath upon his grave is highly prized. A first recollection of him is in connection with the old Free Reference Library. The master of a dozen literatures and no superficial student of as many more, his knowledge was encyclopædic, but no man ever bore weight of learning with greater modesty or placed all his acquirements more freely at the disposal of everyone. From his outward seeming many may have deemed him the very embodiment in the flesh of Dryasdust, the parchment pedant withered by multitudinous researches amongst old tomes, but with all his love of letters and passion for the recondite and ancient, no man preserved to the day of his death a younger spirit or wider sympathies. He ever radiated a kindness which counted no trouble too great for anyone he could help, a philosophy in which nothing mean, small, or ignoble could for a moment live, and a quiet humour which laughed with people and never at them. He was at war with many an old belief and ancient custom, but he never made an enemy, and no one ever had a broader toleration or was freer from the least savour of bigotry or fanaticism. His reverence was a profound regard for the possibilities of truth, and he was a learner to the last.

He was a Unitarian by profession, often worshipping with the Quakers, and profoundly versed in the history, theology and traditions of the most ancient of Christian Churches; and it seemed all of a piece with his life that he should be on occasion a welcome figure in Free Church pulpits, and have happily married a Catholic lady. To quote a line of Dryden's

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Unpretentious to the last degree, he sought no honours for himself, and accepted the American doctorate which his world-wide repute had brought him, with good natured reluctance.

When, however, it was known that the powers that be at the Victoria University, as soon as approached on the matter by some of his friends, had said that the M.A. degree was to be his, and that they felt reproached at its not having been conferred long before, he was sincerely gratified. Despite the humblest beginnings and the handicap of nearly every adverse circumstance, there can be no doubt that with his marvellous memory, subtle intellect, and fecund imagination, he could, if set on fame and recognition, have easily won the highest distinction. He had learning enough wherewith to equip a score of professors, and what he lavished on the seventy or so volumes and on the endless papers which were the product of his tireless pen, might if duly concentrated have given the world some masterpieces.

Mr. Axon's versatility was amazing, and no subjects seemed to take him out of his depth. With Dante or Cobden, with ancient Rome or old Manchester, with Hindu legends or Portuguese love songs, he was equally at home. His numberless translations often into most felicitous verse, not seldom bettering the originals, were singularly happy, and his prodigious gleanings from harvest fields in every province of literature have done much for the students who will follow him. He has unlocked for multitudes many a treasury of precious lore. His gifts of expression were at the disposal of all the journals of the causes he espoused, and some of them, as for instance, the "Alliance News," the leading journal of the temperance movement, were under an infinite obligation for services always rendered without stint and without pay.

His last illness was fittingly spent in a great room packed with books, and as he lay there on his little camp bed, his treasured volumes in thousands around him, the troops of friends who came to visit him felt no setting could be more appropriate for the picture of his passing. Is it too much to hope that Manchester will do something—perhaps with most propriety through the agency of some of the societies he helped to found, such as the Manchester Literary Club—worthily to perpetuate his memory?

R. B. BATTY.

A WORD OF REGRET.

Yesterday, the popular, and ever genial, Bailey; to-day, the grave Axon—the "W. E. A. A." so familiar in our mouths—Axon, mildest and most amiable of faddists: gentlest of men; devoutest of bibliophiles, and walking index to all libraries, ancient and modern! By his lamented death, Manchester on

one of her sides, and that not the strongest, is very much the poorer. Our Literary Club is being decimated; its "lights" are going out; the veterans are passing; a few only of the "stalwarts" remain (*Sero in cælo redeant!*). Apollo, indeed, still watches over his special care, the venerable Milner; Angell, at ninety, the doyen of the Club, still defies the Fates and "gloomy Acheron"; Newbigging, at the Muses' intercession, has been granted a new lease; the redoubted H. H. H., though not with us, still breathes the vital air; whilst, by a resurrection that may well be called "blessed," the evergreen and ever joyous "Master of Finchwood" is given back to a rejoicing circle! But the others are—where? And echo answers: "Where?" Anent the second in the above list, the lamented Axon, it is some years since the following lines were penned, but I may say that they were not written without some reference to the lately deceased.

A man of modest size, and middle age,
 (From out the "middle ages" come, to see
 What this much boasted age of ours may be!)
 With flowing beard and glittering eye, whose rage
 Is still to turn o'er some quaint-lettered page:
 Deep in the ancients, you shall see him pore—
 A pensive statue 'mid the city's roar—
 Whilst you are passing on your pilgrimage.
 A man of learning, cold, impassive? No;
 By nature gentle: tender still, his heart
 Hath pleasant places, where the sweet herbs grow
 Of Love and Friendship, and all herbs of grace!
 A poet he, nor wanting in the art,
 Whom all must love that look upon his face!

ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

THE FUNERAL.

The large and representative gathering which witnessed the funeral at St. Paul's, Kersal, on Wednesday, was eloquent of the wide and deep regard in which the late Dr. Axon was held. Before the burial a memorial service was held at the Cross Street Chapel. The Rev. A. O. Broadley, pastor of the Bible Christian Church, Cross Lane, Salford, conducted it, and gave a short address, emphasising especially the kindly nature of Dr. Axon. Many wreaths were sent, and attached to a bunch of roses and lilies of the valley there was the following inscription: "A token of love on behalf of many Summer School and other friends, far and near, who appreciated Dr. Axon as the gentlest and truest of men, and loved him for his helpful, genial philanthropy."

—*Manchester City News*, January 3rd, 1914.

SAMUEL MASSEY.

Mr. Samuel Massey, who died on April 2nd, 1914, had been in the service of the Manchester Corporation for over fifty years, for the last thirty-seven years as chief clerk of the Paving and Highways Department, had seen great changes in, and development of, the city. When he entered the service of the committee the department only dealt with the sewerage and paving of the streets in the old township of Manchester, each of the other townships then in the municipal borough—Cheetham, Ardwick, Hulme, Beswick and Chorlton-on-Medlock—having its own committee dealing with matters in its particular locality. The area of the Manchester township was only 1,646 acres, whereas at the time of Mr. Massey's retirement the department had to deal with the streets in the extended city area, which contained about 19,800 acres. The growth of the work of the department can be seen in the fact that at the time Mr. Massey was appointed chief clerk the clerical "staff" consisted of himself and one youth, whereas at his retirement it had grown to thirty. Mr. Massey in his time had seen many changes in the personnel of Corporation committees, although, curiously enough, he only served under three chairmen of his own committee, namely, Aldermen Abel Heywood and Milling, and for a short period ex-Councillor Robert Oliver. He was a member of the Manchester Literary Club from 1898 to his death.

—*Manchester City News*, April 11th, 1914.

THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Newbigging, which occurred on Monday, June 1st, 1914, in his eighty-first year. Whilst Mr. Newbigging was a notable figure in his profession, that of gas engineering, he was also widely known and appreciated as a man of letters.

Big in physique, Mr. Newbigging was also big of heart and intellect. He was as gentle as he was big, a man of singular charm and kindness, and possessed of a pawky humour, derived, no doubt, from his Scottish parentage. He was born at Glasgow, spent his first school days at the Bridgeton Public School, and afterwards, on the family removing to Galloway, in the south of Scotland, at the Girthon School, Gatehouse-of-Fleet. His workaday life, however, began early, for when but eleven years of age he went to Blackburn, where he lived for five years. Removing to Bury, he worked as a mechanic in the

extensive machine shops of Messrs. Walker and Hacking for a couple of years. Then he took up his abode at Newchurch-in-Rossendale, and later at Bacup. His life in Rossendale marked a great forward step in his professional career. At the age of twenty-four years he became secretary and manager of the Rossendale Union Gas Company, remaining with the company for thirteen years, during which he made a reputation as an excellent gas engineer.

SERVICES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

While at Bacup, too, he was prominently identified with the educational institutions of the town, and was honorary secretary and director of the Mechanics' Institution there. He also married, his wife being the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Abraham Lomax, of Sunnyside, Rossendale, and sister of the late Mr. John Lomax, an artist of repute in Manchester. Of his children (three sons and two daughters), Mr. J. G. Newbigging is well known as the chief gas engineer of the Manchester Corporation. In the year 1870 Mr. Newbigging went out to Brazil as engineer and manager of the gasworks at Pernambuco, and stayed there five years. During his sojourn the Emperor of Brazil created him a Knight of the Order of the Rose, a distinction highly esteemed in that country. Upon his return to England in 1875 he settled in Manchester as a civil and consulting engineer. He was recognised as one of the leading authorities on gas, engineering, and his services were in great request as an expert witness before committees of both Houses of Parliament on private bills relating to gas supply. His "Handbook for Gas Engineers and Managers" is an invaluable work of its kind, and has run into eight editions, the last of which appeared only about a year ago. Mr. Newbigging was a founder of the Institution of Gas Engineers, and its president in 1884-5. In 1890 he was recipient of the Birmingham Medal of the Institution, the "blue ribbon" of the organisation, it being awarded to him "in consideration of the work he had successfully carried out, not only in various parts of this country, but in South America, Africa, and on the Continent of Europe." At the jubilee meeting of the Institution last year the members again honoured him by presenting him with his portrait, painted by Mr. Tom Mostyn, while about eighteen months ago the Leeds University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Science. Mr. Newbigging was also a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

HIS LITERARY WORK.

Having thus given an insight into Mr. Newbigging's career as a distinguished gas engineer, let us turn to his work as a man of letters. He was both a student of literature and an author. The Manchester Literary Club reckoned him justly as one of its worthiest and ablest members. He was "the father" of the Club, having been associated with it for forty-six years. Throughout the whole of that period he was a regular contributor to its proceedings, and whatever he contributed bore the hall-mark of learning and graceful expression, and revealed his charm of character, "his rippling stream of humour and delicate purity of mind." His essays were what essays ought to be, easy and agreeable in style, lucid, and a stimulus to thought. His volume, "Essays at Eventide," is a good example of his ability in this direction, and the chapters include some on occasional poets, the Paraphrases, fables and their authors, obscurity in literature, "conceit" in literature, and the egotism of literary men. The essay on Mazzini is one of the best, and it forms a useful introduction to the study of the life and writings of the real founder of the unity of Italy. Altogether, Mr. Newbigging was the author of over a dozen books, and his themes embraced Lancashire history, tales and sketches, and poems and songs in the Scottish dialect as well as in English. When only twenty-four years of age he published a volume of "Poems and Songs," and it showed a rare charm of fancy and a deep love of nature. His "History of the Forest of Rossendale," first written for the *Bacup Times*, is a standard work in local histories. His most recent book, "A Nook in Galloway," is a delightful little work, containing, especially, a loving appreciation of Gatehouse-of-Fleet, the scene of happy boyhood days. "Lancashire Humour," published in 1900, "Love's Cradle," in 1902, "Lancashire Characters and Places," and "Personal Experiences" are other notable volumes. The last-named followed upon travels he undertook in 1890 in South Africa, and included conversations he had with Transvaal statesmen, among them Kruger and Pretorius. Edwin Waugh and Ben Brierley were among his acquaintances, and at intervals he used to amuse and interest members of the Literary Club with personal reminiscences of those worthy characters. The columns of the *City News* were often contributed to by him, and his articles were always delightful reading. As a Scotsman he was naturally an ardent admirer of Burns, though his admiration was tempered with discretion. On one occasion when a contributor to this journal essayed the task of trans-

lating some of Burns's poetry into English, Mr. Newbigging's calm and kindly nature was quite ruffled. He wrote that the contributor's English version of some lines of "Tam o' Shanter" was enough to make the bones of the poet rattle in their grave, and he prayed Heaven that the contributor would never again attempt anything in the same line. And the contributor never did, although he smiled to himself at having "drawn" Mr. Newbigging.

The realm of active party politics had not much attraction for Mr. Newbigging, but when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy split the Liberal party he felt so keenly that he consented—much to the wonderment of those who knew him best—to contest the Rossendale division on behalf of the Liberals in opposition to Lord Hartington, one of the chief dissentient Liberals. The venture was from the first regarded as a forlorn hope, but though defeated Mr. Newbigging made a good fight, and his speeches, which evinced a strong grasp of political principles, attracted widespread attention. A lover of cricket, Mr. Newbigging was a familiar figure at Old Trafford, where he followed with zest the fortunes of the Lancashire team.

—*Manchester City News*, June 6th, 1914.

AN APPRECIATION.

One after another, the "old, familiar faces" of the Manchester Literary Club are disappearing, and at how short an interval!

How swift has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Nodal the grave, Mortimer the gentle, Axon the versatile, Bailey the merry, and now Newbigging in his eighty-first year (but all too soon!), the oldest surviving member of the club, and one of my oldest friends in Manchester, as I believe I was one of his, our friendship having endured without a cloud for well over half a century. It dates, in fact, from his "Rossendale days," when the stalwart young Scot first arrived in the "country of pot-balls and factory engines," himself a new moral engine, and an intellectual force that soon made itself felt, not only in Rossendale, but in the valleys adjacent. The brave Scot's arrival was most timely; for the Rossendalians, though a very hardworking, ingenious, and enterprising people, and thence successful in trade, were inclining, through this success, a little too much to the worship of Mammon. All the same the worship of the true God was not neglected, and certain sects found here one of the strongest of their strongholds.

Young Newbigging brought, in his single person, the leaven that was needed; for whilst possessing in full measure all the qualities I have ascribed to the natives of these valleys, he also possessed the strongest possible bent to the liberal arts, one and all, and a most ardent aspiration towards "the life of the intellect." For the first time the promising young men of Rossendale and the surrounding district, and they were not a few, were taught by personal example to discriminate between the essentials and the accidents of existence and to see that money, though desirable to be acquired in adequate measure by every honest means, was itself to be considered as merely a means to, and not the end and whole purpose of life. Older in wisdom than in years, this was the principle inculcated by the earnest young Scotsman; and the intellectual breeze blowing from the North penetrated every valley. Insomuch that to this day numbers of "pot-ballers" (as they still call themselves) of good position, dwell with gratulation and gratitude on the time when they first found themselves within the sphere of Newbigging's beneficent influence.

In the character of our departed friend there was nothing more remarkable than the combination of qualities I have named above. Added to this, he was the least demonstrative of men, his enthusiasms even, though warm, were usually sober and restrained; some people thought him cold and impassive, but those who knew him know better. Had he been effusive, his influence would have been distinctly lessened with the very practical people of the district, essentially practical and always suspicious of the "plausible." At the Manchester Literary Club, twenty years ago, I ventured to assert that Lancashire in its entirety offered no more conspicuous illustration of the successful union of "the man of affairs" with "the man of letters" than Thomas Newbigging. The distance between "Olympus" and the Manchester Exchange is pretty considerable, but in the case of our friend, if it was not bridged over, there was a very strong *rapprochement*!

Adverting to the moral side, one is apt to find the self-educated and self-made man more or less of an egoist, and very often self-opinioned and dogmatic. Mr. Newbigging, on the contrary, was characterised by a most retiring disposition and a most unusual and beautiful modesty. Some dozen years back he wrote to me "Whether in prose or verse, for choice of word and phrase, you beat us all." Of course, this expression had merely a local reference, and was, moreover, simply an amiable exaggeration attributable to the partiality of a friend who

never wavered in his friendships, but was ever "true as steel." I give it, not in the way of a boast—far from it—but as the most conclusive proof and illustration of that characteristic of a "beautiful modesty" which I have claimed for him, and his amiable habit of underestimating his own, whilst overestimating and exaggerating the powers of his friends.

Another feature of Mr. Newbigging, which it was always a pleasure to me to observe and to study, was his absolute freedom, personally, from all snobbery, and his healthy hatred and abhorrence of it in others, in all its thousand forms and chameleon changes. Like Napoleon the Great, he "dated from himself" and made no scruples about origins, though descended from a worthy stock.

His humour, and of that he possessed good store in the dry and sly form, was the typical Lowland Scotch, which itself is *sui generis*. With this, and a keen eye that nothing escaped, he found in the old Rossendale "characters" (many of whom I knew personally) a world of grotesque and picturesque material, which he well knew how to handle, as his numerous works discover.

Speaking reminiscently, Mr. Newbigging would now and again visit the valley of my nativity—Todmorden. I see him still, a stalwart Scot, in the full bloom of his early manhood, strong, hopeful, and aspiring, as he descended the wild hills from Bacup, accompanied, it might be, by his geological friend, Captain Aitken, or the captain's eccentric brother "Tom"—eccentric, but a worthy man and a fair botanist, who survived the captain and lived on to ornament the Bacup bench of magistrates. How vividly these, and a score of other notable Rossendalians rise up in one's memory, with their varied idiosyncrasies! But now they are all shadows:

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

My honoured friend was a considerably-travelled man, even in these days of travel; he had seen many lands and many peoples; had observed their manners with a studious eye, and has put his observations on interesting record. But most of all, he loved to travel through those spacious regions

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

The atmosphere most congenial to him was that of a well-stored library, where at his leisure he could hold high converse with the wisest and best of all the ages, and I am here reminded

of one of our latest conversations, in the course of which I ventured to commend to him a wider study of Goethe—the wisest of the Germans (putting metaphysics to one side), whose utterances are as deep as the ocean itself. But I found Mr. Newbigging already preoccupied with high literary plans and projects of his own. This at eighty years of age! But such men as he have no sense of finality, they think, they believe—nay, they feel, that a noble task, once begun, will somehow, they know not how—somewhere, they know not where—be “continued”—intimations, let us fondly hope, however dim, however faint, of that immortality of the soul towards which we strive; towards which the world strives, and has ever striven in the æons that are gone, and will for ever strive and yearn for, in the ages that are to come!

ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

Manchester City News, June 13th, 1914.

NOTES BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

At your request, Mr. Editor, I put on record some notes and memories as a supplement to the notices you have already presented to your readers. Our lost friend was a typical man, a man of a peculiar type fast disappearing from our midst.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

It is to this class Mr. Newbigging belonged. His delightful reminiscences have let us know something of his life and toils, “with grim necessity at the helm,” in early youth. He owed to his mother a deep sensitiveness to the immaterial and poetic side of life. This he cultivated, and his culture produced the flower and fragrance, the bloom of his life, by which so many of us will remember him.

The warp of his life in the mill as a child-worker, before the Factory Act mitigated some of the cruel hardships of that dismal lot, was shot through with that woof of imagination which led to the production of a play in the old stable-loft at Blackburn, as he has told us. It was illumined by the glowing colours of Shakespeare's plays, and, most of all, interwoven by the sympathy with suffering and the hope of better days to

be. This hope led him to join the Fergus O'Connor movement, to devote his hard-pinned savings to the cause, and to be prepared to shoulder the pike if need be. These ideals never left him. In the payment of members of Parliament he saw almost the last of the points of the charter of his youth attained. In the eight hours' day for miners he recognised a long-overdue instalment of that defensive legislation on behalf of the poor toilers which he saw begin in the forties.

His touch with Shakespeare never slackened, and the drama was always a joy to him, though the twentieth century manifestations seemed to him inferior. Music appealed to him from the days when he played an instrument in the old Bury Band, and when he was sitting for one of his last portraits the sight of the violin in the artist's studio quickened him to grip "the piece of merry timber" against his neck and charm his ear again with the quivering string. But with all these dissipating side-attractions, which might have lured him from his work, there was one—the most mystic—that was his favoured comrade, his chosen bride—poetry and literature. To him literature was the study of the best words to clothe the best thoughts; and poetry was the best words clothing the best thoughts in the best order. This redeemed his life, and enabled him to redeem the lives of others, from base greed and sordid accumulations. Mr. Weller, sen., as all Dickens lovers know, declared that he never knew a respectable coachman that wrote poetry. Our friend Newbigging would almost have maintained that an engineer to have any claim to distinction must have written some verse, and would quote Rankine's (the author of "A Manual of the Steam Engine") verses. To have written verse was a passport to his inner circle of the appreciated. One instance I recall of a huge six feet three inch Galloway farmer and factor, the most successful man in the countryside, who had published a volume of verse. To obtain this Mr. Newbigging spent endless trouble, and always called to see him at his home when in the district.

When as clerk in charge of the gas-works at Newchurch, he set himself to learn and to know all that was to be known about gas-making. The days of handbooks and the technical press were yet far off. He had to educate himself by observing and recording facts at first hand. It was no light task he set himself. Sixty years after he issued the last edition of the "Gas Engineer's Handbook," and looked then upon a still wider horizon. Yet, with this vast adventure of knowing all that was to be known of gas-making in front of him, and its

vital relation to daily bread to him, he found time to write lyrics and poems, which, under the inspiration of the encouragement received from the Rev. Mr. Thorburn, Unitarian minister of Bury, he published before he was twenty-eight. The Manchester Literary Club knows that the flow from that Pierian spring has never since ceased.

This early time was indeed crowded with tasks and duty which, without selfishness, might have absorbed all his energy. But he took up the secretaryship of the Mechanics' Institute at Newchurch, and was the mainspring and the pivot of that "university of the busy." He put in all that he knew, and he succeeded in helping others. One of the old members says: "We cried—young men as we were—when, after three or four years, he left to live at Bacup." Those seventeen years of active sympathy in Rossendale left their mark to this day, and no record yet printed seems to the men of that dale sufficient.

How deep his individuality and his absolute trustworthiness had struck was shown when, sixteen years after he had left this district, and when opinions in politics were in a confused welter, there was no doubt in the minds of the men of Rossendale what Thomas Newbigging would say about Home Rule—they must have him as their champion. This raid into political life gave him fame throughout the country. As the opponent of Lord Hartington, a former head of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, who had been summoned to take the premiership a few years before, his utterances would have received more notice from the press than a weak candidate could have stood. As it was the style, the literary character, marked them out at once as superior by far to the ordinary run of election speeches. Many have wondered why he did not follow up the success which came to him thus unexpectedly.

He once only addressed a meeting of Liberals in the city of Manchester, and also appeared on the platform of the party at the Free Trade Hall occasionally; but the conditions of this career had no attraction for him. He did not care to pose and strut about the stage in the limelight. As in his profession he had based his opinions on facts observed and recorded by himself, as in his study of literature and in his writings he had not sat at the feet of any college professor, so in politics his sympathy with the poor held the torch while he followed the principles of right and justice—and he wanted no other leading. He never forgot John Bright's opposition to the Factory Act, or Mr. Chamberlain's desertion of causes previously advocated by him. No man was more consistent than Thomas Newbigging. He was

willing to learn from those even fifty years younger than himself. "This is the best explanation of polarisation (of light) I have ever read; I did not understand it before," he remarked to the writer of this article in referring to the book of a very young friend.

Nothing pleased him so much as to have his marvellous memory for poetry tapped for verification of quotations or context or authorship. In this he was twice blessed—blessing him that gave and him that took—and if, perchance, one question did not get full answer from memory's ample stores, a note was made, and in a couple of days the truant line was run to earth and duly caught and handed over.

Accuracy in facts at all costs was the basis of his professional life, and made his reputation as the most reliable of consultants; accuracy of detail marked his scholarship, even to trivial things. Once I remember, when seventy-eight years of age, he walked two or three miles to find a site, and then we explored together an ancient path overgrown with woodland, on which an author, now all but forgotten, used to take his daily exercise 270 years ago, and to whom he was going to refer in a book he was writing. To identify sites associated with the life of Burns, or referred to in Scott, and to point them out to others when on holidays was unmixed delight to him and enriched the pastime to his companions.

These recreations were kept for the appropriate times, and never were allowed to intrude upon the time due to professional duties. For instance, when engaged as consulting engineer on gasworks in York, he several times visited that venerable city without turning aside to visit the ancient and beautiful minster so replete with historical interest. His thoroughness cost him time and effort, but made him appreciated in the witness chair before Parliamentary committees to an extent his neighbours in Manchester knew little of. In one session of Parliament his evidence was required by fourteen different committees. This thoroughness gave him an assurance when he expressed an opinion in matters of scholarship which ultimately carried the day in matters of controversy.

An instance of this in the "Canadian Boat Song" is recent in memory, and in the week of his funeral a paragraph vindicating his attitude appeared in one of the literary journals. Thoroughness he showed; thoroughness he admired in others. He would have a draft copied and revised five times, so a pupil reported, before being satisfied with it and passing it, and yet this was no cast-iron rule harsh and hard, it was tempered with con-

sideration for others. In one of his last addresses to the Institute of Gas Engineers, he pleaded with the members not to refuse the authorisation necessary for payment certificates to contractors because of some trivial and easily remediable omission, a bolt or nut or bypass.

It is no wonder that a man who acted and felt thus should have left behind him a trail of grateful admirers, though civic, and political, and local university honours stood apart, and that with these he needs no memorial. He was no pessimist, crying over departed ideas and out-of-date works—he believed in great possibilities, and he saw them realised in gas-lighting, in political enfranchisement, in education, in a juster division of the fruits of labour under civilisation, and to the last, with eye undimmed and vigour of hope unabated, looked forward to still extending triumph. R.

HIS LITERARY ACTIVITY.

I knew Mr. Thomas Newbigging for many years. Our first intimate acquaintance was made on his publishing "*Lancashire Characters and Places*" in 1891, a copy of which lies before me. The book is well printed and neatly bound, and the "get up" gave much satisfaction to the author. From my very first interview I was impressed with Mr. Newbigging's kindly attitude and shrewd remarks. There was nothing pedantic, nothing of the characteristics of some writers I have met whose bearing and conversation ruffled you, their aim being apparently to make you feel your intellectual inferiority. Of such I have met a few, and have weighed them in the balance and found them lacking. Mr. Thomas Newbigging was a "man" in the best sense of the word; he treated you as a brother man, and you acknowledged his broad and brotherly heart. As I pen these words I cannot but drop a tear of real affection to his memory.

Some years before I knew him I had written and published a series of penny books for use by children at the Bands of Hope, containing original verse and prose, which had a very large sale. At that time the circulation in penny numbers was over three millions, and the volumes sold were at least forty thousand. He was greatly astonished. "Why, man," he exclaimed, "it is wonderful! You have supplied a real need. Three million penny numbers and forty thousand volumes! Eh, but that's grand! it's grand!"

I was also at the time issuing a series of another type for

general entertainment, which also proved equally successful. I showed him one of the numbers, also a volume printed on superior paper, which he glanced over. Some days afterwards I met him in Cross Street. He shook me warmly by the hand and said, smiling genially: "Still selling?" "Still selling," I replied. "It's wonderful!" he exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye. "I've been thinking of a little sketch you might work out." He then suggested a few cronies sitting together enjoying their long clay pipes and spinning racy yarns by turns. The suggestion of such a sketch was not new to me, and as I should have to draw largely on my imagination I let the idea slide.

Some weeks later he called on me with a request that I would allow him to propose me for election as a member of the Manchester Literary Club at their next meeting. "You ought to be a member," he said. But I was too bashful; my simple writings, I thought, would be a poor recommendation to a society which bore on its register such names as George Milner, Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley, and a host of able writers and eminent citizens, known to me by name and in some instances personally through having pioneered their writings in the Press. Besides, I was scarcely by temperament a "club man"; my home, garden, and books and my pipe—a slender straw—these satisfied me after business hours. Residing away from the city, once at home, I did not care to return to the city.

There is one book written by Mr. Newbigging which met with but scant success—"Old Gamul." I fancy I have a few copies, but am not sure how many. The book contains many racy passages and not a little genuine wit, but it scarcely appeals to the general reader.

Let me say, from personal experience, that for sterling honesty in all business transactions Mr. Newbigging was among the most exemplary men I have known. Whether the sales of his books were large or small ultimately, he discharged his bills, willing to bear the loss or take the gain, if any, and not leave his publishers to run any risks. He was a grand character and a grand man; and the writer, among a host of others, will always hold his name in reverence and honour.

S. K.

Manchester City News, June 27th, 1914.

JAMES GRIMBLE GROVES.

The death occurred in London on June 23rd, 1914, of Mr. James Grimble Groves. Mr. Groves was the son of the late Mr. William Peer Grimble Groves, and was born in 1854. He received his more advanced education at the Owens College, Manchester, and entering upon the business of a brewer, became chairman of Messrs. Groves and Whitnall. Mr. Groves was a Conservative in politics, and in 1900 he was elected member of Parliament for South Salford, and was prominent in the House of Commons during the discussion of Mr. Balfour's Licensing Act. In 1906 Mr. Groves stood again for South Salford, but was defeated by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. He did not afterwards stand for Parliament. Mr. Groves was much liked by all parties in Salford. He was much interested in many kinds of charitable work, taking, especially, an active interest in the welfare of the Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans who are resident in Greater Manchester. He entertained them annually for quite a number of years. He was a member of the Manchester Literary Club from 1897 to the time of his death. He also founded an important club for boys in Salford. He married in 1878 a daughter of the late Dr. Robert Marsland, of Manchester. He was a deputy lieutenant for Cheshire, and a magistrate for Cheshire and the borough of Salford.

—*Manchester Guardian*, June 24th, 1914.

JAMES DALTON ANDREW.

Death has been making havoc of late among the older members of the Manchester Literary Club, and now to the number has to be added the name of James Dalton Andrew, who died on July 14th 1914. He was a lovable personage who combined with much culture a decided quaintness, a quaintness which caused him sometimes to be referred to by the sobriquet of "Merry Andrew." On matters connected with folk-lore and antiquities he was somewhat of an authority and a mine of curious information. He loved to be perverse, impish, and paradoxical, but always in a light-hearted and humorous manner devoid of offence. On occasion he could startle the more sober members of the Literary Club by some amazing heresy, which he would proceed to argue in mock-serious vein as if he were fully convinced of its truth. For example, during the Milton celebrations of some two or three years ago he propounded the theory that "Milton was no

poet," and offered what he called a series of proofs in support of that statement. The papers he contributed to the Literary Club usually dealt with small and seemingly trivial subjects, but Mr. Andrew displayed an absolutely masterly ingenuity in this carving of cherry-stones, and he would produce an excellent paper on a theme which the majority of men would have thought absolutely worthless. His wit and humour were incessant, and the club was always on the alert to hear his repartees during debate. Like the other veterans who have now passed from the arena J. D. Andrew leaves a blank which no one else can fill. His loss will be deeply regretted by all those who, though they might not agree with him, and in spite of the fact that he loved to torment them with contradictions, regarded him as a cherished friend. The long, lank form, the cadaverous face, and the kindly twinkling eyes, will be recalled with affectionate regret.

—*Manchester City News*, July 18th, 1914.

FREDERICK JAMES FARADAY.

We announce with much regret the death of Mr. Frederick James Faraday on August 3rd, 1914. Mr. Faraday was, for about thirty years, a member of the editorial staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and for many years, before his retirement in 1903, he was commercial editor of the paper. Under his direction the commercial and financial pages of the *Manchester Guardian* underwent a great transformation and expansion. He was associated with the arrangement, then regarded as a novel and an enterprising departure in commercial journalism, for a direct service of daily cables from a special correspondent in New York to the *Manchester Guardian* and for the telegraphic transmission of the London Stock Exchange quotations to Manchester by means of an ingenious code.

When the continued depression of silver became a matter of economic concern to Lancashire, Mr. Faraday was amongst those who ardently espoused the cause of a double standard of currency, and in the early nineties he was one of the most capable and industrious exponents of bimetallism. His attachment to this cause brought him into personal contact with many of its leading advocates in all parts of the country, and it was largely due to his enthusiastic presentation of the case in its favour that the bimetallic theory became, for a time, so widely held in Manchester.

Another important public question with which it fell to him to deal was the promotion of the Manchester Ship Canal. It was perhaps somewhat characteristic of the man that his clear perception of the financial risks of the enterprise, from the point of view of the investor—a perception which was not shared by many at the time,—led him to underrate its enormous potentialities as a means of revivifying the industries of South-East Lancashire. Mr. Faraday was right in his estimate of the early financial prospects of the Ship Canal Company, but he did not fully realise that, without earning dividends for its shareholders, the canal would attract the great traffic which now uses it, and would be an immensely potent instrument in reducing the cost of all means of transport to and from the seaboard.

Mr. Faraday, who was a kinsman of the famous man of science of that name, was a keen amateur of science and statistics, an active member until recent years of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and a constant attendant at the annual meetings of the British Association. In temperament he was a typical Northerner—shrewd, self-reliant, and pugnacious, and capable of intense application to any subject that interested him. For many years he was to be found, in almost all his hours of leisure, at the Brasenose Club. He was also a member of the Manchester Literary Club from 1873 to 1902.

—*Manchester Guardian*, August 19th, 1914.

FREDERICK SMITH.

Mr. Frederick Smith, of Dunham Lawn, Bowdon, who died on August 27th, 1914, at Swinford Old Manor, Ashford, Kent, aged 65, was a director of Frederick Smith and Co., Wire Manufacturers, Limited, and of the London and Electric Wire Company and Smiths, Limited, and also was in business in Salford. He was a man of literary and musical tastes and guarantor of the Hallé Concerts Society. He was also a member of the Manchester Literary Club from 1900 until his death. He published a collection of verse entitled "A Chest of Viols," and possessed a remarkable and valuable collection of old violins, violoncellos, and other stringed instruments and bows, including amongst these the violin known as the "Tuscan Strad."

—*Manchester Guardian*, August 29th, 1914.

JOHN PENDLETON.

We regret to record the death of Mr. John Pendleton, which occurred at his home in Cavendish Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, after a long illness. Mr. Pendleton was engaged for many years in journalistic and literary work at Sheffield, Leeds, and Manchester, and for a period was a sub-editor on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. He was a prominent contributor to William Andrews' series of works on bygone counties, dealing especially with Lancashire and Derbyshire. He also wrote a history of our early railways, and was a popular lecturer on old newspaper life. Occasionally he contributed to the *City News* notes and queries column. Mr. Pendleton was a member of the Manchester Literary Club from 1907 to 1911, and his loss will be felt by a large circle of friends, for he was ever genial and courteous.

—*Manchester City News*, September 12th, 1914.

THOMAS KAY.

A worthy and distinguished native of Heywood passed away on Tuesday, September 22nd, 1914, in the person of Mr. Thomas Kay, of Moorfield, Stockport, who was 73 years old. He was an ex-Mayor of the borough of his adoption, the chairman of the Stockport Infirmary Board of Governors, and was connected with all the leading institutions of the town. As a youth Mr. Kay (who received his early education as "Founder's kin" at Bury Grammar School) was an apprentice at a chemist's shop in Market Street, Heywood, and he rose to a position of great affluence.

Mr. Kay was brought prominently before the people of Heywood through his great benefactions. Many years ago he presented a reference library to the Municipal Technical School, and his more recent gifts include the handsome Art Gallery and Museum, which have been erected in connection with the Municipal Technical School, Day Secondary School, and School of Art. Mr. Kay was always a zealous patron of science, art, and music. When he presented the Art Gallery and Museum to the town, he, with his usual bounty, stocked the Museum with many valuable rarities and filled the Art Gallery with many valuable pictures. Altogether there were some ninety pictures in oil and watercolour in the collection, and they contained works from the brushes of such famous painters as Van Eyck,

Rubens, Velasquez, Murillo, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Morland, Mytens, Geerarts, Juan Bautiste Joannes (Macep), Clouet, Luis de Morales, Francis Fourbus the elder, and Francis Fourbus the younger, Jan Davidsz de Heem, Nicholas Berchem, Pierre Mignard, and Richard Gay Somerset. These are in oils, and the water-colours include pictures by Hughson Hawley and Judge Parry. The gift of the pictures, Mr. Kay wrote, was rendered possible by the dispersion of some of the art treasures of Santry Court, County Dublin, and many of the others are from the collection of the late Thomas Stainton, of Welbeck Street, London, who travelled widely about 1850-60 and collected a large quantity of antiquities, mostly of an artistic nature, when values were not high and supplies abundant.

The Heywood Town Council showed its appreciation of Mr. Kay's generosity by conferring upon him the highest honour in their power to bestow—that of the freedom of the borough. He was Heywood's first honorary freeman, and the honour was bestowed on October 15th, 1912.

Other towns besides Heywood benefited by Mr. Kay's benefactions. He made munificent gifts to the Bury Grammar School, also large donations to the Crossley Sanatorium at Delamere, and handsome benefactions to the Stockport Infirmary and similar institutions. He assisted many a struggling student to attain a degree of success which would otherwise have been unattainable. His gifts to the Bury Grammar School included the fine miniature shooting range and equipment.

Mr. Kay was one of the oldest members of the Manchester Literary Club, to which he contributed many papers. He also achieved some distinction as a composer of songs and ballads. He was an ardent Liberal, and for some years was president of the Stockport Liberal Association.

SOME PERSONAL NOTES.

The friendship of Thomas Kay always rang true. The more intimately one got to know him the better one liked him. He was proud of his family connection with the Bury district, and it was his interest in it that first brought me into touch with him, many years ago, the acquaintance deepening as time went on. I found him a delightful host at his Moorfield (Stockport) house—a house rich in his own artistic productions and in treasures which he had picked up on his travels in many distant countries—and I had the pleasure of being among the guests when, about two years ago (at which time he was Mayor-elect of his adopted town), the honorary freedom of the borough of

Heywood was conferred upon him, an occasion on which I ventured this acrostic :—

T he friend of every worthy cause !
H elp-giver, careless of applause !
O ft seen where knowledge-seekers roam,
M id all rememb'ring " Home, sweet Home !"
A chemist, artist, poet, too,
S tudent of all that's good and true :

K AY, Heywood-born, of high renown,
A dopted son of Stockport town—
Y e both now honour as your own.

Something I had written—before the John Kay memorial movement—about the inventor of the fly-shuttle and his family came under Thomas Kay's notice, and one July afternoon he motored over to Bury—straight from a wedding ceremony at Broughton Church—and would have me go with him as guide through some of the old Kay country, in the course of which tour we visited Lower Chesham Hall, off Bell Lane, the home of some of the Kays from 1712 until early in the next century; Baldingstone House, a Kay home in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Bass Lane, where Kay ancestors of the present Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire lived; and Park, the birthplace of the famous inventor; finishing off with a run by way of Edenfield, Turn, Ashworth Moor, Norden, Rochdale, Middleton, and Manchester, to the Brazenose Club. "My namesake, if not my ancestor," was the guarded way in which the genial Thomas once publicly referred to John Kay; but I think he had a decided impression of kinship, while my own researches have not resulted in anything to disprove the possibility of his lineal descent from the inventor of the fly-shuttle.

John Kay the inventor had half a dozen sons, and the descendants of two or three of them are traced in the Memoir published in 1903. But it is quite possible there may be descendants of one or two of the other sons, and that the Heywood-born Thomas Kay was a great-grandson of the inventor. John Kay's youngest son, born in June, 1745, was named William, and beyond his name and date of birth there is no information about him in the Memoir. One William Kay, tailor, died at Birch-in-Hopwood, his will being proved in 1795. It may be assumed that he was the father of the William Kay, of the same place, who was born in 1777 and married at Prestwich Parish Church, by the Rev. James Lyon (rector), on May 19th, 1796, to Alice Allen, of Unsworth. The issue of this marriage included a son named James (the eldest), who married

one — Turner, and had a number of children, including William, Samuel, John, Thomas and Marvel. Thomas Kay informed me that his grandfather William, of Birch, was "tailor, chemist, botanist, herbalist, and musician; he had a knowledge of Latin, and an education considerably above his surroundings." In the county directory for 1825 he appears as "William Kay, tailor," of Birch. He died there in 1853, and was buried at Birch Church. Among his descendants it is believed that before settling in Birch he resided at Walmersley, somewhere in the vicinity of Pigslee.

Eleven years ago Thomas Kay wrote me: "There is some freehold property at Birch now in the possession of my brother John, which I think belonged to my grandfather . . . My grandfather's library was sent out to America in cases to my uncle Thomas. I remember cutting the stencil about 1854, whereby they were directed to Bellefontaine Road, St. Louis, Mo. The books were principally classic or standard works. My eldest brother William packed and sent them off . . . My grandfather had a sister, Mary Kay. I remember her as a most amiable, dignified, and pleasant body, full of natural refinement and evidently of superior education." It is not improbable that the grandfather was educated at Bury Grammar School.

On December 5th, 1913, it was stated in a local paper that a few days previously there had been discovered in Heywood "a tradesman's announcement in the form of a ticket issued probably about the time of the Chartists. The ticket is about 2 inches by 3. In the centre, surrounded by a ring of ornamental typography, are the words 'James Kay, tailor and hat dealer, Church Lane, Heywood.' Under these words is a picture of a head speaking the words 'I say Reform.' Round the edge run the mottoes: 'Equal Laws and equal rights, May the Poor be protected as well as the rich.' To the left of the ring or circle thus described, is a picture of the cap of Liberty, and on the right a flagstaff with pennon bearing apparently two trefoils." This James Kay was the father of Thomas, and his shop (to quote the son's words) was "next door west of the old Heywood Chapel (St. Luke's), where, "in a tremendous storm of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning," Thomas "first saw the light" in March, 1841. Born on September 18, 1801, James Kay died on May 16th, 1878, and was buried at St. Mary's, Birch-in-Hopwood, in which church a memorial three-light west window was placed some years ago by his son Thomas. The three central figures of the window represent

angels with their faces covered by their wings—as guardians and defenders; the idea having originated from the words of a dying man, who, when drawing near his end, said, “There are angels in the room; don’t you see them?” Below, at the right side, there is an outline of Birch Church, on the left the church at Stockport which the donor attended. The centre represents a bit of Jerusalem, and underneath is the inscription: “The pictures in this window are taken from sketches made by the donor, Thomas Kay, of Stockport, who presented this window as a memorial to his father who lies in this churchyard.”

That the re-founder of the Bury Grammar School, the Rev. Roger Kay, was related to the Walmersley Kays may be assumed from the fact that in the first half of last century some of the Kays of Cobhouse were educated at the Grammar School as “founder’s kin.” And this preferential right was also enjoyed by at least three of James Kay’s sons (then living at Heywood), namely, Samuel, Thomas, and Marvel. Before the ’fifties, Thomas Kay had attended schools in his native town, described by himself as “a dame’s school situated over a wheelwright’s shop in York Street, approached down Windybank; a school presided over by a Mr. Smith, which stood beside the clayfield near Angel Meadow, at the top of Hill Street (where for a fault in writing he was put to stand on one leg on a form); Schofield’s school, commonly known as ‘Lanky Dick’s’; and St. Luke’s school, under Thomas Wolstenholme” (who was both clerk and schoolmaster). Two or three other Heywood lads attended Bury Grammar School at the same time as Thomas Kay, and the walk to and from school was occasionally made unpleasant, for their “mortar boards were as red rags to the young bulls of Heap Bridge and Prettywood.”

In “Bibliography of the Town of Heywood” (J. A. Green) it is stated that Thomas Kay was apprenticed to James Greenough, chemist, Market Place, Heywood. Afterwards he was assistant to Peter Squire, chemist, Oxford Street, London. In 1863 he commenced business at Stockport, with his brother Samuel, the firm (with Thomas as an original director) becoming known later as Kay Brothers Limited. In the same publication a number of Thomas Kay’s profitable inventions are mentioned, and a list of many of his songs, ballads, etc.

Thomas Kay’s youngest brother, Marvel (called after Andrew Marvel), died suddenly on January 20th last, at Minton, North Hatley, Province of Quebec, Canada, aged seventy years. He was one of the survivors of the boating disaster which occurred at Hollingworth Lake on Good Friday, March 29th, 1861. A

collision took place between two small pleasure boats, and thirteen persons were thrown into the water. The two boats contained visitors from Heywood and High Crompton. Five of them, mostly Heywood people, were drowned. Marvel Kay was one of those rescued, and he gave evidence at the inquest. His son James has given proof of the inventive genius of the family, one of his inventions (so his uncle Thomas told me) being a chuck for rock drills, patented both in Canada and England.

His crest a slight variant of his old Bury school's and his motto "Clavis Felicitatis Labor" (Toil the Key of Happiness), Thomas Kay favoured "all that makes for progress, culture, and the uplifting of the community." It was well said of him when he was chosen Mayor of Stockport: "The keynote of his character is his intense humanity. It reveals itself in many ways; it makes him a bountiful patron of men of parts, it makes him generous towards his poorer brethren. He has a fine public spirit also, and believes in public service willingly rendered." There are many apt poetical quotations in a copy of some charming reminiscences—written during a Mediterranean tour—which he sent me in the autumn of 1903, with one of which these notes may fitly be closed:—

What do we live for on this sphere
But to assist our brothers here?
Let this one thought guide all our deeds—
We may but live for others' needs,
The naked child with empty mind
To selfish thoughts is soon inclined;
But let its soul with truth be fired,
And it will act as if inspired.

Since the foregoing notes were written I have had a letter from Mr. Henry Whitehead, of Haslem Hey (himself a descendant of John Kay the inventor), saying: "In the death of Mr. Thomas Kay I lose an old friend and school-fellow, of whose generosity I have seen many evidences, in more ways than one."

W. M. HEWITSON.

Bury Times, September 26th, 1914.

Yet another notable figure in our local public life has departed by the death of Mr. Thomas Kay. Mr. Kay, who had reached his seventy-fourth year, was born at Heywood and educated at the Bury Grammar School. During the half-century he had been associated with Stockport he identified himself with many good causes, and it is recorded of him that there was scarcely an institution in the town which has not

benefited by his benefactions, all unostentatiously bestowed. In particular the Infirmary and Technical School bear witness to his generous help. Of the former he was chairman of the Board of Governors, and a member of the committee of the school. Among other institutions with which he was connected were the Stockport Lads' Club, of which he was a founder; the Naturalists' and Photographic societies, the Students' Sketching Club, of which he was president, and he was the founder of the Maia Choir, which has been the means of imparting a musical education to a considerable number of Stockport students. In this city Mr. Kay was equally well known and esteemed, especially among bookmen and music lovers. He was one of the oldest members and a vice-president of the Manchester Literary Club, was long associated with the Gentlemen's Glee Club, of which he was a former chairman, and a member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

A writer in the *Stockport Advertiser* truly says there was no end to Mr. Kay's activities in the realms of literature, science, and art. He had an artistic instinct which found expression in verse and in song and on canvas, and a good deal of his work as a composer of songs and ballads had considerable merit. He was a great traveller, almost every year visiting the art centres of Europe and picking up objects of art and other treasures. In this way he got together the splendid collection which he presented with an art gallery and museum to his native town of Heywood, and many of his experiences abroad were embodied in the delightful papers which he contributed to the Manchester and Stockport Literary Societies. Mr. Kay took a keen interest in archæology, geology, botany, and natural science, and was well up in all these subjects.

In 1912 Mr. Kay was elected to the Stockport Town Council, and to mark their sense of the many kindly and public-spirited acts which marked his long and honourable connection with the borough, his colleagues selected him for the office of Mayor, whose duties he discharged with rare distinction and ability during the year. He was one of the oldest members of the borough bench and a county magistrate.

A Literary Club member writes: Another honoured veteran of the Manchester Literary Club has passed away. We shall all miss the genial presence of "Tom" Kay, a stalwart in figure as well as in other respects. Although an ex-Mayor and quite a magnate in his way, our old and dear friend was almost certain to be acclaimed "Tom" at sight, so hearty was he and so free from all formality and affectation. "Tom" provided the

Club with many a merry night. He loved to fortify himself with a hearty meal, and as he hated dining alone he would lure away one or two friends for company. Then he would return (rather late if the truth must be told) and take a jovial part in a debate or introduce music and song. He was an intense lover of old ballads, and they seemed just suitable to one who was in every good sense "a fine old English gentleman." "Tom" Kay was never happier than when the Club had a musical evening; he contributed largely to the programme and brought others to help. His excellent work with the Maia choir in Stockport is well known, and hundreds have to thank him for the timely aid that he gave them and the opportunities he provided for their training. His good-tempered disposition easily led him into philanthropy, and we shall probably never fully know to what extent he dispersed his wealth. His native place of Heywood and his adopted home of Stockport both benefited greatly by his kindly thought, and they held him in deserved honour. His name and fame will be treasured in those spots, and his monument already exists in the former in the shape of an art gallery. A word should be said as to Mr. Kay's versatility. A famous chemist, a man of scientific research, and very keen in his business, he was also literary, artistic, musical, and political. Of his pictures I am not competent to judge, except to say that they were bright and vivid, and usually depicted those cloudless scenes he so much loved in foreign climes. We shall miss the burly form, the robust style, the exuberant spirit of our friend and fellow-member; one, alas! who now joins that silent throng whose number has been so greatly and conspicuously increased during the last two years. The Old Guard of the Club is becoming a memory!

THE FUNERAL.

There was a most impressive public demonstration of respect at the funeral yesterday. The memorial service in Stockport Parish Church was attended by the Mayor and the majority of members of the Town Council, together with the chief officials, and the leading local institutions with which Mr. Kay was associated, and others at Heywood and Bury were likewise represented. Many old friends were also present. On the arrival of the carriages at the Manchester Crematorium, Withington, the mourners were met by deputations from the Gentlemen's Glee Club, the Manchester Literary Club, the

Brasenose Club, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society. The brief service at the Crematorium was conducted, as at Stockport, by Canon Symonds and the Rev. H. Graham. Here, to the organ accompaniment of Mr. Baker, the choir sang "The Dream of Rest," a beautiful poem written by Mr. Kay and set to music by his old friend the late Dr. Henry Watson, and Bach's "There is a calm for those who rest," both of them rendered with delicate tenderness.

—*Manchester City News, September 26th, 1914.*

RULES.

The objects of the Manchester Literary Club are:—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the Art, literature, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

1.

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership of the Club shall be limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, music composers, members of the learned professions and of English and Foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The Club shall consist of ordinary, corresponding, life, and honorary members. The name, occupation and address of every candidate for ordinary and corresponding membership must be entered on the nomination sheet and signed by a member, who shall state the qualifications of the candidate. It is desirable that the nominee should attend a meeting of the Club before the ballot is taken. Any duly elected member may be subsequently elected by the Council a life member on payment of £10 in addition to the entrance fee. It shall be competent for the Council to submit to the Club for election as a corresponding member any person having the necessary qualification, but being resident at a considerable distance from the City of Manchester. Corresponding members shall be entitled to receive a copy of the "Papers," and to all the privileges of ordinary members when temporarily in Manchester. All nominations shall be posted on the notice board. The ballot shall be taken by the Council (acting as a Ballot Committee) at their next ordinary meeting. A majority of two-thirds of those present shall be requisite to secure election.

Nominations for honorary membership shall be made by three subscribing members, and entered on the nomination sheet, stating the grounds of the nomination. The voting shall take place in the same manner as for ordinary and corresponding members.

Each new member shall have his election notified to him by the

Honorary Secretary, and shall, at the same time, be furnished with a copy of the Rules of the Club. The first subscription shall be due and payable to the Treasurer, together with the entrance fee, on election. If the same be unpaid one month after his election, his name may be struck off the list of members, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council. No new member (other than honorary) shall participate in any of the advantages of the Club until he has paid his entrance fee and subscription.

2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The subscription for ordinary members shall be one guinea, and for corresponding members half a guinea per annum, payable in advance on the 29th September in each year, and shall be paid to the Treasurer. New members, ordinary or corresponding, shall also pay an entrance fee of one guinea. The Council shall have power to transfer the name of an ordinary member to the list of corresponding members. Libraries may become members of the Club for the purpose of obtaining its publications. Such members shall have none of the privileges of ordinary members, and their subscription shall be 10/6 per session. Members other than Libraries, elected after the termination of the first half of any Session shall pay the entrance fee and a subscription of 10/6. No member whose subscription is unpaid on the 1st of November shall be entitled to vote at any meeting.

Any member may resign on giving one month's notice in writing to the Honorary Secretary before the first Monday in October, otherwise he shall pay his subscription for the following session. The Council shall have power to remove the name of any member whose subscription is at least one year in arrear.

All arrears may be sued for in the name of the President, Treasurer, or Honorary Secretary for the time being, in the Manchester County Court. See 17 and 18 Vic., cap. 112, sec. 25.

3.

MEETINGS.

The ordinary session shall begin on the first Monday in October, and terminate on the last Monday in March, unless the Council deem it desirable to hold further meetings in April. Special meetings may be held during the vacation at the discretion of the Council, or on the requisition of any six members duly presented to the Honorary Secretary. The Club, during the ordinary session, shall meet on each Monday, at seven o'clock in the evening and begin its proceedings at 7-0,

by the Secretary reading the minutes of the previous weekly or other meeting; after which the time, until 7-45, shall be occupied by the reception of short communications and notes and in general conversation. At 7-45 prompt the paper or other business of the evening as set down in the syllabus shall be proceeded with. The subjects under discussion may be adjourned from time to time. Each member shall have the privilege of introducing a friend to the meetings; but no person so introduced shall take part in the proceedings, unless invited to do so by the President, to whom the visitor's name shall be communicated, and shall also be entered in the Visitors' Book, with the name of the member introducing such visitor. The President shall announce to the meeting the names of such visitors as are present.

4.

OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

The affairs of the Club shall be conducted by a Council, to consist of a President, Vice-Presidents (whose names shall be submitted by the Council for election at the annual meeting), a Treasurer, a Secretary, two Librarians, and seven members, who shall be elected, by ballot or otherwise, at the last meeting of the session, and who shall hold office until the election of the Council in the following year. A vacancy may be filled up at any ordinary meeting of the Council. The Council shall sit each regular meeting night, at least one hour before the assembling of the Club. The Council shall have power to erase the name of any member from the books of the Club on due cause being shown.

Two Auditors shall be appointed by the Members at the first ordinary meeting in March to audit the Treasurer's accounts. A nomination paper for the election of officers other than auditors shall be placed on the table of the Club, on each of the last three meetings of the session prior to the annual business meeting.

5.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duty of the President shall be to preside at the meetings of the Club, and to maintain order. His decision in all questions of precedence among speakers, and on all disputes which may arise during the meeting shall be absolute. In the absence of the President or Vice-Presidents it shall be competent for the members present to elect a chairman.

The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, pay all accounts passed by the Council and signed by the Chairman for the time being, and submit his accounts and books for audit at the last meeting of the session.

The Auditors shall audit the accounts of the year, and, if correct, sign the same, and present them at the last meeting of the session.

The Honorary Librarians shall have charge of all the books, MSS., and scrap-books belonging to the Club. They shall keep a register of all purchases and donations, shall acknowledge the gifts to the Club, and shall present a report on the condition of the library to the yearly business meeting at the end of each session.

The duties of the Honorary Secretary shall be to attend all meetings of the Council and Club, to enter in detail, as far as practicable, the proceedings at each meeting; to conduct the correspondence, file all letters received, and convene all meetings, by circular, if necessary. He shall also prepare and present to the Council at the last meeting of the session in each year a report of the year's work, and, after confirmation by the Council, shall read the same to the members.

6.

SECTIONS.

Sections for the pursuit of special branches of literary or artistic work may at any time be formed by resolution of the Club. The Council shall be empowered to frame bye-laws necessary for the government of any such section, and to arrange for its representation on the Council.

7.

SYLLABUS AND ANNUAL VOLUME.

The syllabus of the session shall be prepared in two sections—one to be issued, if possible, a week before the beginning of the session, namely, in the last week in September, and the other at Christmas. A copy of each shall be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. The report of the year, together with the Papers and Proceedings of the Club, shall be bound up at the end of each session, and a copy forwarded to every member whose subscription has been paid. No liability shall attach to supply back volumes to any member. A list of officers and members, with their full addresses, and the Treasurer's balance sheet shall be appended to the report.

8.

ALTERATION OF RULES.

No new rule, or alteration of these rules, or of the place of meeting, shall be made without a special meeting of the Club being convened for the purpose, of which seven days' notice shall be given.

LIST OF MEMBERS

1913-1914.

- ANGELL, John, F.C.S., 6, Beaconsfield, Derby Road, Withington.
ASHWORTH, Geo. W., Mainalon, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
ASHWORTH, Joseph, Walmersley Road, Bury.
ATKINS, Edgar, 69, Burton Road, Withington.
AXON, Ernest, 117, St. James Road, Heaton Moor.
AXON, J. Lea, Swiss Mount, Cheadle, Cheshire.
- BAGSHAW, William, 22, Winchester Avenue, Sedgley Park, Kersal.
BAGULEY, Matthew, High Mount, Heaton Moor Road, Heaton Chapel.
BALLINGER, John, National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth.
BALMER, J. E., Hyde Lodge, Clarendon Road, Eccles.
BARKER, Hawksworth, Hare Hill, Todmorden.
BARKER, J. H., M.D., Stanfield Hall, Todmorden.
BARNES, C. L., 151, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
BEHRENS, Gustav., J.P., 36, Princess Street, Manchester.
BELLAMY, C. H., F.R.G.S., 7, Rue de l'Epidème, Tourcoing,
Nord France.
BENNIE, Andrew, 44, Belsize Park, Hampstead, London, N.W.
BERTWISTLE, T. Robinson, 160, Walmersley Road, Bury.
BESWICK, F. A., Hague Bank, Mottram-in-Longdendale, Cheshire.
BIRCH, Lionel, Ardenlea, Urmston.
BLEASE, William Thomas, 98, Bolton Road, Pendleton.
BODDINGTON, Henry, Pownall, Cheshire.
BOOTH, James, Balholm, Wilmslow Road, Didsbury.
BOYS, Ryder, King Street Buildings, Ridgefield, Manchester.
BRADBURY, S., Ferncliffe, Milton Grove, Glebelands Road, Ashton-on-Mersey.
BRADLEY, Nathaniel, J.P., 1, College Road, Whalley Range.
BRANSON, Wm., Westcliffe, Hazel Grove, Stockport.
BROCKLEHURST, John Henry, 15, King's Drive, Heaton Moor, Stockport.
BROOKE, Gerald, 10, Heath Close, Hampstead Way, Golder's Green,
London, N.W.
BROOKS, S. H., J.P., Slade House, Levenshulme.
BUCKLEY, W. S., Rookwood, Clarendon Road, Sale.

BURGESS, John, Shaftesbury House, Cheadle Hulme.

BUTCHER, S. F., Fair Lawn, Bury.

BUTTERWORTH, Walter, Lea Hurst, Bowdon.

CADNESS, Henry, 63, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury.

CAMPBELL, H. E., Sinnington, Yorkshire.

CLAY, Laurence, Thornleigh, Hawthorne Lane, Wilmslow.

CLAYTON, James, Market Chambers, Blackburn Street, Radcliffe.

COBLEY, Wm. Dixon, Brook Villa, Church Lane, Harpurhey.

COHEN, Jacques, 11, Peter Street, Manchester.

COLLIER, W. H., Greystoke, Hale, Cheshire.

COOPER, T. L., 54, School Road, Sale.

CRAIG, John, Williams Deacon Bank, Mosley Street, Manchester.

CRAVEN, John E., Holly Bank, Walsden, Todmorden.

CREDLAND, William Robert, Reference Library, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CROSLAND, J. C. H., Orchard Lea, Mobberley, Cheshire.

CROSLAND, J. F. L., M.Inst.C.E., Belcombe, Hale, Cheshire.

DEAN, James, The Gables, Hoghton Street, Southport.

DENNIS, Cammack, Agincourt, Bury.

DERBY, THOMAS, 20, Oak Bank, Harpurhey.

EDMESTON, Alfred, Heathfield, Longley Road, Worsley.

ELCE, George, Rock Mount, Altham, Accrington.

EMSLEY, Walter, Grosvenor Chambers, 16 Deansgate, Manchester.

FARADAY, James H., 15, Daimler Street, Cheetham Hill.

FISHER, Jas. Hy., The Lilacs, Timperley.

FOX, Rev. A. W., M.A., 9, Garden Street, Todmorden.

FRASER, D. Drummond, Manchester and Liverpool District Bank, Spring Gardens, Manchester.

GARSDIE, Jas., 3, Half Moon Street, Manchester.

GASKIN, John, J.P., 373, Waterloo Road, Cheetham.

GILLETT, Oswald, Highfield, Garstang Road, Preston.

GINGER, Geo., Thornleigh, Richmond Grove, Longsight.

GLEAVE, J. J., 31, Withington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

GODBERT, C. Wheeler, The Limes, Windsor Road, Clayton Bridge.

GOODACRE, J. A., 5, Hall Bank, Buxton.

GOW, A. H. M., Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Altrincham.

GREEN, John Albert, 4, Derby Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

GRUNDY, John, 2, Westfield, Steven Street, Stretford.

GRUNDY, T. C., Mount Broughton, Higher Broughton.

- HADDEN, Alexander, 107, Market Street, Manchester.
HALL, Oscar S., 1, Fenterden Street, Bury.
HALL, Rev. W. C., M.A., 75, Semilong Road, Northampton.
HALSTEAD, B. H., 1, Jesmond Avenue, Hilton Park, Prestwich.
HAMMOND, Arthur, Maple Road, Bramhall.
HANNING, S. C., 19, Dane Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.
HARRISON, Wm., F.S.A., 28, Booth Street, Manchester.
HARTLEY, L. Conrad, Morar, Romiley.
HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. (E. G. Allen
& Son, 14, Grape Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.).
HARVEY, William, Ashmeadow, Bury.
HEAP, Wm., 135, London Road, Manchester.
HEYWOOD, Abel, 47-53, Lever Street, Manchester.
HIGENBOTTAM, George, Allundale, St. John's Road, Knutsford.
HILDITCH, John, 5, Warwick Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
HILL, J. Harrison, 116, Abbey Road, London, N.W.
HINMERS, Edward, Glentwood, Ashley Road, Hale, Cheshire.
HIRSCHHORN, H. C., 3, Chepstow Street, Manchester.
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1910—J. Lea Axon	1913—John Hilditch	1914—Arthur Hammond
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1911—Hawkesworth Barker	" Lionel Birch	" J. Mills
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" Daniel Lea	" Oswald Gillett	" John H. Shaw
" S. F. Butcher.	" Alex. Hadden	" Rev. J. F. Tristram
1912—Bruce K. Tydeman		" Alfred Wilkinson

Honorary Members:

1908—Abraham Stansfield

1908—Ryder Boys

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